

*The Australian*

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY



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## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JULY 30, 1958

Vol. 26, No.

### Our cover

• There's no need to leave the beaches deserted in winter if you're dressed for the temperature like our cover model. She is Marc Carter, wife of the photographer Jeff Carter, of Grays Point, New South Wales.

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### The Weekly Round

• Our fashion editor, Betty Keep, returned to the office last week looking like Paris, which wasn't surprising, because she spent several weeks there on her trip abroad.

"DON'T you read your own paper?" she asked us. "Your skirts are all far too long."

In consequence, there has been a wave of skirt-shortening. We admired, too, her bouffant hair-do, high in front and wide at the sides.

She will now resume her regular feature, "Dress Sense," and begins this week (see pages 28 and 29) with a round-up of the international fashion scene.

to some lively fiction. There's the new serial, "The Dark Enchantment," by Audrey Erskine Lindop, who wrote the best-seller set in Mexico, "The Singer, Not the Song." As there's an exciting novel, "The Last Town Car," so you can't reserve the whole issue for your evening's reading you can pull out the novel. By the way, the serial is likely to be filmed under the title "Thank a Fool," with Ingrid Bergman as star.

RETIREMENT doesn't come easily to actresses. On pages 32 and 33 we have a story and color pictures of the home for which actress and impersonator Florence Desmond gave up the stage four years ago.

Since we received them, news has come that Miss Desmond has accepted a part in the Broadway hit "Aunt Mame," which opens in London in September with Beatrice Lillie in the starring role.

Miss Desmond's husband is wealthy, but, as she explained to a London gossip-writer, he is away on business so much that she gets "terribly lonely."

"When I told him I would like to go back on the stage he was very sweet about it," she added.

If you like reading in bed, hide this week's paper along with your hot-water bottle and settle down tonight

### NEXT WEEK

• If you count your calories — and who doesn't nowadays? — you'll welcome the handbag calorie counter in next week's paper. We've produced it in a handy form to keep.

Our pull-out novel is something extra special. It is "Catch As Catch Can," by Frances and Richard Lockridge, authors of "The Faceless Anniversary," which was one of the most popular mysteries we have published in recent years. "Catch As Catch Can" is even more exciting and it's complete in the issue.





## Madame Jolie—Hungary to luxury

● A £56,000 picture-filled apartment is the New York address of Madame Jolie Gabor, now happily married to her third husband, Edmond de Szigethy. In this flat, Madame — mother of marrying Gabor girls Magda, Zsa Zsa, and Eva — posed for these exclusive pictures. Above, dressed in negligee, she alternately uses two telephones, one gold, as she lies on an ornate red-covered bed. Below, dressed in a black cocktail frock and hat, plus a mink fur trimmed with Arctic fox, she stands with her husband, a former Hungarian freedom fighter, by a marble fireplace. (See page 31: "Madame Jolie regrets . . .")





# EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW:

**"My husband has never lied to me . . .  
our marriage is stronger than ever"**

• All Australia is discussing the Orr case. We sent reporter Ronald McKie to Hobart to interview Sadie Orr, wife of Professor Sydney Sparkes Orr, who was dismissed from the Chair of Philosophy at Hobart University for allegedly seducing a student. This is Mrs. Orr's story — a story of steadfast faith in her husband.

By  
**RONALD McKIE**

## Background of Orr case

**PROFESSOR SYDNEY SPARKES ORR** was appointed Professor of Philosophy at Hobart University in 1952.

He was dismissed in March, 1956, by the University Council because the Council alleged that he had seduced a student, Suzanne Kemp.

In October, 1956, Professor Orr took action against the University for £10,000 damages for wrongful dismissal. He lost the case, and his appeal to the High Court in May, 1957, was dismissed.

In March, 1958, the Presbyterian Church took up the case and later "tried" Professor Orr, declared him truthful and innocent, and strongly criticised the University Council.

In February, 1958, the Vice-Chancellor, Professor K. Isles, was informed of new evidence in favor of Professor Orr, but the University Council has taken no action.

A statement from the University said: "If the new evidence is as strong as it is represented to be, the Courts can be relied upon to see that justice is done."

"I BELIEVE my husband is completely innocent," Sadie Orr said quietly. "I know it. In the 26 years I have known him — from the time he was a young student to this moment — he has never deceived me once, never lied to me once."

"I know this because a woman generally knows when her husband is not telling her the truth."

"Then do you also feel," I asked, "that he has been a victim of injustice?"

"I do," she said. "Sydney is a man of integrity. He is a truthful man in all things. Through all our troubles he has never been false to me in any way."

"Even if he had only told me he was innocent of this affair I would have believed him, but in this case I also happen to know with certainty that he is speaking the truth because some of the things alleged are without any foundation whatever."

"I know that the allegations against him are completely unfounded. I know that he never touched Suzanne Kemp."

"He is a victim of grave injustice, but I have always believed and prayed that some good men, who believe that truth is one of the most important things in life, would do something about this injustice, and if only I could put up with all the suffering long enough justice would eventually be done."

"The University has treated my husband very unfairly, par-

ticularly when I know that all he has ever done was for the good of the University, but I still believe that one day things will come right in the University and that it will yet be one of which we can all be proud."

The Orrs live—exist is the right word—in a new modern brick and glass home at 48 Derwentwater Avenue, on the heights of Sandy Bay, Hobart's best suburb.

And from their glass-walled living-room you look down and across smart West Point Hotel to the sprawling river, left across the city, and left again in a wide sweep to the timbered slopes and powdered summit of Mt. Wellington.

In this room I talked to Mrs. Orr for 10 hours, from early morning until the lights flickered on to dance in the water and later when the first snow came.

The room was thinly furnished because the Orrs, who are penniless, workless, and living almost entirely on the

charity of their friends, in Australia and overseas, have never been able to complete the house they built three years ago.

Sarah Orr, or Sadie, as she prefers, is small, slight, with blond hair, steady penetrating blue eyes, and a soft slurring Northern Ireland accent.

Since her husband was dismissed from Hobart University in March, 1956, she has not been able to afford to visit a hairdresser and now wears her hair cropped, parted and brushed back little-girl fashion.

She is at present using a lip-stick given her last Christmas and hopes to make it last several months more.

Neither Sadie Orr nor her husband has been able to buy any new clothes since 1956, though Australian friends and Irish relatives have helped with gifts.

"Clothes are of quite secondary importance," Mrs. Orr said. "The children have first priority for everything."

Sadie Orr is a simple, direct, uncomplicated person with much commonsense and a controlled inner sort of calm that comes close to serenity.

Her husband has always called her the "earthy philosopher."

You would never know when talking to her that she has been under tremendous emotional and social pressures for

more than two years—pressures that would have broken many less balanced women.

Her friends say she is a good housekeeper and extremely good mother.

I particularly noticed that she handled her three well-behaved children—Rodney, 10, Brian, 5, and Merrilyn, 3—quietly and authoritatively and that when they were told to do something they obeyed.

Not once during the long interview did she attempt to evade, to hedge, but answered all questions, some embarrassing to ask and to answer, calmly, clearly, unemotionally.

Sadie Orr was born Sadie Davidson, of Presbyterian Scot descent, on a farm near Belfast, but when she was young, and because her father's health was poor, the family moved into the city, where she went to school, did a business course, and worked for nine years with a chemical firm.

In 1932, when she was 17, and a soprano in Cooke's Centenary Church choir, she met Sydney Sparkes Orr, a tenor in the choir, and then a student who was considering entering the Presbyterian ministry.

Gradually they got to know each other and fell in love, but could not marry until 1941, when Sydney Orr was a lecturer at the Queen's Univer-

sity, Belfast, and later at St. Andrew's, before coming to Melbourne University in 1946, and as Professor of Philosophy to Hobart University in 1952.

Sadie Orr was one of four children, and her home life, though reasonably strict—church twice on Sundays—was extremely happy. She adored her mother, and almost idolised her father.

"He was one of those rare, understanding, tolerant men who never made a hasty judgment, and whom people came to instinctively for help and advice," she told me.

"He always said, 'Keep your head up, whatever happens. Have courage to face life, the good and the bad. Never run away.' This advice, and the memory of my father, have helped me tremendously in our present troubles."

"Perhaps it's his Scots-Irish doggedness that is coming out in me. I seldom get angry—it flares for a moment, and is gone—but I've been angry often in the past two years watching my husband suffer-

velopment of Scotland, "From Morality to Religion."

Then I noticed that near the glass wall facing steel Derwentwater Avenue was a heap of big square fibre board. I was still looking at them when Mrs. Orr came back with a tray.

"Those give us a little privacy at night," she said. "During the day cars are always coming past here to catch a glimpse of the monster who lives here, and the monster's queer wife. We're used to it. But at night we put the board against the glass so that people can't see in."

She started pouring the tea. "You see, we can't afford to buy curtains."

"I want to ask you about how you're existing," I said. "But first there's one thing I'd like to know. Miss Kemp said that twice at your house she had sexual relations with your husband in the bedroom. A one of these times you were supposed to be ironing, and the other time you were baking a cake. She also said that on both occasions, after they had returned from the bedroom, you made supper. What do you say?"

"Her story is pure imagination. I remember the night well, and she never left the sitting room. With someone in the house I would not have been ironing or baking a cake."

"How often do you bake a cake at night?"

She smiled, a smile which makes her rather close-set eyes suddenly bright and rather prominent.

"I don't suppose I've made more than one or two cakes at night in my life, and certainly not when people are in my house. I'm a fairly methodical woman. My cake-making time is Saturday morning."

She smiled again. "I would love to ask Miss Kemp what kind of cake I baked that night."

"Did you make supper those nights?"

"Yes, I generally do. We're great tea-drinkers."

Professor Orr came into the room and we shook hands. His wife gave him a cup of tea and he sat down near me. For a few minutes we talked.

"Even if I'd committed a crime," he said, "no woman should be asked to take such a belting as my wife has had to stand since this case began. Not many women would have faced half of this. She's been wonderful."

He is small with an ageing boyish face, heavily lined forehead, thick brown wavy hair, thick lips, big ears, deep-set green-blue eyes that flick away, think for a moment, and return, quick, nervous hand gestures.

As he talked, in his thick almost Scottish accent, his legs crossed, shoulders hunched



THE ORR FAMILY. Professor Sydney Orr, Mrs. Orr, and their children, Rodney, 10, Brian, 5, and Merrilyn, 3. The two younger children don't comprehend their parents' troubles. For a time Rodney was "Suzy" to some schoolmates, but they are now friends.



# The story of Mrs. Orr

## The churches, friends helped through two years of travail

head on one side, he reminded me of a brilliantly lucid leprechaun.

"This is a terrifying thing that is happening. In a British community I am pleading for the elementary right to be put on trial, to be treated as a defendant, where my innocence is presumed until my guilt is proved.

"This whole thing is bigger than me — it's a matter of elementary justice."

I asked: "Did you seduce Suzanne Kemp?"

"No. I never touched her. She was one of many students, men and women, who have been in my house, and were welcome in my house, as my wife will confirm."

"Sydney used to talk to me about her," Sadie Orr said. "He thought she was immature and unhappy. I didn't treat it very seriously at the time. I'd heard similar stories, here and in Ireland, about young students."

When Professor Orr left to go into town she told me the story of the other woman in Melbourne, the unidentified "Miss A" mentioned during the case. She told it simply, without emotion, the way you tell a story that has happened a long time ago.

"Sydney arrived in Melbourne from Scotland in 1946 and I followed six months later. He told me immediately that, friendless and lonely, he had fallen in love with a girl but still loved me. It was a great shock, because I believe in my marriage vows. My marriage was important to me.

"I met the girl and the three of us talked it over. There was nothing clandestine. Sydney did not lie to me or to the girl. He felt deeply about her. As I wanted to maintain my marriage I agreed, we all agreed, that she should come and live with us.

"I suppose I am as much to blame as anyone else.

"The girl was a kind and nice girl in its best sense. We were friendly. She never attempted in any way to break up our marriage.

"I know that such a relationship is difficult to under-

stand. It was difficult for us, even when we were childless. But when we both became pregnant about the same time — it had to end.

"I now know that it was an impossible arrangement from the start. I now know that we were all wrong.

"But the relationship was a sincere one, entered into with the highest ideals. There was never any hiding and it was never paraded.

"Thousands of men have extra-marital relations. They have girl-friends or they keep mistresses. But because they lie and evade and keep these liaisons hidden they are respectable citizens.

"Sydney did not lie—to himself, or to me, or to the girl. He faced what he had done and faced it honestly. He was deeply concerned about the girl's child, and accepted full responsibility and care of the child. He did not give her £100, as many men would have done, and send her to a known flat in a dark street.

"When the baby was born the arrangement was impossible to continue. The girl's family stepped in and took her away. She is now married."

But how are the Orrs, without money, without a job, and with three young children, managing to exist?

The answer is simple, for as Sadie Orr said: "That we have a roof over our head, clothes to wear, and we haven't starved is entirely due to the wonderful generosity of our friends."

The Orrs sold their car, and to get money to pay for the case the house has a first and second mortgage on it. They are therefore deeply in debt.

Their weekly income is £6/2/6 social service and £1/5/- child endowment—a total of £7/7/6.

Three professors, from their own salaries, are keeping up payments on the house. Another friend pays for all their meat, others supply butter, tea, eggs, porridge, and other necessities.

Friends, staff men, students,

and ex-students from universities all over Australia have helped in many ways. Some have sent money, some food, some cigarettes for Professor Orr, for Sadie does not smoke. Others have covered urgent bills, and so on.

"We have cut down heavily on food," Sadie Orr told me. "We're getting enough to eat—but no more. The children are not getting enough vitamins in their food, but I'm giving them vitamins kind friends keep us supplied with. We have only one main meal a day—meat and vegetables and perhaps a milk pudding.

"Sydney and I don't spend a penny on ourselves. We miss many things—pictures, concerts, giving an occasional party, but mostly we miss giving the children an occasional treat or just taking them for a picnic.

"Since Sydney was dismissed the children come first in everything.

"Sydney has had only two temporary jobs—one mixing paints and the other as time-keeper with the Housing Commission for three months. But he isn't fitted for manual work. It's too heavy for him. He has a congenital heart condition.

"He has applied for dozens of jobs but the answer is always the same—economic ostracism."

Now the boys were back from school and it was possible to relax for a few minutes while Sadie Orr went out to find Marilyn.

Small, sandy-haired Brian came in first to say thank you for the sweets I'd brought them. His toothy grin had wide spaces in it and one sock was kept up with string. Then he disappeared to return later to show me his football



**SARAH (SADIE) ORR**  
BLOND, blue-eyed Mrs. Orr was born on a farm near Belfast, Ireland. Now 43, she married Sydney Orr in 1941. They had met nine years earlier in a church choir.

are children. He was most understanding. He spoke to the students and the coach spoke to the team, and there has been no more trouble. Now the boys in question are Rodney's best friends.

"We told Rodney to come to us if there were things he did not understand, and we have answered his questions as simply and impartially as possible. The only thing he can't

some clothes for the children and who has been a friend ever since."

She picked up the wool she had been knitting. "The churches have given us light and confidence in these dark days. I began to live again when the Presbyterian Church took up the cause. These men, trained to judge morality, took the view that Sydney was innocent until proved guilty.

the phone outside, and, slowly and carefully selecting her words, said:

"The other day a friend whose marriage is shaky came to me for advice. I told her, 'Talk it over, try to understand the problem—his side of it as well as yours. But don't run away from it.'

"If during our marriage my husband had been a bad husband, a bad father, a father who was cruel to me or his children, I might have considered leaving him.

"But at no time has Sydney been any of those things, and at no time has our marriage ever threatened to break up. What happened in Melbourne was a mistake which could happen in anyone's life. It is already in the past.

"Had he been a person who had affairs round the corner, who lied to me, then our relationship would have been different and I would no longer have wanted him, but because he behaved openly and honorably in that incident his enemies have used his honesty to build him up as an immoral man, a monster.

"Having faced all our troubles together, truthfully and trustingly, and having never run away from them, my husband and I have a greater bond of understanding than before.

"My faith and belief in him is the foundation of our marriage—and that foundation has never been shaken. As a result of our troubles shared and faced together our marriage is stronger today than it has ever been."

## They answer their son's questions as impartially as possible

socks and to give me a bunch of silver beet—unprompted, I found later—from the garden as a present to take home.

Rodney, a mature, steady-eyed lad came in next. He told me he wanted to be a philatelist, though his mother, shaking her head, admitted later that he showed all the signs of being a philosopher.

Rodney's self-appointed task to help the family fortunes is to sell newspapers during his holidays.

When Sadie Orr returned I wanted to know how the children were reacting.

"Brian and Marilyn are too young," she said, "but Rodney, who is now 10, had a little trouble at school. Some of the boys called his father a bodgie and also called Rodney Suzy and wouldn't play football with him. I reported this to the headmaster, but stressed that I did not want anyone punished. Children

understand is why people are being 'cruel' to his father."

I asked: "How have people generally treated you?"

"Nobody has been publicly rude, except that once or twice when Sydney applied for a job someone whistled 'If You Knew Susie.' Generally, people have been kind. Tasmanians are a friendly lot."

"Have your personal friends stuck?"

"At the start some of them didn't know what to think. Sydney and I felt utterly alone. But today most of our old friends are firmer friends than ever, wonderful people we will love all our life."

Someone knocked at the door and Mrs. Orr went out. When she returned she said: "That was a Methodist minister to see if he could help in any way. They've all been wonderful. The first call we ever had was from the local Catholic priest, who brought

They gave him a strict, impersonal, fair trial.

"Their view was that my husband was a truthful man and completely innocent."

"Do you believe in prayer? Do you pray?"

"I firmly believe in personal private prayer—and it has helped me. I'm sure we're not granted everything we want, but prayer is part of faith, and I have faith—belief that there is someone stronger and better than ourselves and that right will always prevail."

I returned after dinner, and much later we were still talking in that chill room.

Finally, as Sadie Orr returned from the kitchen with another tray of tea, I asked her the deeply personal question I'd deliberately kept till the last—how her marriage had survived the shocks of the past few years.

She poured two cups, for Professor Orr was talking on



BEAUTIFUL HOME of the Orrs in Hobart's best suburb has a first and second mortgage on it. Payments are kept up by three professors from their salaries.



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# WAR THREAT



**RUSSIA'S FRIEND.** President Nasser, on the Lenin Mausoleum in Moscow's Red Square last May Day. Flanking him are the Russian President, Voroshilov (left), and Communist leader Krushchev.

## OVER MIDDLE EAST



● Not since the Suez expedition less than two years ago has there been such a feeling of deep personal concern in the mind of every Britisher as there is over the new Middle East crisis triggered by the bloodshed in Baghdad.

ONE question overrides all others — will the revolts in Iraq and Lebanon, and the resulting moves by the Western Powers and Russia, lead to a third World War, and use of nuclear weapons?

While conflicting reports

By  
**BETTY BEST,**  
of our London staff

flood every new edition of the daily papers, there is one man in Britain with experience to read between the lines — Lieutenant-General Sir John Glubb, better known as Glubb Pasha.

Sir John began service in Iraq under Feisal I nearly 40 years ago.

For 26 years he served under the father and grandfather of the present King Hussein in Jordan.

He was commander of the Arab Legion until the young King suddenly dismissed him just over two years ago.

Glubb Pasha bears no grudge — and he is one of the few Englishmen who really understand the Arabs.

"The Arab countries are inspired by a spirit of nationalism rather than by an affection for Communism," he said.

"To be independent, progressive, and modern is their ambition, and there is no

fundamental reason why the West should oppose such development.

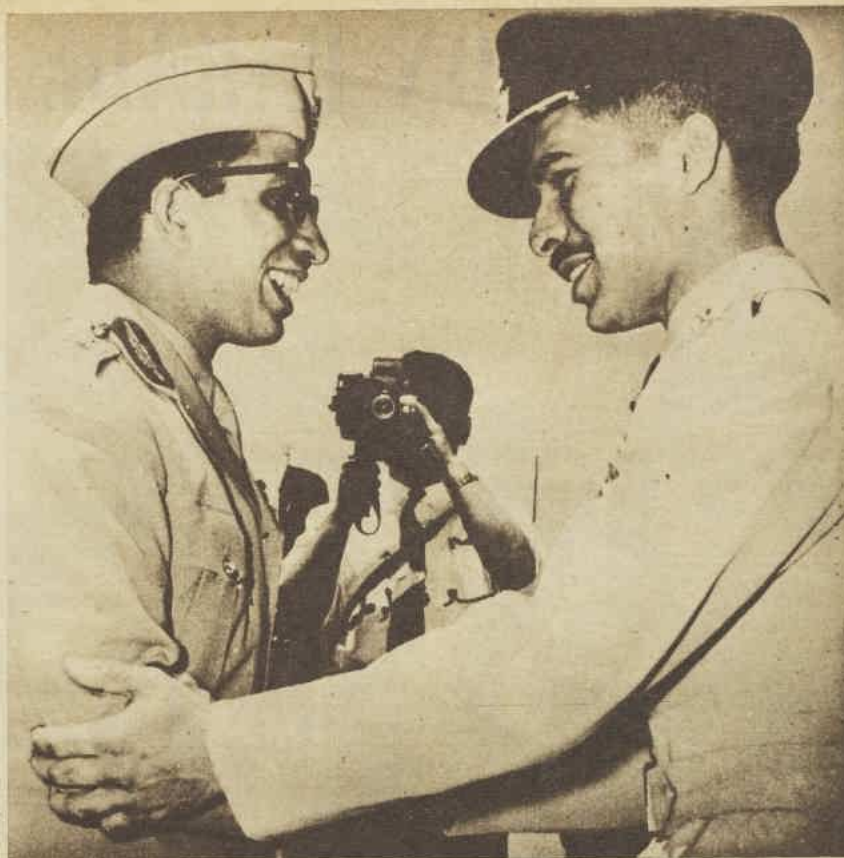
"On the contrary, the Arabs will be less likely to fall under Communist domination if they believe both the United States and Britain to be sympathetic to their hopes."

He pointed out that another cause of friction between the Arabs and the West was the belief that Britain, France, and the United States were committed to supporting Israel.

Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon, particularly, feared Israeli expansion and were not convinced that Britain and the U.S. also opposed it.

Glubb Pasha said that if only the Western nations could convince the Arabs that they have no wish to dominate the Arab nations, or support Israel in a territorial war, there need be no enmity between them.

"In the long run it is as important for Iraq to sell her oil to the West as it is important for the West to be able to buy it," he said.



**CHALLENGING** President Nasser's leadership of the Arab world, King Feisal of Iraq, left, and his cousin, King Hussein of Jordan, formed the Arab Union. Hussein took over leadership of the Union when Feisal was reported assassinated in the Iraq revolt.

### Background to crisis

**KING FEISAL** of Iraq and his Government, led by Prime Minister Nuri es Said, were the most important allies of the Western Powers in the turbulent Middle East.

**Arab League:** The Arab States in the area, which contains almost half the world's known oil resources, formed the Arab League in 1945.

Egypt and Iraq were the two most important members — but while Egypt became pro-Russian under President Nasser, Iraq remained a friend of the West.

**Bagdad Pact:** Iraq took the lead with Turkey in forming the Bagdad Pact in 1955 with Britain and, subsequently, with Iran and Pakistan.

This pact is a defensive alliance against the growing threat of dominance by Russia in the north and Egypt in the south.

**Arab Republic:** Having successfully thrown the British and French out of the Suez Canal zone in 1956, Egypt concentrated on strengthening her leadership of the Arab world.

Last February she joined Syria and Yemen to form the United Arab Republic, with Nasser as its President.

**Arab Union:** Iraq countered this move immediately by forming the Arab Union with Jordan.

Since then Nasser, attempting to extend his power, has assisted anti-Government forces in Iraq, Jordan, and Lebanon to the point of rebellion, assassination, and, finally, the military coup d'etat.



**PRINCESS FAZILET**, whom King Feisal planned to marry later this year, with her mother, the Turkish Princess Hanzade. A pupil at the exclusive Heathfield School, Ascot, England, the 17-year-old girl's dreams of becoming the Queen of Iraq and living in a £12-million palace were shattered when her headmistress told her of the reported assassination of the 23-year-old King. In only one week King Feisal was due to take her on a pre-wedding Mediterranean holiday.



**GENERAL Sir John Glubb**, who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth after 40 years' service in the Middle East.



**RIGHT: Queen Dina**, wife of 23-year-old King Hussein of Jordan, with their daughter, Princess Aliya. The Queen, now separated from her husband, lives in Cairo.



# BISHOPS ON PARADE AT LAMBETH TALKS

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● At Lambeth Palace, London, 350 Anglican bishops—including 20 Australians—have gathered from all parts of the world for the Lambeth Conference, which every ten years determines Church policy on the great religious, political, and social issues of the day.

**T**HIS year's conference had a fiery prelude when Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, invited Archbishop Makarios, exiled leader of the Greek Cypriots, to attend as an observer.

After first accepting, Archbishop Makarios declined the invitation, but public protests still raged for weeks before the conference opened on July 3.

"Well, we're all here except Makarios," was the first remark I heard at a garden party on the green lawns of Lambeth Palace as one jolly bishop joined a bunch of spindly, gaiter-legged bishops beside a striped tea-tent.

And that was the only reference to Makarios I heard at any of the conference's parties and social functions.

This conspiracy of silence whenever the name Makarios is mentioned, however, hasn't dampened the spirit of the get-togethers outside the conference hall in the palace (to which none but bishops are admitted).

At the first party, the sight of hundreds of bishops assembled was bewildering.

But by the time there had

been two afternoon garden parties, a river trip down the Thames, and two special trains loaded with bishops to Canterbury for the opening service, London was able to take the bishops in its stride.

Press pictures soon made everyone familiar with bearded bishops with such fascinating names as the Metropolitan of Minsk.

The five weeks' conference has been a field occasion for cartoonists.

And there isn't a bishop who isn't laughing with Londoners at the humor of the cartoonists.

This Lambeth Conference is a great occasion for the hierarchy of the Anglican Communion. Millions are looking to Lambeth for a lead.

On television the Archbishop of Canterbury, host to the conference, pointed out that political and social issues—from the H-bomb to family planning—had moral significance, and thus were within the Church's province.

There is a five-point agenda for the conference wide enough to take in every conceivable subject.

At the end of the conference the bishops' report will be read by ordinary people.



AUSTRALIAN BISHOPS attending the Anglican Lambeth Conference in London take part in the colorful procession into Canterbury Cathedral for the opening ceremony. Leading the group behind the standard-bearer are Bishop Darcy Collins (right), Assistant Bishop of Bathurst, and Bishop M. L. Loane (partly obscured, left), who represented Dr. H. W. K. Mowell, Archbishop of Sydney. At rear of group is Archbishop R. C. Halse, of Brisbane, the senior Australian delegate.



DELEGATES from the West Indies are among almost 350 bishops representing 27 races at the Lambeth Conference, which is held once every ten years to determine Anglican policy. The inaugural Lambeth Conference was at Lambeth, in 1867. This year's meeting ends on August 10.



ENGLISH BISHOPS in the procession into Canterbury Cathedral. The bearded bishop in the foreground is Bishop J. L. Wilton, of Birmingham, who was a Japanese prisoner-of-war. Hundreds of tourists gathered to watch procession.



# World churches now await lead

It is expected that the bishops will be forthright.

"But we have no executive authority," one of the bishops said to me. "We meet for discussion not debate. No votes are taken."

Like Summit Talks, the bishops meet in secret.

A committee on the family in contemporary society will have to tackle questions of marriage and divorce, including polygamy.

The magnificent procession of bishops into Canterbury Cathedral for the opening ceremony was seen by hundreds of tourists.

The following Sunday the bishops attended service in St. Paul's Cathedral.

It was after this service that the visiting primates and bishops, from other churches made plans to return home to Western and Eastern Europe and to the Middle East.

These bishops had colorful fezes and veils, with magnificently jewelled crosses, ornate gilt staffs, and heavily ornate bishops' rings. They were invited to the conference preliminaries, not to its deliberations.

The impressive and colorful Russian delegation met the leaders of the Russian Orthodox Church in England.

Among these is Archimandrite Nicholas Gibbs, one-time

tutor to the family of the Czars in Russia and last to see them alive when he accompanied the Imperial Family to Siberia.

He made his way to England and now lives at Oxford.

Greetings and farewells by the Archbishop of Canterbury at the social events sounded at times like someone with a large geographical family.

"Greetings Los Angeles," "Well done Central Africa," and turning to another visiting bishop, he said, "Heavens, here comes Bombay."

There were gate-crashers, too, at the conference. Two phony bishops in hired robes to look like Makarios denounced in conference the invitation to Makarios.

There were those who went for the ride with the bishops down the Thames.

They found them "Yo Ho Ho and a barrel of fun."

And from a not-so-hush conference of bishops aboard the Thames pleasure yacht came the incidental intelligence that the collective noun applicable to bishops was not a bevy, nor a batch.

Argentina's suggestion, "a benison of bishops," was turned down, and so was "a blessing of bishops."

The Queen's chaplain, the Reverend Cyril Brown, said, "Why not just 'a bunch'?"

So "bunch" it is.



AT CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, bishops from all parts of the world arrive in colorful procession for the ceremony marking the opening of the Lambeth Conference. Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, the host, is president of the conference.



RUSSIAN DELEGATES included Archimandrite K. I. Rishitsky (right) and the Metropolitan Pitirim of Minsk and White Russia. Conference deliberations are for Anglicans only, but many primates from other churches are invited to attend the preliminaries.



RED CONVOCATION ROBES, worn by almost all of the 350 bishops in the procession into Canterbury Cathedral, added color to the impressive occasion. These robes are worn mainly on State occasions, when bishops replace ordinary black chimeres with red.



AUSTRALIA'S BEST-LOVED CASUALS

*Lovely to look at  
Delightful to wear—*

THE NEW  
"Maverik"

by

**Betta**

"never wear out  
their welcome"

BUY  
AUSTRALIAN MADE  
GOODS



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Ermine grained leather casual  
in Polished Pine or Black with  
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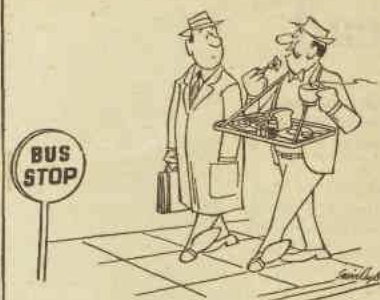
... try them on and ap-  
preciate their smart good  
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BETTA SHOE FACTORY PTY. LTD., 10 CAIRO ST., ROCKDALE, N.S.W.

FATHER



"I can sleep about ten minutes longer."

MOTHER



ELIZABETH MACHYKE.  
"Mum, put on your gloves and powder  
your nose. Here comes our class prefect!"

## It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

IN the past I have never  
cared (a) how a man  
folded the handkerchief in  
his breast pocket or (b)  
whether he wore one at all.

That was before an argu-  
ment arose in the office last  
week about the current fashion  
of wearing a handkerchief  
square and flat in the pocket  
with a quarter to half an inch  
of border exposed.

I'm told that this fashion  
originated in America, where  
it was first known as the TV  
fold. A casually folded or  
peaked white handkerchief  
looked ugly on camera. Since then the new  
style has claimed many followers, but I was  
surprised to find that strong, even violent,  
views are held on the subject.

There is disagreement on whether a hand-  
kerchief should be seen or kept in hiding.

Those who favor it as an ornament have  
strong convictions on its correct fold.

Of two men-about-town, both notably well  
dressed, one said: "A handkerchief should not  
be worn to show."

The other said: "The essence of good dress-  
ing is that a well-groomed appearance should  
seem to have been achieved without trouble.  
Every morning for 25 years I have taken out  
a handkerchief, ruffled it slightly, and put it  
in my pocket with the edges downward. A  
geometric peak or fold looks stereotyped.

There was also some strong support for the  
careful-casual look with four points showing.

One European man, always impeccably  
groomed, favored the points, but insisted the  
handkerchief be silk.

Said another man, Australian, who takes  
pride in his appearance: "I haven't worn a  
handkerchief showing since I was 18. Exhibiting  
a clean handkerchief is something boys do,  
like smoking, thinking it impresses girls.

"I realise there's a high-fashion basis for it,  
so I hesitate to dismiss the thing as affectation.

"But it is obviously impractical. After  
you've used the handkerchief to polish your  
shoes it's impossible to get it back the right  
way."

THE last word on the subject of men's  
handkerchiefs was given me by one  
of the male authorities I consulted.

He said: "One cannot really establish what  
is right and wrong in these affairs.

"The late Lord Curzon used to say, 'No  
gentleman ever wears a brown suit,' but such  
views, though amusing, are too sweeping for  
modern life."

A NEW "automat" restaurant cele-  
brated its opening in Sydney this  
month by serving free meals for a day.

The proprietor reported that the giving away  
of four and a half thousand free meals went  
smoothly — fairly smoothly, that is. One  
customer complained that there was no lemon  
with his fried fish.

AN apt comment on the  
role of the bathroom  
in the modern home comes  
from American writer  
Russell Lynes.

He says: "Our houses  
built on the open plan.  
There is no place of refuge  
except behind the locked door  
of the bathroom... It is the  
only shelter from the fall of  
togetherness."

Mr. Lynes makes this cra-  
ze at the end of an article  
entitled "Does Your Bathroom  
Give You Away?" in a special  
bathroom issue of an Amer-  
ican magazine. The rest of

magazine contains evidence that "togetherness"  
will infest the bathroom, too, if some architects  
continue on present lines.

One pictured bathroom has glass walls "open  
to a woodland setting." The bath, you  
be relieved to hear, has a screen in front  
it, and the garden has a tall fence.

Mr. Lynes says a telephone by the tub  
reveal an exaggerated sense of importance,  
a fear of being alone.

Fair go. I would love a telephone beside  
the bath, just to save wet footmarks on  
carpet.

ONE must sympathise with the Vice  
Chief of Staff of the U.S. Air Force,  
General Curtis Lemay, discussing the  
launching of America's first inter-  
continental ballistic missile, with a  
mouse in the nose-cone.

Said the General when asked where  
the mouse was: "I don't know and I don't  
particularly care."

There's only one point that disturbs me about  
the mouse (named Mia). It was said to be  
female. You will remember that Laika, the  
Russian space-dog, was also a lady.

Seems a bit hard on the girls.

OFFICE and factory workers should  
substitute table tennis for the coffee  
break, according to Dr. Margaret Lamb  
of the United States Health Service.

*All I'm asking in the mornings,  
And it's not an awful lot,  
Is a cup or three of coffee,  
Mildly sweet but strong and hot.*

*I'm not wanting recreation,  
Nothing strenuous, for sure,  
Just some gentle conversation,  
Maybe gossip—nothing more.*

*Please be good enough to whisper  
Lest I queasily recoil  
When you mention table tennis—  
(Is the water on the boil?)*

*Let 'em have the life athletic,  
Those who like it, so I say.  
Coffee, prompt on table, tennish,  
Gives me strength to face the day.*



# Variations on a hairstyle

● Fashion's new long, unbroken line calls for contrast in forehead hair. Here—short or long . . . wispy or thick . . . temple curl or centre fringe . . . lifted or flat—are bangs to suit faces of different shapes.



HAIR is brought forward from the crown for a sophisticated long-bang hairstyle (right) that can be adapted to any face shape. Recombing, not cutting, changes it into a casual hairdo (above) with short lifted bangs that flatter a high forehead, add grace to the profile view.



● Wispy side bangs add a forehead fillip to a modified-pompadour style that gives height and upward lines to a round face. The bangs have a slight curl to help them stay in place—can be long or short.



● With a middle-part hairstyle, short sculptured-curl bangs, flat against the forehead, offer a modest yet eye-catching style for the woman who wants to add width to her face without adding height or fullness.



● Short broken bangs brushed down from a corona of upward-turning curls give grace to a high forehead, help modify face width. This style is suitable for the woman who has fine hair, delicate features.



● The pompadour look in a lifted, softly waved bang that barely dips below the hairline at one side, just touches the hairline at the other. This style gives elegance to the small, heart-shaped face.



● A double tier of side-swept bangs gives a forehead lift to a cap hairstyle. Hair is brought forward from the crown and set into two rows of curls at the front and combed to a flattering side upsweep.



● For those who like the tousled look, a sunburst of short crown hair is brought down into shaggy centre-turned curls that soften an oblong face. Side hair is brushed back or forward as desired.



# New Miracle Shampoo

beauty-washes your hair without drying out the natural oils!



## Softasilk GOLDEN SHAMPOO

leaves your hair shining-clean, silken-smooth and easy to manage

Whatever your hair type or colour, you will find it softer and brighter after using this new Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Just pick up a bottle of Softasilk and see how the clear golden liquid moves with a slow, oil-rich movement. Its instant foam does not dry out the natural oils . . . in fact, it encourages the correct proportion. Start to-day with gentle, one-lather shampoo with Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Perfect for all types of hair!



*ONE lather gives thorough cleansing*

LARGE SIZE, 5'3 . REGULAR, 3'3



Keep your hair gloriously soft and clean wherever you go. Take this handy travel bubble . . . 1'3

U146C

## Inside MONACO



PRINCESS GRACE. "I miss acting," she says, "but since marriage and children I haven't had time to think about it."



IN THE PALACE NURSERY Princess Caroline is held by Nurse Stahl while Princess Grace combs her hair.

## A PRINCE

PART TWO of the exclusive interview which Prince Rainier and Princess Grace gave to Godfrey Smith and photographer Roger Wood about life inside the Palace of Monaco and the problems of the world's smallest (approx. 360 acres) sovereign State.



PRINCESS CAROLINE looks solemnly at photographer Wood, who interrupted her game with her rocking-horse.



THE ROYAL COUPLE walking in the lovely palace gardens. Father Tucker, the palace chaplain, says: "They tell much more stock in being man and wife, father and mother than in being prince and princess."



# WITH A PROBLEM

● Monaco is a radical's nightmare. Its constitution makes a good democrat's hair stand on end; yet the Monegasques seem, materially at any rate, to thrive on it.

**E**VEN today the Prince is held to rule by divine right, and until 1911 there was no constitution at all.

In that year Prince Albert ceded certain powers to his people, and some were revised and incorporated into the all-important Franco-Monegasque treaty of 1918, still in force.

But the Prince initiates legislation, while the eighteen elected members of the National Council have only "the right to recommend that the Sovereign proposes laws."

Their main task, however, is to pass the Budget. I asked one high Government official what happens if they disapprove of some Budget clause.

"They send it back to us," he explained with an immense beam. "Then we send it back to them. Then they pass it."

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that both parties in the little parliament want constitutional reform.

In fact, the Prince realises that some reform is necessary. He explained that he was taking the highest legal advice on the subject.

## Pay no taxes

He ended with his trump card:

"If one considers the historic part of the Principality . . . one sees clearly that Monaco exists solely through the Sovereign Prince, whose mission it is to guard the greater interests of the country."

These "greater interests" boil down to two valuable privileges. Monegasques (and foreigners resident over five years) pay no income tax or death duties, and they do no national service.

If there were no Prince, they would be French and would do both.

Nor can the people of Monaco be fairly described as agitated on the issue. Only a fraction of them has any electoral say in the matter.

At the 1956 census there were 20,422 people living in the Principality. Of these some 11,000 were French, 4500 Italian, and 655 English.

Of actual Monegasques there were 2696. Since there is male suffrage, less than half of these have the right to vote; fewer than 1000 do so.

And it is hard to arouse political agitation in a country where even the police station looks like part of the Royal Festival Hall and every prison cell has its own shower.

Not that Monaco can be said to have escaped altogether the penalties of power politics. Though neutral in the last war, she was occupied three times and bombed by both sides.

But since nothing could be done to stop it happening

again, there is no defence expenditure.

The good radical is perplexed to discover that, if Monaco is virtually an autocracy, it is a benevolent one.

When the Prince came to power seven years ago, the country was moribund. Even now, a stone's throw from the beautiful Onassis yacht, you can see ramshackle, dérelict boathouses.

## Cheap flats

Many of the hotels still wear an apologetic air of Edwardian decadence (which, I was told, recommends them to upper-class Englishmen).

But there is a genuine spirit of renewal.

The Prince recently opened a new block of workers' flats, with a monthly rent of £7 for two rooms. The new hospital will be one of the most modern in the world.

To save precious acres a tunnel is being driven under the Monte Carlo rock to carry express trains to Italy.

With remarkable ingenuity, the Monegasques are dumping the rock into the sea and building on it to enlarge their territory.

There was a time when the Casino contributed 95 per cent. of Monaco's revenue. Today it contributes less than five per cent.

The little country has built

up its own light industries. Tourism, of course, remains its most important industry, and the Prince has instituted an International Academy of Tourism, with its own library, magazine, and conferences.

The Monegasques have come to the piquant conclusion that English and American are separate languages, and are printing separate travel dictionaries for each shortly.

Monaco still believes there is a market for luxurious living. But to attract the very rich you must spend a great deal, and Mr. Onassis, reversing the policy of predecessors, is pouring immense capital sums into the hotels and restaurants which he controls.

The Hotel de Paris, for example, is to have a roof restaurant open to the stars, and venetian blinds controlled at the touch of a button from the bedside.

It is sometimes reported that Prince Rainier and Mr. Onassis do not see eye to eye. "There was a period when that was so," I was told, "but now relations are excellent."

In the National Council relations are far from excellent, mainly because of the dispute over the Constitution.

As a beneficent sun shines down on Monaco, this is the only shadow over the little principality. But it is a long shadow.



PRINCE RAINIER with one of his favorites in the Monaco Zoo, which he has personally assembled. He obviously loves animals, and is usually smiling when pictured among them.

## TELEVISION PARADE

● Back in the bad old days when we had only the talking type of wireless, life was much less complicated. Radio stations employed two types, announcers and comperes. Today, television has other types, who announce and comper under fancied-up names.

**C**HANNEL 9 often takes a rather ecclesiastical note and dubs comperes "moderators"; Channel 7 loves "hosts," and talks about so and so "hosting" a programme, while Channel 2 goes in for an entirely new line called "presentation officers."

All channels also employ the old words—comper and announcer.

Mungo McCallum is the only TV personality I know who fits all these words. He is an announcer, a comper, a moderator, a host, a presentation officer, and an interviewer, too.

Over the past few months I remember him compering a programme "At Home with the Lloyd Jones," talking knowledgeably in a howling gale to an architect and a town planner on top of the new Port Line Building about the growth of Sydney, presenting the dramatic Hiroshima panels, acting as chairman of the ABC-TV's "Face the People" Press panel interview with Jim Healy.

Nothing disturbs Mr. McCallum. Unscripted incidents, bad temper, technical troubles are all dealt with competently. His good manners, poise, and intelligent handling of the people in his programme are outstanding.

"**MANNERS** Makyth Man" is engraved on the hearts of the many young men who form the studio crews for Channel 9's cooking demonstrations.

On Tuesdays Claire Davis, of the Gas Company, is at the

## When and where to see Dione Lucas

The Dione Lucas cooking demonstrations are at Mark Foy's from 2 p.m. to 3.30 p.m. daily until Friday, July 25. Admission is free.

A kitchen modelled on the American television kitchen used by Mrs. Lucas has been specially built and erected in the Empress Ballroom on the 5th floor of Foy's main building. There is seating for 400.

Mrs. Lucas is introduced at each session by Leila C. Howard, our Food and Cookery Expert.

Some of Mrs. Lucas' dishes, cooked by Foy's catering manager Tony Clerici, are on the luncheon menu in the 5th floor restaurant. Afterwards diners may watch Mrs. Lucas prepare the same dishes.

The demonstrations are being televised on Channel 9, TCN on Wednesday, July 23, and Friday, July 25.

Mrs. Lucas also will appear on TCN on Thursday, July 24, in "Cookery News," conducted by Barbara Lynch, of The Sydney County Council, at 3.30 p.m.

By  
**NAN MUSGROVE**

stove, on Thursdays Barbara Lynch from the County Council. This week both these popular cooks have world-famous Cordon Bleu cook Mrs. Dione Lucas as their guest cook for the day.

This event caused a terrific outbreak of old-world courtesy and competition to get on the crew roster, because what is cooked "on camera" at TCN is traditionally the crew's treat, eaten on the spot.

"The session is hardly off camera before the boys hop in," popular Claire Davis told me. "They're always hungry."

However, with distinguished guests, I hear there was an unofficial talk for crewmen with an "it's manners to wait till you're asked" line.

Coming up on Thursday, July 24, is the Lucas demonstration, with Barbara Lynch.

Charming Barbara expects a queue for the Lucas dishes. "Word has got around," she says. "I think there'll be a big line-up, and every skerrick will disappear in no time."

**FRIDAY** nights on Channel 2 at 8 p.m. was until recently reserved for a bad panel show called "Find the Link." This show has now been replaced by a worse one called "What's in the Picture?"

It is richly dressed and formally presented by a panel of

ladies and gentlemen in dinner-suits and dinner-gowns, who perhaps because of the dreary nature of the show try to outdo one another in being jolly and vivacious.

Comper Harry Dearth won the Vivacity Stakes in the first show when the panel was actress Gwen Plumb, author Frank Clune, journalist Elizabeth Riddell, and businessman Peter Lazar.

Mr. Dearth carried off the trophy when he interviewed fellow-comper Frank Legg. Mr. Legg, jollied along by Mr. Dearth, told us all about when he saw General MacArthur sign the peace treaty with Japan. We'd already watched the panel guessing what the picture of this historic occasion was.

The entertainment is the panel, working on a time limit, identifying a picture of an historical event or famous personality. The viewers are let into the secret of what the picture is first, and the picture is then covered with bits of wood cut like a jig-saw puzzle.

Mr. Dearth starts the panel off on this merry show with a riddle-like question, and as questioning goes on parts of the picture are disclosed to make it easy for the panel.

What is needed is something to make this show easier on the viewer.

I am waiting for the promised high peak of excitement when a guest viewer will stump the panel with a mystery picture. That'll be the night!





Good taste . . . laughter, gaiety . . . and good taste in cigarettes. "GARRICK" provides you with the smoothest taste of all, through its miracle filter-tip. Each tip contains 20,000 tiny filters and is made from pure cellulose. "GARRICK" brings you smoking perfection . . . all the good taste of mild, rich Virginia tobacco.

# Garrick

**FILTER-TIP CIGARETTES**

*The smoothest taste of all*



And now . . . for your added convenience, a tear-off strip for easy opening of the outer wrap, also slip-top inner foil.





**SPRING HAT SHOW.** Gai Willis, wearing the bridal veil, watches while "flowergirl" Sandra Arnott has her hair combed up by her mother, Mrs. Mick Arnott, just before the parade of spring hats organised by the Town and Country Ball committee in the Rainbow Room of Australia Hotel to aid the Smith Family.



**IN SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA,** Mrs. Charles Walton (left), who competed in the Powder Puff Derby air race, with race officials Mrs. Betty Gillies and Mrs. Barbara London. Mrs. Walton, who was formerly Nancy Bird, came fifth in race from San Diego to Charleston, South Carolina. She will arrive back in Sydney in late September.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**MET** Margaret Dibbs the other day, positively starry-eyed with happiness — and no wonder. She marries James Warner at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on September 19 and they leave the next day in Oceania for five months' honeymoon overseas.

They'll get a car in Italy, do some ski-ing in the Italian Alps, drive slowly through France, then head for London, returning home to move into a new house on the Warners' property in Talwood, Qld.

Margaret is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Dibbs, of Bellevue Hill, and at the church she will be attended by her sister, Mrs. Donald Ross, Gaynor Faviell, and tiny flowergirls Penny and Vicky Ross. And afterwards there will be a small family reception at home.

**THE** Sydney Opera Group's dance at the Australia Hotel on July 24 should have an amusing floorshow—I hear that members of the committee are busy rehearsing some "take-offs" on the various operas they have done.

**BLUE-AND-WHITE** color scheme is Wendy Irving's choice for her wedding to Calvin Callaway at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on July 31. Wendy is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Irving, of Mosman.

**BABY** talk . . . "It's a boy" came the cable from London announcing the arrival of the first child for Squadron-Leader Tony Caillard and his wife (Margaret Ann Crawford that was). Her parents, the Ken Crawfords, of Holbrook, are in England now . . . Caroline Jane Arnott is the first grandchild for Pat and Sheila Arnott, of "Coolah Creek," Coolah. Proud parents are Judy and Don Arnott.

**I** HAVEN'T bought myself any colored wool stockings yet, even though they're all the rage at the University, Sally Spurgeon looking really jazzy in hers. They're knee-high in ribbed green wool, and she wears them with a Black Watch tartan skirt.

**EVERYONE** was so thrilled when Johnny Cobcroft's polo ponies got an award at the Dudley Cup. Johnny is still in St. Vincent's with the injuries he received at the Wellington polo, so his brother Brian rode the ponies for the Willow Tree team.



**ROYAL GARDEN PARTY.** Mr. and Mrs. Alastair MacRae, of Vaucluse, on their way to Buckingham Palace. They will return home after attending the Empire Games at Cardiff.

**MUST** pop out to Mascot airport on August 1 to welcome home Dymphna Fairfax, of Merriwa — she's flying in with her mother, Mrs. Mick Fairfax, after being "finished" at Mon Fertit, in Switzerland.

**IT** was hats, hats, hats when I wandered into the dressing-room at the Australia Hotel just before the Town and Country's Parade. However, mothers and daughters who acted as models had all their thunder stolen by Thelma Scott's poodle, Ninon. Thelma modelled a cocktail hat of lime-green velvet bows, veiled with tulle, and, but natch, Ninon had one to match.

**OFF** to London again at the end of August is Judy Cassab — she'll spend two months there fulfilling her portrait commissions, including one of Mrs. Hugh Gait-skill.

**TALK** about looking ahead—house parties are already being planned for the Yass Bachelors and Spinners' dance in the Yass Memorial Hall on September 19.

*Anna*



**COUNTRY INTEREST.** Mr. and Mrs. John Brodie walk down the aisle at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Mrs. Brodie was formerly Joan Laverty, the only daughter of the Robert Lavertys, of "Sutton Park," Crookwell. After a holiday at Hayman Island they will live on John's property at Chinchilla, Queensland.



**SIGNING THE REGISTER** at St. Thomas' Church, North Sydney, are Mr. and Mrs. Manfred Schulenberg. The bride was formerly Venie Wilcox, daughter of Mrs. J. S. Wilcox and the late Mr. Wilcox.



**ENGAGED RECENTLY.** Lynne O'Connor with her fiancé, Max Gillis, of Balgowlah. Lynne, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. O'Connor, of Earlwood, is wearing a diamond solitaire engagement ring.



# The Dark Enchantment

ILLUSTRATED  
BY PHILLIPS

Beginning a dramatic new serial by **AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP**

**I** SUPPOSE we have all of us said it, that pointless phrase: "How could I have been so stupid?" I might have put a dozen more censorious questions to myself: How could I have been so mistaken? How could I have been so merciless? But of all the questions that wound the most, the one which persists in plaguing me long after I think I have found an answer to the others, is "How could I have been so stupid?"

It is odd that there is nothing to warn one that a girl blowing into a cup of coffee is about to act as fate; no form of premonition that one's whole personality is about to undergo a dynamic change. On that morning I would have considered myself no more capable of doing what I came to do, or of thinking what I came to think, than of growing another limb.

I was, I suppose, thoroughly narrow in outlook. My upbringing saw to that. I had definite ideas upon what was and what was not done. I was able to control my own feelings and could make no excuses for people who failed to control theirs. I was too smug to think of myself as "prim." I thought of myself as "correct." I considered any show of emotion bad form.

So perhaps I was not ripe for warnings.

But if Fay had not taken the morning off and sat sniffing in bed with a cold in the head I might never have seen the advertisement. As it was she blew in her coffee and read aloud from the agony columns. They were her favorite form of reading. I was trying to go through my bank statement.

She read out, "'Absolute sacrifice! Mink stole in good condition.' Or you could have an unused playpen for twenty-seven and six, or if you like to send a stamped and addressed envelope someone will cure your stutter!"

"Fay," I said, "you're stopping your coffee."

"How do you know, you're not looking at me."

I answered her simply, "I guessed."

"Nag! Nag! Nag!" she said cheerfully, then she squeaked, "Good heavens! Here's the Shropshire lad again, still trying to off-load his wife! Do you think it's a white-slave trap?"

I made no reply. I was disturbed by the state of my bank balance. Fay went on prattling, "It's the third time he's been in this week and I've noticed him before."

"Who?"

"Gentleman requires companion for wife. Every comfort, lovely surroundings. Car provided. No housework. I'm sure it's a trap. He probably acts as a middle man for a sultan's harem. Would it be any good for you?"

I smiled. "I don't think I'm a sultan's type. But look, Fay dear, I really will get fixed up soon..."

She heaved herself up in bed and spilled the coffee. "For heaven's sake. I wasn't thinking of that. You can stay here for ever, you know you can."

I had been five weeks sharing Fay's bed-sitting-room. The sun never shone into it. It slid round, shone over it, and glared on the pavements below it. But it never came into the room. It was like a cave in the side of an overhanging cliff. We always referred to it as "The Cave." It had been a ballroom in its heyday and it seemed to resent its conversion. The high marble chimney piece appeared to be arching itself in disdain from the little gas fire at its feet.

When traffic passed the plaster fell from the ceiling and lay over the floor like egg-shell chippings. I never failed to be surprised at the havoc which Fay could create in a room. The bedclothes from her divan had tipped on the floor, and the coffee had soaked through her dressing-gown. She wriggled down in the bed as I tidied her up. "You know I love having you here. I just thought old Slap Hundred from Salops might be a good idea."

"Old who?"

She dived for the paper again and passed it to me. I hardly bothered to glance at it. I was anxious to clean up the room and get out to the chemist's. Fay's colds always went to her chest. The advertisement read, "Write Major Charles Stewart, Shap Hundred, Near Ludlow, Salops." I collected the paper to wrap up the tea-leaves and made an effort to straighten Fay's bed.

"There probably is a catch in it if he's had to advertise so often."

She had tied the belt of her dressing-gown round her waist so tightly that she had separated herself into two fawn lumps. "They can be, you know," she said.

"Can be what?"

"White-slave traps. You get there and they spirit you off to the Middle East."

"It's more likely," I told her, "that there are no comforts, hideous surroundings, and plenty of housework. Now if I get you Friar's Balsam, will you promise to inhale?"

"Nag! Nag! Nag!" she grinned.

On the way to the chemist's I looked myself straight in the eye. I could not stay with Fay for ever, although I believe if I had announced my intention of doing so she would not have minded. She was the most generous girl I have ever come across, and she had given me her unstinted support in any crisis small or great which I had ever had to face.

The sale of my father's little house in Sussex had just about cleared his arrears in income-tax, paid his creditors, established my mother in rooms on the south coast, and left her a miserable pittance to live upon.

There was nothing left for me. My bank balance, if I eked it out carefully, would last me another two months. I was waiting for my friend Monica to open a small interior-decoration business. She had been talking about it ever since I first met her. The finance was dependent upon a friend, and Monica assured me that he would have no objection to my going into business with her.

Every time I rang up Monica she said, "Oh, darling, of course it's still on. Eric's in Paris at the moment, but the minute he comes back we'll fix it up." How often she had said to me, "Darling, I'm terribly independent, you know. I hate taking money from Eric. I feel I should try to get a bank loan."

This brought me to a decision which I had tried to avoid making for weeks. I felt I must do something. I could not wait for Monica much longer.

I could not deny that I was an exceptionally good cook and an extremely efficient housekeeper. But somehow to make up your mind to run somebody else's house is not an easy step to take, and I was still clinging to the interior-decoration idea.

I had never been trained for anything.

Father did not believe in professions for girls: "What's the good of it? They only get married and give it all up. It's just a waste of money." Mother said: "But, Henry dear, supposing they don't get 'asked'?" Father put a hand beneath my chin, "Look at her—she'll get asked."

I was engaged to be married twice. Gordon jilted me, and I changed my mind about David, and in between I remained at home. I repeatedly told mother that I disliked being idle. I thought I might write, paint, or go up to London and put myself "into something." But I stayed down in Sussex playing golf and happily covering the house in petit point. I did chair seats, cushions, and fire-screens. I used to color my own designs and think myself usefully employed. I had been twenty-eight for two days when father had his stroke.

I made up my mind to wait for Monica no longer. It was unfortunate that I should run into her when I went to buy the Friar's Balsam. I met her in the chemist's. I was immediately seduced away from my decision. I suppose it was because it was January 1st that I had my "hopes" renewed. I am silly about that sort of thing. Just because it is the first day of a new year I expect everything to be put right immediately.

"Monica!—any news?" It was stupid of me to ask, I might have known her answer.

"Oh, darling, it's practically fixed. Eric's gone to New York for a fortnight, but as soon as he's back we'll go right ahead."

"But if he's agreed—don't you think we ought to get started? It'll be some time before we can open. We've got to have the place done up."

She picked up a bottle of scent and tried to remove the stopper. "Is this absolutely foul?"

"No, madam," the chemist assured her. "It's very good indeed."

He removed the stopper and dabbed scent on Monica's

hand. She sniffed at it, making a face at it. "Well, Eric's got to sign for things, you know."

I said, "Surely he could give you power of attorney? Then we could secure the place, get the decorations under way, and be ready to start at once."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, sweetie," she said. "I'll telephone him tonight if he doesn't ring me—then if he sends off a letter air-mail to give me the power of attorney it should be here, let's see—Saturday—Sunday—oh! Sunday! Well, I don't suppose they stop flying on Sundays... Monday!" She ticked off the days on the fingers of black antelope gloves. "Well, we should hear by Tuesday, anyway."

And I, like a fool, believed her. I was obviously a victim of chronic self-fooling even then.

On Tuesday morning I telephoned Monica. Eric answered.

"Oh, Harriet! Yes? She's just gone out. What? Oh, yes, quite good, thanks. No, I only went off for a week. Look here, do you want to leave a message for Monica, or shall I get her to ring you back?"

I told him that I wanted to know whether they had come to any decision about the decorating business, and I added that if they had not I should have to find another job.

"Oh, yes, there was some sort of scheme on, wasn't there? Is she still keen on it? Really, I didn't know it had gone as far as that. But look here—I think you ought to have a word with Monica—I'm off to Jamaica next month. I don't know how she thinks she's going to manage all this."

I interrupted him to say, "Yes, I see, Eric. Just say 'Hallo' to Monica for me, will you? Thank you so much, goodbye."

I went back to the ballroom and shut the door firmly. I said, "Fay, is the White Slaver in today?"

She leaned out of bed to pick up the paper, "Old Slap Hundred from Salops? What do you want with him?"

"I think I ought to settle for being sold to the Middle East."

"Oh, darling, don't tell me Monica's fallen through again. Won't Eric cough up?"

"I don't know," I said crisply, "he probably might, but Monica hasn't bothered to ask him."

"Fancy keeping you hanging about like that, she really is a..."

"Yes," I said, "I'm afraid she is. Now let me have a look at that paper."

I read through the "Wanted," crossing them off. A man wanted a capable private secretary able to drive a car; a woman wanted a reliable paying guest; a couple wanted another couple to share a car tour through Austria; and twelve Chinese geese, a bargain because of their ability to live on grass, were offered at cost price. A little lower down a cook-general was required, and an experienced butler for "easily run country residence."

"Is he?" asked Fay.

"Is who what?"

"Is old Slap Hundred in again?"

"No," I said, "he's not."

I put my name on the books of a distinguished employment agency. I had several interviews. I seemed to fall between two stools.

Mrs. Peacock and Lady Metcalfe were typical of the stools I fell between. Mrs. Peacock interviewed me uneasily. "You must excuse me being personal, but well..." she broke off with a difficult laugh. "You're—well, I might say a little too grand for us. You see, Mr. Peacock's out all day, and my daughter Maudie isn't in for meals. I





think I probably wanted a German, really, or one of those foreign girls." I understood that she did not want me.

Lady Metcalfe was just as firm in a different way. "My dear, I don't think you have quite enough experience."

It must have been about ten or twelve days later when I was about to go out and visit a vicar's widow in Hampstead that Fay called out excitedly, "Harriet! The White Slaver's back again, and so are the Chinese geese."

"Let me see," I said.

I read through the advertisement, calling it out. "I wonder what on earth Slap Hundred means; it's a most peculiar name. Domestic staff kept. No housework required. Visits to race meetings, etc." There must be something wrong with this."

"It sounds all right to me," said Fay.

"It sounds too good to me. You ought

to have seen Mrs. Thirty-three, West Way, Wimbledon. She wanted a cook-cum-bottle-washer - cum - nursemaid-cum-laundrymaid-cum-jobbing-carpenter, and all under the heading of 'light housework.' Shall I write to old Slap Hundred, Fay?"

"Yes," she said, "why not? And if you don't, I think I will. It sounds the answer to a lazy maiden's prayer."

"Well, I suppose it wouldn't hurt to find out what it's all about."

When I addressed the letter Fay gave a squeal of delight. "You've written Slap Hundred," she said.

I said, "Bother," and altered the "I" to an "h."

Two days afterwards I found Fay dancing about with a letter in her hand. "The White Slaver for you! Answered return of post!

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*In the warmth of the drawing-room Harriet fell asleep, leaving Liane alone.*



Did you tell him what you looked like?"

"I gave the usual details." "They seem to have gone down well," Fay chuckled.

I opened the letter and read it. It was extremely brief and terse:

"I cannot spare the time to come up to interview you. Would you consider a month on trial?"

The salary was stated in a postscript. It was considerably higher than I had expected.

"What funny writing," Fay said. "He uses a murderer's 's'."

I put the letter down to laugh at her. "You are absurd. Where have you seen a murderer's 's'?"

"I read it in my handwriting book. They don't have any bottoms to them."

"You're thinking of the lobes of their ears," I told her. "You know, he really is offering a very good salary."

"Well, why don't you go up and try it? You can always come back here."

I wrote to accept the month's trial.

I received a piece of his stiff crested writing-paper by return of post. The one word "Fare" was written on it, and his initials. The correct sum was enclosed.

"Chatty, isn't he?" Fay observed. "Perhaps that's why he needs a companion for his wife."

The next day I received a telegram:

"Will meet the four-ten arriving Wolverhampton Low Level station seven-fifteen Thursday. Stewart."

"Wolverhampton!" Fay said gloomily.

"It's not as far off as all that," I said. "I believe they come under the Crown."

She was amusing me greatly with her dark misgivings over my decision to take the post. It was so typical of her to

## Continuing . . . The Dark Enchantment

from page 17

change round from encouraging me to warning me not to go. I believe she was really afraid for me. I laughed and squeezed her arm. "Fay, dear, I do think we ought to give him the benefit of the doubt. He might not be going to auction me off at Port Said."

"I'm worried about his handwriting. I checked it up again."

"And what did it say?" I asked.

Well, it didn't fit in with anything, really, but the nearest was 'A good man at a party, always ready with a joke.'

"That," I said, "has settled it. I shall tell him I've changed my mind."

As a "thank you" and a farewell treat I took her to the theatre to see her idol.

She insisted upon going round to the stage door after the performance. What was worse, she insisted upon my accompanying her. She tugged at my coat like a giggling schoolgirl until I gave in and went with her. This particular man had signed her programme several times, and each time I saw him I thought he was seriously overweight. Usually he signed without looking at her, but on this particular night the silly child was in ecstasy.

He glanced up to ask: "What name shall I put?"

She squeaked, "Oh, 'Fay,' please—Fay Peters." He wrote, "To Fay—sincerely yours, Preston Warren."

She waited to watch him drive off in a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce which carried his initials on its doors.

"Oh, Harriet, he said five words to me!"

"What a pity that isn't all he's got to say on the stage."

"Oh, I wish I were a great

big spoony blonde, then I might get him to marry me."

I took her to a Chinese restaurant. Fay could make more of a mess of a dish of chop suey than anyone else I knew. She sipped a gin and tonic, looking lovingly down at her programme.

I said, "You know, I think these wild enthusiasms of yours for waning theatrical gentlemen are becoming a little unsavory."

"You haven't got a heart, that's your trouble. You're got a marrow in its place."

I have longed for that marrow since then.

"Only you," she went on, grumbling, "could call a heart-breaking love 'enthusiasms'! You use such bustle words."

"Bustle words?" "Yes. You talk as if you lived back in those days. What you need is to experience passion."

"Indeed?"

"There you are, you see. 'Indeed.' Nobody says that now."

Then she fell to her favorite pastime, analysis of me. "It's so unfair," she said, "it's the outside of me that puts men off, but I'm ten times more passionate than you. You just look inviting and tantalise them."

"I assure you it's not intentional."

"I assure you it's not intentional!" Stuff, old-fashioned, strait-laced! Darling, you do know I adore you, don't you? But blimey! You just won't acknowledge the ape man in you."

"I will if you'll stop waving that spoon about."

"I'm sizzling compared to you!"

I tried not to smile. I knew how prudish she was really.

"You don't understand about sex, Harriet. You seem to live apart from it."

"I should live apart from Preston Warren."

"What's the matter? You've got your 'reserved' look on."

"Not at all," I said. "I'm very interested, but the man behind you is fascinated by our conversation, and I'm finding it a little hard to meet his eye."

Her hair fell over her forehead and her cheeks were flushed. "You know that's what's wrong with you, Harriet, you're all tucked in. You're bottled up—don't meet his eye indeed! I'll meet his eye!"

"Fay," I said severely, and she meekly twisted round. But she floundered bravely on, "You're cool and you're calm and collected. It's that funny old-fashioned name of yours. It's like a horse-hair sofa. Is that man still fascinated?"

"No, they've brought his food."

"Like a funny old-fashioned sofa—and your eyes"—she peered right into them—"your eyes are like the sea that beastly time we went to Ramsgate. Do you remember how it chased our picnic up the beach? They're grey—and they're fearless, and forbidding."

I raised the eyes in question to her. "Don't you think it's time we sent that little jumper of yours to the cleaners?"

"And they're all wrong with that chestnut hair of yours."

"It's not meant to be a black little jumper, is it?" She pulled it out under her nose and examined it.

"Certainly not. Royal-blue."

"Then it is time it went to the cleaners."

## The Laugh Was On Me

● Here are this week's winners for this contest in which we award £2/2/- each for the two best.

INTO the ward came Sister with my baby, displaying him to the occupants and saying brightly: "Isn't he a lovely child? And so like his mother!"

I was as proud as a mother could possibly be until she added as she handed him to me: "Yes, and his mouth's so large he can put his two little hands in at once!"

£2/2/- to Mrs. Freda Rees, 2 Bellevue Ave., West Ryde, N.S.W.

SOPHISTICATED in mauve sack, I was entertaining at a party when my half-slip broke and slid to the ground. Being behind the counter of the cocktail bar I stepped out of the slip and walked from behind the counter across the room. When I heard laughter I glanced round and saw the slip, caught to my dress by a thread, following me across the polished floor.

£2/2/- to R. L. Moore, 401 King William St., Adelaide.

Send entries to *The Laugh Was On Me, The Australian Women's Weekly*, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"Oh, no," she said a trifle thickly, "you can't get out of it that way. You can't send your life to the cleaners—oh, I wish I was a great big spoony blonde. Preston might look at me then."

I said firmly, "Come along, Fay."

"Respectability," she said solemnly, "ruled by respectability."

I knew that she was feigning more than half of the idiocy she wanted me to attribute to the gin. She dearly loved to clown.

On the way out she said lugubriously, "No—you can't hope to understand. You don't know what it's like to be eaten up with longing for someone."

Oh, my ridiculous lumpy

Fay—I have sympathised with you since.

She came to see me off. She telephoned her office to say that she had another cold. She was the best example of unrelieved gloom I have ever come across.

"If you don't like the look of him when he meets you, don't go a step farther, just turn round and come home."

"If he's ready with a joke," I assured her, "I shall jump on to the other level or whatever it proves to be and be home before he can say 'Slap Hundred.'"

It was not an over comfortable journey. I was obliged to

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You have it too, Mummy . . .

that clear, smooth  
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complexion

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The prize will be awarded for the most appealing photograph received. Contest closes 31/8/58 and winners will be announced in the "Women's Weekly" on 22nd October and in the "Woman's Day" on 26th October. Please enclose postage if you require your photograph returned.

"Let's make Pears a family affair!"



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 30, 1958



A complete short story  
**BY KEM BENNETT**  
 ILLUSTRATED BY BATTEN



*"The village will not be the same without you here," Rosalia told Richard with sadness in her voice and eyes.*

# Goodbye Rosalia

**I**N his last day in Tamaru, Richard Bannerman bathed before breakfast. Swimming in the clear, warm water, he thought about Rosalia; while he dried himself on the beach he thought about Rosalia; and when he sat down to his breakfast in the patio outside the Hotel Tamaru he was still thinking about her.

Maria Rosalia Pedret—it was a typically Catalan name, and yet Rosalia was not truly Catalan, because her family came from Majorca. Many Majorcan women are very tall and fair, and Rosalia was one of them. She might have looked like an Englishwoman, or a Scandinavian, had she not had brown eyes, instead of blue, to go with her fair hair.

Richard knew beyond doubt that he loved her, and almost beyond doubt that she loved him. But she

was married, she had a twelve-year-old daughter, and she lived in Catholic Spain.

So he was going away, without ever having permitted himself to tell Rosalia that he loved her. He was behaving in a moral and admirable manner, like a conventional and well-brought-up Englishman. And a harsh voice in his head was saying that he was a fool and a coward.

Having finally admitted to himself with bitterness that he was in fact running away, Richard drank some coffee, pushed aside his breakfast and went to start loading his car.

Normally the car gave Richard great pleasure, with its long, antique dignity and superb workmanship, but this morning he told himself sourly that it was time to get rid of the thing because of its monstrous thirst for petrol.

He put his suitcases in the great

luggage-boot at the back, because they were square and could be persuaded to fit, more or less. Then into the rear compartment he piled his smaller luggage and such things as his goggle-fishing equipment. When everything was in, he lit a cigarette and drove to the gate of Rosalia's villa.

Richard was a widower, forty years old, the outright owner of a small aircraft factory, and a rich man. He was six feet four inches in height and weighed fifteen stone—which was one of the reasons for the commodious old car; few modern English cars were comfortable for a man built on his scale.

He wrote short stories for a hobby and he was probably the only aircraft manufacturer in the world with a beard. Having grown it while serving in the Fleet Air Arm during the war, he had become fond of it

and now flatly refused to return to the daily weariness of shaving. Besides, it made him look striking, and he was human enough to be proud of his awe-inspiring appearance.

Rosalia came, leading Pilar by the hand, punctually at nine o'clock. Richard saw them as they left their white villa perched above the village, watched them come down the steps and along the secluded drive. Rosalia's short, fair hair was catching the morning sun. She walked with a beautiful, assured, easy grace, and her bare arms, face, and long legs were sunburned.

She was grave. Beside her, Pilar looked like a half-size reproduction of her mother—fair, thin, leggy, and, for a twelve-year-old, strangely self-assured. She went to run a finger over the shining coachwork of the car.

Rosalia smiled at Richard, but with sadness in her brown eyes. "Tamaru will not be the same without you."

"Won't it?" Richard said. "I wish you lived in England."

"So do I, perhaps." Pause. Silence. Unspoken things filled the air.

Rosalia frowned and said worriedly: "Are you sure it won't inconvenience you to take Pili to Perpignan?"

For a moment Richard thought that she wanted him to say yes, then

put aside the idea as ridiculous. "Of course, it won't. Don't be a fathead, Rosalia. I'm looking forward to the drive; she'll remind me of . . . of Tamaru."

"Good!" She banished the frown and smiled again. She was very much in control of herself. "Well"—her English was fluent and idiomatic—"I expect you'll be wanting to be off." To the girl she said, in English, because Pilar, too, was bilingual: "Be good, my Pili. Do as you are told. Give my love to Aunt Josette and wear your spectacles if you go to the cinema."

They kissed. Rosalia held out her hand. "Goodbye, Richard. Give my love to Amanda." Amanda was his daughter, whom Rosalia had never met but of whom she had heard a great deal.

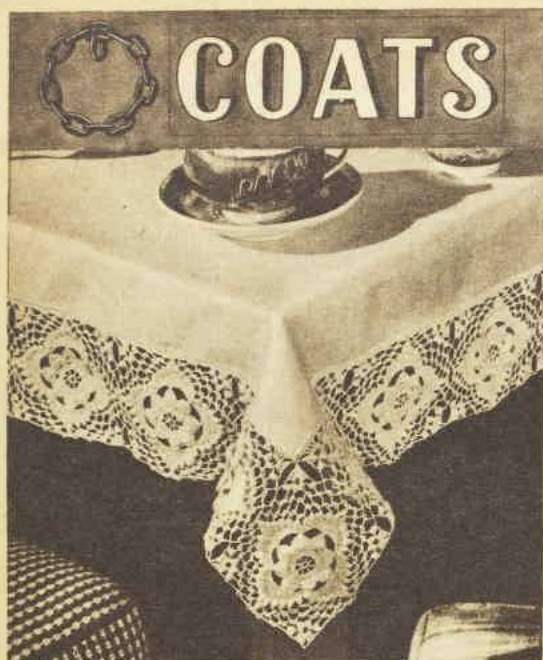
"Yes," he said. "Goodbye, Rosalia."

The car passed through Palafrugell and took the newly surfaced road north which crossed the plain of Ampurdan and led eventually to the French frontier. Pili and Richard were silent for the first half-hour of driving; then Richard began to sing because he was finding it impossible to talk to Pili and because he might have howled had he not sung instead.

He had a powerful baritone voice

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Teacloth design from Book 111

## Mercer-Crochet



Pineapple design from Book 121

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# THE CRUCIAL CALL

BY N. J. CRISP

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*All his nagging doubts vanished at the sound of her voice.*

WHEN the alarm clock went off at six o'clock in the morning, Neil Terry's eyes were already wide open. He reached out and turned it off. He thought: Thursday. The day he had promised himself that he would tell Ruth that it was no good any more; that he was finished.

Ruth stirred and yawned. He watched her affectionately, yet with a trace of fear. She seemed so untroubled lying there, trusting in him, confident of the future. She would take it badly, worse perhaps than most women, and he felt sick in the stomach, like a man unwillingly about to inflict some monstrous harm.

Ruth said sleepily: "Are you going to Guildford today?"

"Yes. On the eight o'clock train. You needn't get up," he added, hoping that she wouldn't.

She stretched and sat up. "You'll need some breakfast..."

Neil shaved quickly, rubbed his face dry, and felt a little better. He peered, frowning, into the mirror. He had got used to his greying hair. He had had it a long time now, and at least there was plenty of it. But the deep, worried lines that were beginning to score his face were new and unpleasant.

They were bad for business, too. No one liked a worried-looking man.

Ruth already had the breakfast on the table, and Neil sat down opposite her. He didn't begin. He might as well get it over now, cancel the Guildford trip, and start winding things up.

"Ruth—" he said.

The door opened, and the seven-year-old figure of his elder son appeared, still in pyjamas. Neil said irritably: "There's no need for you to get up, Mark."

"We're hungry."

"We? Don't tell me you've got Simon there, too."

A shyly grinning face appearing round Mark's waist answered him.

Neil grunted, and began to spoon his cornflakes. It was out of his hands. He couldn't talk about it with the boys there.

Mark said: "Alan Cole brought his new bicycle to school yesterday. It's super. Am I still having a bicycle for my birthday?"

"I expect so."

"Well, can I come with you and choose it?" Mark asked. "What about Saturday?"

"What's the hurry?"

"It's my birthday next Wednesday," Mark pointed out. Neil had forgotten. He wondered how much bicycles cost these days.

Simon said: "I want one, too."

"You've got a tricycle."

"I want one with two wheels."

"You couldn't balance," Mark explained with the superiority of his extra years.

Ruth put eggs and bacon on the table. "What are you doing on Saturday, dear?" she asked.

"I don't know. Why?"

"I thought we might go and look at that house I saw the other day. I've been thinking about it, and I really believe it would suit us nicely. It's not new, but it's a comfortable sort of

house. It stands well back from the road, and..."

Neil ate mechanically, letting the words flow past him. It was going to be even harder than he had thought.

"So I thought we could go and look at it together," Ruth finished.

"I wouldn't bank on it too much," Neil said uneasily.

"There's no harm in looking at it. We deserve something better than this place. We've been here long enough."

They had; too long, in fact. And only a few months ago Neil would have set off happily to see the new place. Now he was wondering if they would even be able to keep on their present house.

He pushed back his chair and said: "I'm going to the office first. I want to see Arthur before I go."

Ruth said: "What time will you be back?"

"I'll try to catch the four-thirty train."

"Telephone me if you miss it."

"Of course, darling." He hesitated, and then said awkwardly: "Could you put the children to bed early? There's something—I'd like to have the evening clear."

He kissed her hurriedly to stifle her question and left the house.

When he got to the big converted garage that was used as a workshop, he found Arthur Foster already there poring over some papers. Arthur said: "Morning, Neil."

Neil said: "You're early."

Arthur grinned. He said: "I was just looking at the plans for the new building. I reckon if we took a bit off the office space and gave it to the machine shop..."

Neil said: "You can forget it."

Arthur took out his pipe. "What does that mean?" he asked.

Neil lit a cigarette from Arthur's match, postponing the moment when the words had to come out. If it was bad telling Arthur, what would it be like telling Ruth? He said: "Do you ever see any of your old friends from the factory?"

"Now and then. Had a drink with the works manager last week. Why?"

"I hear they're pretty busy. Did he want you to go back?"

"Dropped a broad hint."

Neil took the plunge. "Look, Arthur, you're drawing practically nothing out of the company at the moment. I'd like you to know that you're free to accept his offer. I'll buy your shares back from you at face-value. While," he added with a trace of bitterness, "there's enough money left to do it."

Arthur took his pipe out of his mouth and studied it. "What's the idea, Neil?"

"I'm trying to give you the chance to pull out while you've got anything left to pull out with."

Arthur laid his big fist on the building plans. "What about these?"

"So much waste paper," Neil said with a weary gesture. "Six months ago, when they were drawn up, things looked pretty good. I'm merely thankful we haven't done anything about it."

Arthur knocked out his pipe. "Tobacco tastes foul at this hour." He gazed at Neil with level grey eyes. "This isn't altogether a surprise," he said. "Our stocks are running high—I cut back production a week ago. You didn't say anything, and I didn't want to trouble you. Who is it? Colly's?"

"Colly's." Neil repeated the name hopelessly. "The giants. The big boys. It's not just that we're not getting new business, Arthur. We're losing old clients. We can't afford to lose any more."

"Is their stuff any better than ours?"

Neil smiled a little at the pride implicit in the question. "No. In fact, it's not quite up to our standard. But Colly's have never bothered much with this area before. Now they're moving in—money no object, mass circularisation, advertising, demonstrations, bonus schemes, cut prices; all the things we can't afford."

"Ah," Arthur growled contemptuously. "Trimings. It still boils down to the product and the man who's selling it."

"Yes, but they're a national company, and we're just a little outfit..." Neil broke off, the feeling of hopelessness again invading him. "If only we could have afforded to employ a salesman," he said quietly. "It's not my line of country."

"You've done all right."

"For a while, perhaps. But look what happens as soon as there's some real competition." Neil shook his head. "I'm a technician. I should have stuck to my trade."

Arthur took out his matches again, looked at his pipe, and decided against it. "Your ideas were good," he said. "We've got a fine product. I could never have thought of it, but I can make it. All right. But it's no good sitting round waiting for businessmen to come to us, because they won't. Someone's got to take it to them and tell them about it. And it seems to me that you're the best man for that job, salesman or not."

Neil stubbed out his cigarette. "Sounds fine," he said, "but, barring miracles, we're finished."

Arthur digested this. He said: "Have you told Ruth?"

"No. Not yet." He looked down at his hands. "I've been doing my damndest to keep it from her. That's not been easy... she's no fool. But now I must face up to it, I suppose. It isn't going to be very funny."

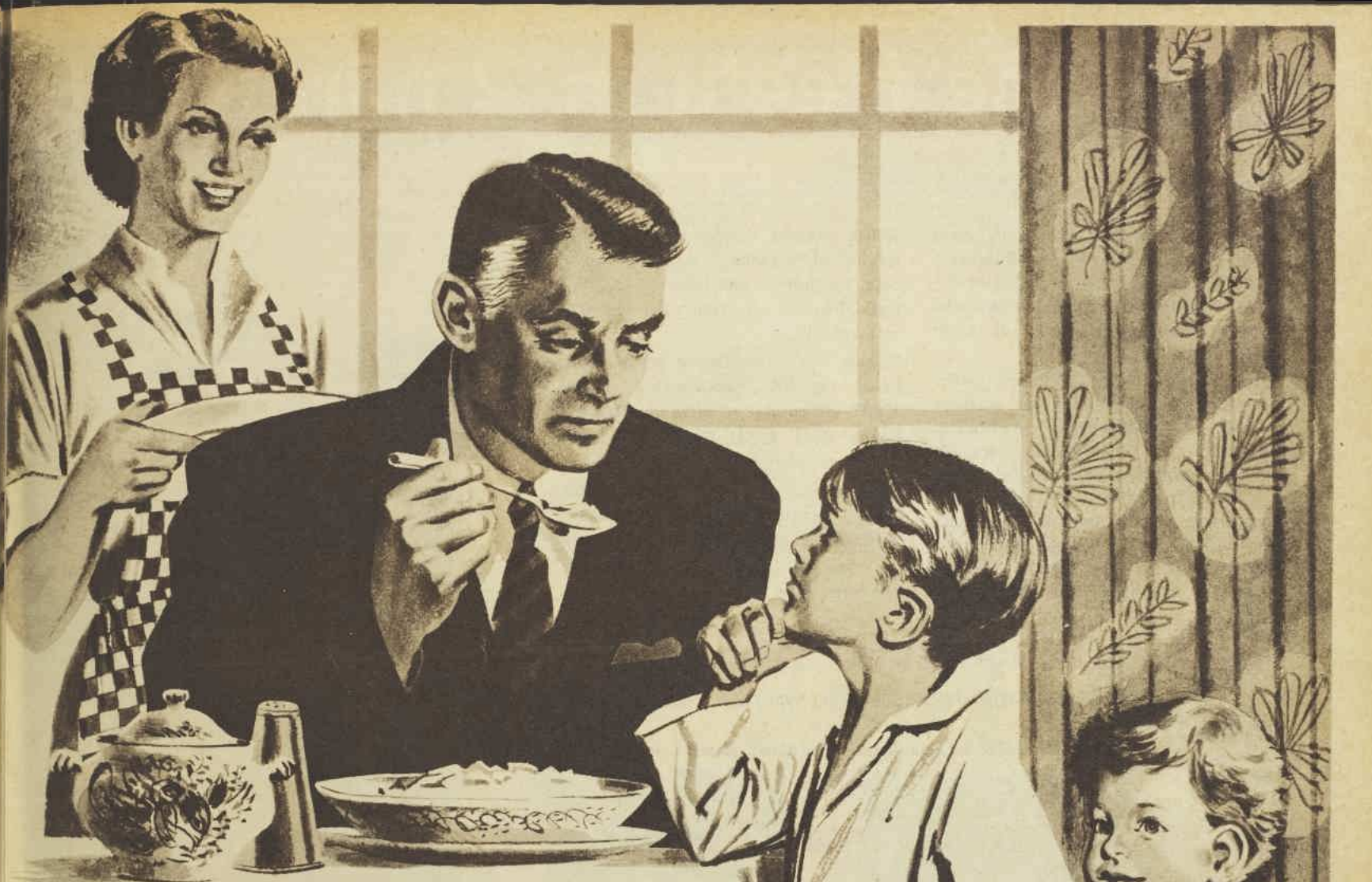
Arthur nodded. "She was in business, wasn't she?"

Neil laughed, without amusement. "You could put it that way. She was personal assistant to the sales director of Esterby's. It was a big job and it would have been bigger, but she gave it up—to marry me. And the joke is that, when we got married, she said she was through with business for good. She was going to be a wife and mother—and leave all the rest to me."

His expression softened. "She wanted a family. I did, too. Now we've got one—and they've been good years." He looked at Arthur.

"And now," he went on despairingly, "I've got to tell her that I can't run a





twopenny-ha'penny company without it going broke. I've got to tell Ruth, who was responsible for a department twenty times the size of our whole set-up. I tell you, Arthur, I feel like curling up in a hole."

Arthur said awkwardly: "Isn't there anything we could do?"

Neil stared out of the window. He said: "There's one faint hope. I'm going to see Edward Halliday this afternoon. He lives near Guildford, and he handles the buying for a small company there."

Arthur nodded. "I know. They're good customers."

"It's one of a group. Halliday is a director. I'm going to see if he won't buy our stuff for the whole group."

"That'll mean delivering all over the country. Overheads will go up."

"It's either that or we pack up," Neil said bluntly.

"Well, I wish you luck."

"It's a thin chance. I should like to feel that your money was intact."

"You've got far more tied up in this than I have," Arthur said. "Besides," he added mildly, "I want to find out what's going to happen."

"You're an ass," Neil said affectionately. "But I'll do my best." He glanced at his watch. "Look, I shall miss the train . . ."

Smoke rising above the station told him that the train was in. He slammed the car into the car park, dashed across the yard, and bought his ticket. The train was just moving off, and he had to sprint along the platform, wrench open a carriage door, and scramble in.

He went through into the corridor and walked along it. It was the sort of beginning to a day that he hated. He felt crumpled and dishevelled, and not in the least like being urgent and convincing.

In the dining-car he sat down at a small table, hoping that no one would join him. He didn't feel like talking.

A waiter came along. "Breakfast, sir?"

"No, thanks. Just a pot of tea."

The train was thundering along in earnest now, and he opened his newspaper. He was annoyed when a voice said: "Do you mind if I sit here?" He grunted, and hoped that the newcomer wouldn't talk. But the stranger said: "You are Mr. Terry, aren't you?"

Neil looked up: "Yes."

"I'm extremely pleased to meet you," said the man respectfully. "My name is Yardley."

Neil folded his newspaper. Yardley was young and immaculately dressed, with wavy hair and a strong, friendly face. He looked like a young man who had already been very successful and had every intention of becoming much more so.

"Although we haven't met," Yardley said, "I've heard a great deal about you. In a sense—he smiled deprecatingly—"we are competitors. I have recently been trying to open up this area on behalf of the Colly organisation."

So this is what the opposition looks like, Neil thought; not a fiend with horns but just a youngster doing his best to get ahead.

"I must say," Yardley said in a rueful tone, "it has been very tough going. You seem to have an excellent organisation and very strong connections."

Neil made appropriate noises, while wondering what on earth Yardley was talking about. Didn't he realise what an appalling proportion of sales he had cornered?

"May I offer you a cigarette?" Yardley held out his case. It was silver, Neil noted, and in excellent, expensive taste, containing excellent, expensive cigarettes. He took a cigarette, feeling that he might as well do the Colly expense account as much damage as possible.

"I may as well tell you," Yardley said, "that I have told my head office frankly how difficult it is going to be to establish satisfactory sales in this area when you are so strong."

Neil was beginning to suspect the real purpose behind this conversation. He said: "I'm sure there is plenty of room for both of us."

"Of course there is. On the other hand, my directors were most insistent that my sales ought to be substantially higher than they have been so far. I do hope there won't be any ill feeling between us."

Did it really matter, Neil wondered, what your executioner looked like? Could you dislike him?

"Perhaps a little real competition will be good for me," he said insincerely.

"It may be, of course"—Yardley chose his

To page 54

While Neil tried to eat his breakfast, Mark was babbling on about the bicycle he hoped to get for his birthday the following week.



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## Nyal TOOTHPASTE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 30, 1958



# Inspiration

A short short story

By DERRY LEMAIRE

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

PEARSON liked to find unusual places for his holidays, he liked color and the sun, and he disliked crowds. He was in his forties, had always been shy, and perhaps because of this had not married. Still, his shyness had more of charm in it than of rudeness. He had been in the Army during the war and had reached the rank of major on a short-service commission.

Now he had no occupation. Fortunately he had a small private income and felt he could afford to indulge in his one great delight — painting. He disliked violent and advanced contemporary work, belonged more to the past moderns, the French Impressionist. All the same, he had his own style and a certain strength which had always promised, but had not yet realised, recognition.

It was the head waiter at the small Soho restaurant where he often dined who first gave him the idea. When Pearson said he was going for a holiday but had no idea where to go, Pierre suggested he should try his home town, a fishing village in Brittany. It was very small and very beautiful, only a few fishermen's cottages, one estaminet, and certainly there would not be more than a dozen visitors.

Pearson made arrangements for a six weeks' stay without making any further inquiries. Pierre had been quite right, the place was magnificent. There were two beaches, one at the end of a deep bay with a narrow entrance, the other, which could be reached only by boat, was narrow and edged by a sheer cliff.

There were ten other visitors, and all boarded out in the fishermen's cottages, coming to eat centrally at the village pub, which was the club, place of entertainment, and village forum.

Pearson's room was normally the sitting-room of the cottage, which had been allotted to him. One of the bedrooms on the first floor had been given to a man and his wife. They, too, had chosen the little village because of its remoteness. The wife was enormous and was quickly nicknamed "The Baby." Her husband, true to form, was one of the smallest men Pearson had ever seen.

The other visitors had embarrassed her by watching her bathe, first at one beach, then at the other. Only Pearson and one other visitor, Miss Powell, had had the sensitivity to leave her alone.

One evening Baby stopped Pearson and thanked him for his courtesy. She said she intended to thank Miss Powell, too, but had not dared to approach her—she seemed to be so remote from everybody, and then, also, she didn't want to disturb the poor woman—such a tragedy—poor thing.

Pearson was always the last to hear of any gossip, and had no idea to what Baby was referring.

"Haven't you heard?" she said. Baby loved gossip, and was delighted to tell him all about it. "Such a tragedy," she said, "and, of course, she must be at least forty and won't have another chance. You see, she has been a schoolmistress all her life, her parents both died when she was quite young. Any money she earned she spent on educating her young sister, so she never went out much."

"She is one of those people pre-

*Until she spoke to him he had not been conscious of her standing behind him.*

destined to end up a spinster. When her sister was able to earn her own living, Miss Powell at last thought she could afford a cheap holiday, and came here some ten years ago.

"She fell in love with a young doctor who was also staying in the village. It was a 'coup de foudre,' Mr. Pearson, a stroke of lightning; both fell for each other at first sight. The locals, who told me about it, said it was wonderful to see them together, and their happiness flowed from them so that the whole village felt the joy of living."

"Then, Mr. Pearson, Bepe, you know him, the one who hires out the rowing-boats, told me the rest of the story. Miss Powell, the doctor, and two other young couples took the boat to picnic on the beach round the heads. They had a pleasant day, and enjoyed themselves so much they hardly noticed the time slipping by. It was the doctor who first noticed that it was half-past five and that they had better make a quick move or they would find difficulty in rowing back against the outward tide."

"Bepe brought them in . . . He picked them up still at the heads. Bepe says he never again wants to

see men in the condition he found them."

"The three men knew their only hope, with a rising sea, was to maintain their position against the tide and trust that Bepe would rescue them. For two hours they had rowed with heavy oars, first making some headway, and then gradually being swept back through the heads."

"Two days later the doctor died. It seems his heart had never been very strong—it was also very likely that being a doctor he knew what would happen if he strained it."

"Ever since," Baby continued, "the villagers tell me that Miss Powell has come here every year, and that is why she sits alone all day on the cliff overlooking the beach where she spent her last wonderful hour with her love."

Pearson had hardly noticed Miss Powell before; like him she was re-

served. He heard more from the innkeeper one evening when he had stayed behind after the others had gone. "The tragedy, Mr. Pearson," the innkeeper, had said, "was the greater because it was Miss Powell who had suggested the picnic, so you see she must feel that she was responsible for the doctor's death."

Pearson felt sorry for Miss Powell, as everyone else did. Then he forgot the whole matter, went off to the cliffs, set up his easel, and became completely engrossed in his painting.

He could never later explain exactly why he had chosen the cliff over Miss Powell's beach as his subject. This time he felt, and it looked, as if he were going to do something really good. He was concentrating so hard that he did not hear Miss Powell come up behind him, and when she spoke he did not know how long she had been there.

"Forgive me intruding, Mr. Pearson," she said, "but my curiosity got the better of me, especially as I have a particular regard for this part of the country. I think, if I may express an opinion, you have got something in your painting which lifts it out of the ordinary. It expresses the beauty of the place, yet somehow it frightens—it has the joy of life and the color, but also it gives one the impression of tragedy."

Pearson thanked her, they talked a while, and then he went on painting while Miss Powell stood and watched silently.

He spent four more days on his painting, and each time Miss Powell sat silently with him. When he had finished he felt very pleased with himself. It was undoubtedly the best he had done so far, and expressed all he wished before to put on canvas but had never been able to do.

The other visitors left, and more came, until Miss Powell and Pearson were the only two of the original group. Because of this they found themselves more often together, and Pearson one day suddenly found to his surprise that he thought he was falling in love with her.

It was an emotion he had not felt so strongly before and he distrusted it. He had heard of holiday romances, was a little frightened, and decided to say nothing for the time being; anyway, it would have been indelicate to mention it so close to the scene of Miss Powell's tragic past.

No, he would wait until they both returned to England, and then after a few months, if he found he still loved her, he would ask her to marry him.

Pearson married Miss Powell six months later, and his painting was acclaimed a masterpiece at an exhibition held two months afterwards. His shyness and sensitivity had up to then prevented him from making any mention of his wife's tragic love affair. But now he had to tell her.

"You know, darling," he said, "I'm sure I owe my success to you; I know I could never have put what I did into that painting had I not been inspired by the tragedy of your story."

"What tragedy?" she asked him. "You don't mean that silly nonsense the villagers made up about me, do you? I was never in love with the doctor; we were holiday friends. Yes, but that was all; and as to his death I felt sad, but it was his own fault really; he was the only one of us who knew about the tide."

"But why, for year after year, did you always return to the cliff?" he asked her.

"My sweet," she said, "because I have always thought it such a beautiful place."

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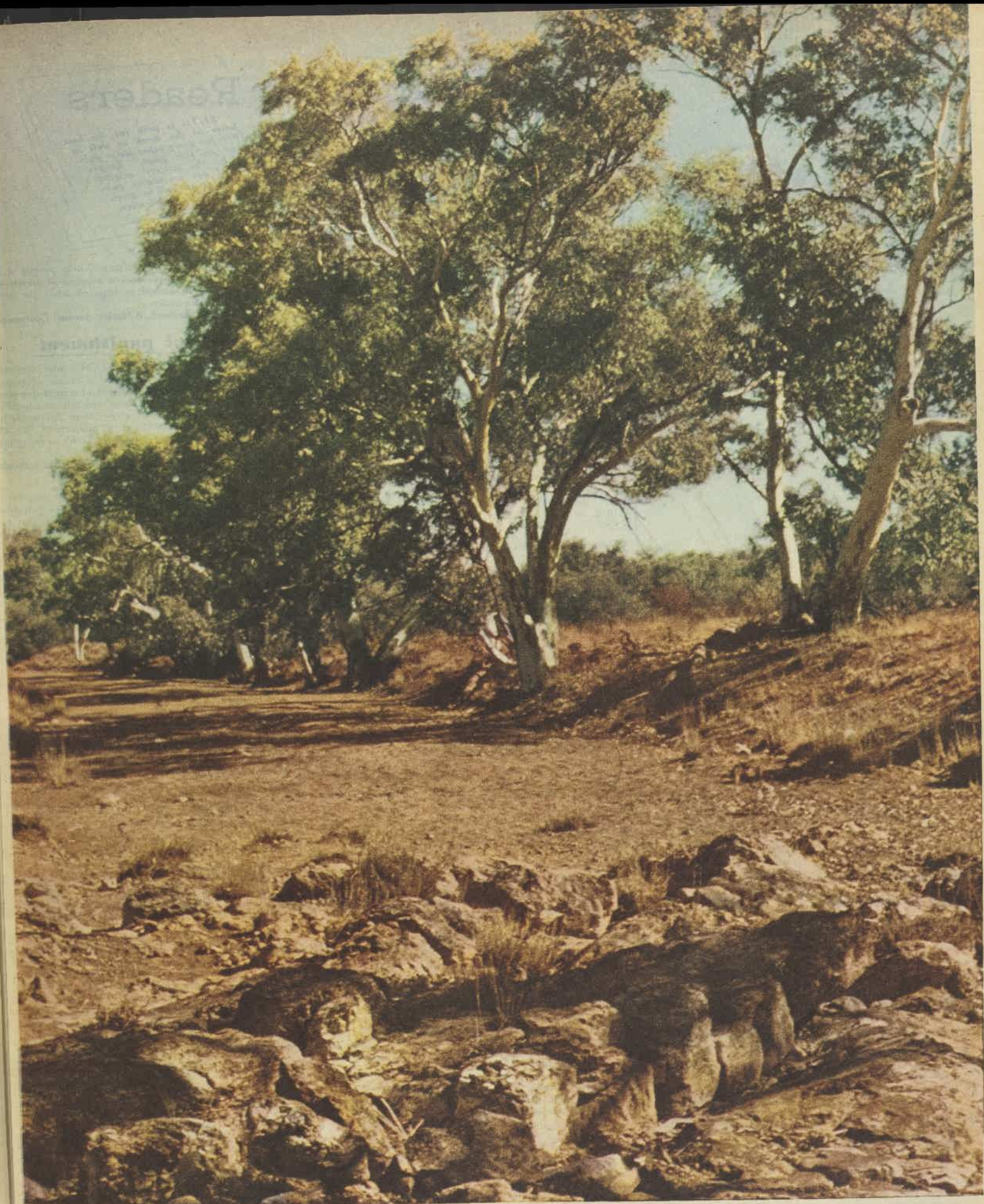
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## THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

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13	14	15	16	17	18	19
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27	28	29	30	31	...	...

from an isolated bush settlement into a thriving township. Tourists from all States and from overseas make “The Alice” their headquarters for excursions into the bush. This ghost gum-fringed creek bed is typical of many that twist for hundreds of miles through the semi-desert country; sometimes, after summer thunderstorms, they become raging, impassable rivers. Picture by P. R. Dann.



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must be the writers' original  
work and not previously pub-  
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to letters signed for publication.

### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

EXCEPT in cases of illness or in homes with working  
wives, women who boast that their husbands do  
a great deal of housework seem to me to be announcing  
their own laziness or their incapability of running a  
home and looking after their families. Man has his  
work and woman hers, and while they may help each  
other in small ways it is not to be expected that a  
man can do his own work justice if he has to do a  
large share of the woman's. A man who has worked  
hard during the day should not also have to wash and  
polish floors or do a week's washing or ironing.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Veronica Hamlyn, "Witchelina  
Station," via Farina, S.A.

WHY do so many Australians spring to the defensive when  
hearing of British migrants who choose to return to  
their own country? Surely that is their own affair, and  
surely there is a difference between homesickness and dis-  
content?

10/6 to "Neutral" (name supplied), Melbourne.

WOULD it not be a good idea if local councils displayed,  
or had available, a list of local charities? These lists  
should state what kind of voluntary workers the charities need  
and how to apply for this work. Often people have spare  
time and would like to do voluntary work, but do not know  
whom to approach.

10/6 to Miss K. Sealey, 59 Morgan Street, Petersham,  
N.S.W.

MANUFACTURERS of all sweets in tins and boxes should  
be compelled to stamp a "freshness" label on the con-  
tainer. Recently I received a beautiful tin of sweets from  
my husband which I know was expensive. When we opened  
it we found the sweets so stale they were uneatable. I don't  
blame the manufacturers. Some shops keep the sweets until  
they are sold, whether it is three weeks or three months. If  
the containers were stamped it would protect both manu-  
facturer and customer.

10/6 to I. Perkins, 9 King Street, Waratah, N.S.W.

I WOULD like some cards to make scrapbooks for the  
boys at Menzies Boys' Home. Would readers please help?  
Sent in by Ian Garrett, Grade IV, Menzies Boys' Home,  
Frankston, Vic.

RECENTLY I attended a funeral and was in the last car. I  
could not help noticing how many cars, trucks, etc., cut  
through the procession. We were completely lost at one  
stage and arrived only in time for the burial. I suggest  
all cars following a funeral have a purple ribbon attached—  
like the white ones on wedding cars. All drivers would  
know which cars were in the procession and would not cut  
in. The funeral parlors could supply the ribbons and collect  
them afterwards, for a small charge.

10/6 to "Cut Off" (name supplied), Moorabbin, Vic.

CAFES and restaurants would greatly help parents of very  
small toddlers if they stocked supplies of tinned baby  
food which could be heated as required while the parents  
waited for their own order.

10/6 to Mrs. H. Carswell, 8 Harley Avenue, Cootamundra,  
N.S.W.

### School punishment

I AGREE with M. Davison (2/7/58), who suggests  
it would be better if teachers gave a couple of pages of  
arithmetic, or a subject in which the child is weak, for punish-  
ment, rather than to write "I must not talk in school" 100  
times. At my school teachers give 100 to 200 words from  
their spelling lists. As well as a punishment, the child  
benefits, and when exams are on there aren't so many marks  
deducted for bad spelling.

10/6 to "Schoolgirl" (name supplied), Murwillumbah,  
N.S.W.

IN reply to M. Davison's letter, I would like to point out  
the reason why schoolwork is not given as punishment.  
Had her daughter been given, as she suggested, two pages  
of arithmetic, the child would soon regard arithmetic itself  
as a punishment. Making a chore out of an essential subject  
probably would make the child's ability in it decline instead  
of improve.

10/6 to "E.R." (name supplied), Newcastle, N.S.W.

### Family Affairs

NEITHER Dad nor I had time to do all the garden-  
ing, but an attempt to let the children grow vege-  
tables and sell them to us was a failure. So we  
adopted the "vegetable bonus" plan. Dad planned  
the garden, and anyone who works for an hour or more  
on it records his or her time. When we are using  
home-grown vegetables, the money apportioned in the  
household budget for that week to vegetables is paid  
out to the workers in proportion to the time spent  
by each to produce the crop. In this way we have  
the benefit of garden-fresh produce, the money is kept  
in the family, and the children are learning to garden.

£1/1/- to "Legumes" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

• Every family is faced with problems that must be  
given a workable solution. Each week we will pay  
£1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your  
family problem.

## Ross Campbell writes...

I HAVE been reading about  
the sad case of an old  
vegetarian lady who lives with-  
out making any garbage.

She asked the council to let her  
off paying garbage-collection fees,  
but they wouldn't.

It is the harsh law of the garbage  
world that you pay the same whether  
you have a big tin or a small one,  
or no tin at all.

As a rule, of course, it evens out  
over a lifetime.

Our own garbage output in the  
first months after marriage was low.  
We had a little shiny new tin, of  
which we were very proud, but we  
couldn't fill it.

Since then our production curve  
has risen steadily until now we fill  
two large tins twice a week.

When the children have grown up,  
no doubt it will fall again to a  
modest level.

But our main trouble now is mak-  
ing too much garbage, not too little.

Aub and Norm, the garbage men,  
get niggly if we put out extra tins.

The worst emergency is when I  
forget to leave the tins outside the  
gate at night.

### A GARBAGE GARLAND

If I'm lucky I wake up and dash  
out at dawn as the truck rumbles  
down the street. Otherwise there  
is twice as much garbage to be  
crammed in for next time.

We have another problem when  
we clean out the cupboards.

Extra items such as old socks, paint



tins, torn comics, plastic sports cars,  
sandshoes, punctured water-wings,  
vases, medicine bottles, and dolls'  
heads have to be pushed into the  
tins as well as our normal products.

The best plan is to jump up and  
down on the garbage.

But if it is packed too tightly, I  
find it does not all fall out when  
Aub and Norm turn the tin upside  
down. Some is left there until next  
time, which is undesirable, especially  
if it contains fish.

The only period when our output  
slipped back to one tin was when we  
had the compost heap.

The heap wasn't a success. We  
put it in the wrong place, I think.  
People used to walk through it and  
fall into it before it had time to  
mature.

Also, sorting out the stuff for the  
heap was a nuisance. Much as I  
like compost, I wasn't sorry to see it  
go.

The secret of well-adjusted gar-  
bage living, in my opinion, is to  
maintain a steady production rate.

If you overdo it you have a pack-  
ing problem and you may offend the  
collecting staff.

On the other hand, I see no point  
in straining to cut back your output,  
like the old lady I mentioned.

Since you have to pay for the  
garbage-collection service, anyway,  
you might as well relax and enjoy it.



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a risk you take with  
ordinary aspirin and a.p.c.

*\* Medical experience has shown  
that aspirin causes stomach upset*

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## THE TRAPEZE:

By BETTY KEEP

● As I write, the trapeze and chemise are being reconsidered in the designing rooms of the Paris couturiers. But whatever new silhouettes are presented in the autumn collections (they show in July and August) the trapeze at this moment is the dominant silhouette in world fashion.

WHEN I left London ten days ago the trapeze was selling like a bushfire.

I saw it in everything from tweed to chiffon and on sale from £4 to £200 sterling.

The trapeze was worn on the lawns of Ascot, in London streets and restaurants. In Paris it was dancing in the long black-and-white room of L'Elephant Blanc, in the fashionable cellars, and at Longchamps.

The line (designed by Yves Saint-Laurent at Dior) is prettier than the name implies. It slopes gently from shoulder to a 20-inch hemline, with a slight indentation below the bosom. Its "new look" comes mainly from its belled-out hemline. The latter can be moderate or extreme.

I saw the trapeze first when I reached Paris early in May, but it was not worn in the streets because it was France's coldest spring for 90 years. Parisians were muffled in topcoats with handkerchiefs tied under the chin — or in some cases woollen mufflers.

The "locals" assured me with the first burst of warm sunny weather the streets and parks would be prettily dotted with flowery prints.

The sunshine did not eventuate during my stay. But I saw numerous dress houses, and sat through five dress collections: Dior, Balenciaga, Lanvin, Pierre Cardin, and Carven.

Every collection was a leg show. Skirts that just grazed the kneecap were shown for night and day.

The mannequins were incredibly slim. Some had long hair, others short. Long hair was bound close to the head

or worn in a topknot; short hair was full and bouffant. Both looked equally chic.

Lunching in a restaurant frequented by Parisians, it was apparent that any fashion-conscious French woman considered a hat indispensable to chic.

Each costume I studied had a complete head-to-toe look; thought had been given to smallest details.

A currently fashionable lunch outfit was a trapeze-line suit or dress worn with a matching hat in the same fabric or color.

Shoes were narrow and pointed and finished with a square toe.

### The baby doll

I looked hard at night but never saw a full-length evening dress in public. In nightclubs young women danced and dined in wide-skirted (baby doll or trapeze line) knee-high dresses. Often the bodice was strapless. Gloves were worn and kept on while dancing.

Eye make-up enlarging and lengthening the eye was usual. Eye-shadow was bright green, bright blue, or brown.

A short billowing evening coat in silk (blond-brown the most worn color) was the popular evening wrap.



● Seen in a Paris nightclub: a "vamp" bandeau worn with a tousled hair-do. Sometimes a tousled wig replaces the hair.

At one nightclub a chic young woman had her hair puffed out on the sides with a flattish chignon concealed by an ornament of colored stones in a flower spray.

Hair, forming loops or wide bangs over the forehead bouffant style, was complemented by a rose or spray of lily of the valley.

A "vamp" bandeau in velvet circling a tousled hair-do was yet another fashion.

At the races at Longchamps, grey Prince of Wales plaid and small black-and-white checks were worn by men and women. Navy, navy and white, and all shades of pink were also popular.

With the exception of very young girls, no one goes hatless to Longchamps.

## Dress Sense Pattern

FOR pre-spring sewing for the home dressmaker I nominate the loose-fitted two-piece suit illustrated at right.

The short-skirted jumper suit, launched by designer Chanel in the 1920s, has never been more popular than now, in its current version. The relaxed waist suits the slim and gives a youthful look to the older woman.

A paper pattern, DS312, is available for this design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.





## BESTSELLER ABROAD

● Betty Keep, who recently returned from leave in Europe, is again conducting her regular weekly Dress Sense feature. Readers' fashion problems will be answered in her column.

WHEN I arrived in London (early June) every second dry-cleaning establishment carried a display card that read, "Hem Lines Shortened." This simple piece of information spoke for itself. The shorter hemline was catching on.

The first week I arrived it took four days to have a hemline taken up, the second week nine days. The cost in both cases was £1 sterling (A25/-).

At Royal Ascot, on Gold Cup Day (the "dressy" day), the Queen wore a dress and matching coat ensemble in aqua-blue silk. Its skirtline reached only about two inches below the knees.

The short skirtline was established, and followed by Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent, and Princess Alexandra. The Queen Mother was more conservative. Her skirtline, on each occasion I saw her, was short mid-calf.

Hats — a real fashion in London this spring — stole the show at Ascot. On Gold Cup Day flowery hats were in vogue. The Queen's small bead-hugging toque, made in silk rose petals, matched her aqua ensemble.

**Organza hats**

Flower wig berets of organza blossom, high toques of roses or massed lily of the valley, large-brimmed hats, and head-in-the-clouds froths of tulle all braved the showery weather.

Hats in printed or plain dress fabric to match costumes were also round and about

Englishwomen of all classes love "their best hat." In London if a woman goes minus a hat to a smart luncheon she will feel and look underdressed.

The exception is the great outdoors, where the handkerchief tied under the chin is worn by all women.

The traditional English tweed suit now has a more carefree look — its waist is "looser," and this new line tends to make the average Englishwoman look younger. The suit is still tailored to perfection.

Fashionably speaking, the London season is fascinating. Spring is established by the calendar, not by the temperature. Silks and chiffon are worn out of doors on cold sunless days when the English label the weather "fresh."

It rained in buckets for Trooping the Color, and in open stands hardly an umbrella was unfurled. Men sat in top-hats and morning suits and women in pastel suits and light hats, and everyone was quite unconcerned. This included the Queen, who had water running down from her forehead over her chin.

In London there is a sharp



● The trapeze line as seen in Paris. The skirtline is knee-grazing, the little hat is massed lily of the valley.



● Typical Ascot hat made in smoky-brown tulle and worn with a slim all-over-embroidered white dress.



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# CUTEX

## STAY FAST LIPSTICK

[illegible]

Your family will love these  
**CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS**

2 oz. butter  
 1/2 pint water  
 4 oz. (1 level cup) plain flour  
 3 large eggs  
 1/2 pint cream, whipped and  
 sweetened

**CHOCOLATE ICING**  
8 oz. icing sugar  
1 rounded dessertspoon  
Bournville Cocoa  
3 tablespoons hot water  
½ teaspoon vanilla essence

Beat together the butter and water. Stir in the plain flour and continue stirring until smooth. Cook over a slow heat, stirring all the time until the mixture leaves the sides of the saucepan. Turn out into a basin to cool. Separate the whites from the yolks of eggs. Add a pinch of salt to the whites and beat until stiff. Add the yolks and beat again. Stir the beaten eggs into the cooled mixture. Beat until smooth. Pipe with a plain forcing tube on to a greased tray. Place in a hot oven 450 degrees F. gas; 475 degrees F. elec., and cook for 10 minutes. Lower the heat by 50 degrees and cook for 30 to 35 minutes. Cook. Remove any soft centre from the eclairs and fill with whipped and sweetened cream. Top with chocolate glaze icing.

To make the icing, Sift the icing sugar and cocoa into a saucepan. Add the water and vanilla and mix until smooth. Stir over a low heat for 1 minute. Spoon on to the filled eclairs.



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# MADAME JOLIE REGRETS...

## Mother of glamor Gabor girls postpones visit to Australia

By GEORGE McGANN, of our New York staff

● In an exclusive interview at her New York flat, Madame Jolie Gabor, mother of the glamorous Gabor girls, expressed her regrets at having to postpone her planned trip to Australia.

"I WANT to apologise to the Australian people for not going now," she told me.

"Please put this on the front page. Ever since I was married a year ago I have been dreaming of going to Australia to show my wonderful husband, Edmond, to my sisters and their families.

"We were packing when I got a letter from my sister Rosalie Reiss, of Mosman, telling me not to come now."

Madame Gabor—real name Mrs. Edmond de Szigethy—said the postponement had been caused by the sudden release from hospital of her niece, Katherine Sugar, daughter of Mrs. Reiss.

"Katherine suffered a nervous breakdown some time ago," she explained. "I had been able to cheer her up by writing letters telling her I was coming to see her.

"The doctor attending Katherine wrote me, 'You cured her from 10,000 miles away.'

### Many jokes

"They released her from hospital, but my sister then wrote that Katherine and her husband had gone away for a long holiday and there was no point in coming to Sydney now. I have put off the visit until later in the year—possibly at Christmas."

Madame Gabor said: "I made so many jokes with Katherine in my letters that she got cured quickly.

"She told me she could not put on weight. Since I have had a problem of losing weight all my life, I wrote to her, saying: 'If it is gaining weight you want, I can help you, but don't ask me how to lose it.'"

Madame said she was eager to go to Australia not only to see her family—in addition to Mrs. Reiss and Katherine she has another sister, Mrs. Janette Harvey, living in Manly—but to get a good look at the country.

"They all rave to me about life in Australia," she said.

"My sister Rosalie, who used to be a wealthy woman in Budapest, with a big house and plenty of servants, is happier now in Australia working in a factory.

"My sister is now living in a rented house, but she and her husband are planning to buy a home soon. I think she would like it better if we waited until they moved into their new home before Edmond and I came to visit."

Madame Gabor's sumptuous flat is around the corner from the jewellery shop on Madison Avenue which she has been operating successfully since she arrived in New York from Hungary in 1946.



DRESSED in a magnificent evening gown, Madame Jolie prepares for a party.

Since her marriage to Edmond de Szigethy he had taken over "ninety-five per cent. of my work and my headaches," she said.

"He is a wonderful businessman and a wonderful hus-

band. He has taught me how to make an inventory of my jewels, so now I know where every piece is all the time.

"He also has cut the staff from seven to four. This is important, since business has fallen off tremendously in our line in the past year or so."

Edmond is Madame's third husband. She was married for the first time at 16 to "Papa" Vilmos Gabor, an Army officer and later a wealthy merchant.

"I was too stupid to realise what a wonderful husband he was," she told me. "I had never even been kissed by a boy when I married.

"He covered me with diamonds from wrist to elbow, but all I could think of was his promise to let me divorce him after six months.

"The six months became 22 years. I had three daughters, Magda, Zsa Zsa, and Eva, by the time I was 21.

"I divorced Papa long before I came to America, but the girls and I love him very much. He is married again and happily. We all send him a bit of money every month, which enables him to live like a king in Budapest in his old age."

Madame Gabor, who is notoriously allergic to any reference to her own age or that of her daughters, was up-



MAKE-UP check by Madame Jolie Gabor at her brilliantly lit dressing-table in her exclusive New York apartment. Madame Jolie married for the first time when she was 16.

set when she spoke to me in her luxurious home.

The living-room where we sat contained an oil painting of the four Gabor girls on one wall, an oil of Madame at a much younger age on another.

The piano held five photographs of the various Gabor girls and their husbands or ex-husbands.

A glass-topped cocktail table held a sheaf of magazines—The Australian Women's Weekly, "Look,"

"Life," "See," "Colliers," and others which either featured a Gabor on the cover or had a picture story on a Gabor inside.

Madame's unhappiness was caused, she said, by a cutting remark pianist-comedian Oscar Levant had made on the Steve Allen TV Show.

Allen asked Levant, a man who makes a fetish of his bilitious attitude towards the human race, if there wasn't one person in the world he admired.

"Well, I like that great, inspirational figure Zsa Zsa Gabor," Levant had replied. "I think she has found the secret of perpetual middle-age."

"Imagine calling Zsa Zsa middle-aged," Madame said indignantly. "Why, I am barely middle-aged myself. Zsa Zsa is really the world's most beautiful woman. Everybody says so. She has skin like marble."

Madame got up from the sofa and ran to get a huge album labelled "Zsa Zsa." There were a hundred pictures in color and black and white from Zsa Zsa's films.

"Did you ever see anyone as lovely as that?" she asked. "Of course not."

### Prettier now

Madame was obviously on her favorite subject.

"Beauty has nothing to do with age—only with happiness," she said. "I am actually prettier now than I was when I was 20. That is because I am so happy with my wonderful Edmond."

"Too much emphasis is placed on youth in America. Older women can be more beautiful than younger women if they know the real secret of beauty—happiness."

Madame Gabor was also worried by a newspaper story

from Hollywood describing how Zsa Zsa had been forced to cancel a huge party she had planned for General Rafael Trujillo, jun., because too many people wanted to come.

"Zsa Zsa called me and explained the whole thing," Madame told me. "She said many people's feelings would be hurt if they did not receive an invitation."

"She also told me the newspaper stories about a so-called romance between her and Rafael were absurd."

### Like brother

"Zsa Zsa told me Rafael was the first man who had ever treated her like a sister."

"When Rafael gave her a Chinchilla coat, Rafael's father cabled Zsa Zsa afterwards, 'A coat is not good enough for you.' Rafael's mother cabled her, 'Thank you for everything you have done for my beloved son.'"

Edmond de Szigethy, a handsome, dark man of—let's face it—middle-age, came in from the jewellery shop and reminded Madame it was dinner-time.

"I won't be five minutes," she assured me. "Please wait. I am so fat I cannot eat longer than that."

She returned in less than 10 minutes and I remarked on a violin in a corner.

"That is Eddie's," she said. "He plays beautifully when he is in the mood. He is tired now, but I shall entertain you."

Madame sat at the piano and played and sang the theme song, "Where Is Your Heart?" from the film "Moulin Rouge," as sung by Zsa Zsa.

"People tell me I sing it as well as Zsa Zsa," Madame said. "I know they don't mean it, but it's nice to hear."

## ART PRIZE ENTRIES CLOSE ON AUGUST 30

Overseas entries are already beginning to arrive in Australia by sea and air for The Australian Women's Weekly Art Prize, 1958.

Closing date for entries at the National Art Gallery in Sydney is August 30.

This year, prizemoney for the competition has been increased by £500, bringing the total to £2500, and an additional section has been added.

This year, the competition, one of the richest in the world, will be in two sections: (a) Portrait and (b) Subject.

● The portrait, as in former years, shall be of a woman, or of a woman with a baby or young child up to 10 years, or of a child under 14 years. The portrait shall form the major part of the composition.

● The subject painting shall depict some aspect of contemporary life, the composition to include no fewer than three figures.

A prize of £1000 will be awarded for the best portrait and £1000 for the best subject picture.

An additional prize of £250 will be awarded to the best entry by a woman in each section. Should an entry judged best in either section be by a woman, that entry will be awarded a prize of £1250.

Competitors are restricted to two entries—one in each section, or two in one section.

No entries will be accepted at the National Art Gallery in Sydney after 3 p.m. on August 30.

Art Prize entry forms can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly offices in every State, at art galleries and societies, or by writing to "Art Prize," Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.





**LEFT:** Dunsborough, beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hughesdon. Parts of the house are Tudor; a section is Queen Anne.

## How they live

# Where Marlene Dietrich ate bread and honey . . .

● At Ripley, in Surrey, just off the London road where Lord Nelson used to ride to Portsmouth docks, is a picturesque red-brick mansion set in acres of rolling parkland.

IT is Dunsborough, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hughesdon—but Mrs. Hughesdon is better known as Florence Desmond, famous actress and impersonator.

To Dunsborough come Hollywood actors and actresses, British peers and their wives, racing folk, famous pilots, and politicians, who are among the hospitable Hughesdons' many friends.

Joan Crawford slept there in a four-poster bed. The late Mike Todd signed a picture of himself with his wife, Elizabeth Taylor, and their baby, and it stands on a grand piano in the drawing-room.

At Dunsborough, Marlene Dietrich once ate a plateful of bread and butter and honey for tea; Tyrone Power gave his former wife, Linda, a diamond necklace at a Christmas party, hung it on the tree, and forgot about it.

Sharman Douglas, Claudette Colbert, Deborah Kerr, Prince Bertil of Sweden—all have been guests.

Yet neither the gay and charming host, Charles

**LEFT:** Proud housewife Mrs. Hughesdon, the former actress Florence Desmond, relaxes in her drawing-room.

Hughesdon, nor his lively wife, "Dessie," was born into affluence.

When they met and married, Mr. Hughesdon was "a young man in insurance," and an eager, amateur pilot. Florence Desmond was just making a name on the stage.

Mrs. Hughesdon said: "At 14 I was a stage-struck little girl living in North London over my father's bootmaker shop. At 15 I appeared in my first act in variety. At 20 I was one of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies."

### Famous airman

In her twenties "Dessie" met Tom Campbell Black, who, with Charles Scott, won the England-to-Australia air-race in 1934.

They were married the year after the race, but within 18 months Black was killed as he was about to take off on a record-attempting flight to Capetown.

"Dessie" married Charles Hughesdon, who had been a friend of Tom Black, in 1937, the year she appeared for the first time before the late King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, now the Queen Mother, in a Royal Command Performance.

Today Charles Hughesdon is one of Britain's leading

aviation insurance brokers, and he and his wife own and farm what for England is a tidy bit of land—800 acres in Surrey.

Parts of Dunsborough date to Tudor days, with one section Queen Anne.

In the beautifully planned gardens are a blue-lined swimming-pool, two tennis courts, a squash court, wide lawns, and walks.

There are spacious hot-houses, a model farm with a milking "parlor," bull-pens, piggeries, stables, and 13 cottages.

There are smooth lawns where aircraft can land, and recently the whole neighborhood turned out to watch when the Hughesdons gave a helicopter party.

The attraction of the home the Hughesdons moved into eight years ago was so great that Florence Desmond retired from the stage.

An accomplished interior decorator, she now spends hours in antique shops and at auctions looking for rare and beautiful old furniture.

As a result, each room at Dunsborough is lovingly and expertly furnished in Empire or Regency style, with soft brocade or damask curtains and skilful lights.

The drawing-room has a



**SMALL STREAM** runs peacefully through the grounds of Dunsborough, where the estate covers 800 acres of park and farmland. "We like to keep this spot fairly lush and wild," said Mrs. Hughesdon, who retired from the stage when she and her husband, an aviation insurance broker and keen pilot, bought the property eight years ago.



**MAGNIFICENT** display in a greenhouse at Dunsborough. The Hughesdons employ a big staff to care for the hothouses, where flowers for the house are grown, and the gardens, which contain a blue-lined swimming-pool, two tennis courts, a squash court, wide lawns, and walks. When the Hughesdons gave a helicopter party, the aircraft landed on the lawns.



**FIRESIDE READING**

# THE LAST TOWN CAR

By  
**VIRGINIA  
CLAIBORNE**

The Australian Women's Weekly Novel  
SUPPLEMENT. Not to be sold separately.

FIRST FOLD ALONG THIS LINE



# THE LAST TOWN CAR

By VIRGINIA CLAIBORNE

AS Edith stepped out of the taxi-cab the wind from the lake seemed to penetrate her fur stole. Never quite warm enough nowadays—she really ought to put on some weight. She paid the driver and hurried across the footpath towards the revolving doors; as she reached them she gave a quick glance over her shoulder, quite without wishing to do so. As quickly, she looked straight ahead again and reached with both hands for the heavy doors.

It had seemed to her that behind the yellow cab, now moving off, another car, dark maroon, had stopped at the kerb. She shivered even inside the overheated office building. Her high heels clicked along the tiled corridor that led to the elevator.

Most of the dozen or so people who waited there with her looked ill or worried, natural enough in the Medical Arts Building.

One brisk girl she placed as a doctor's receptionist coming back from a coffee break. Another, who had followed Edith in, was not so easy to catalogue. No, not a girl after all; the dark hair, despite its youthful cut, had a good deal of silver in it. She was a large, handsome woman, wide-shouldered, wearing a heavy tweed coat. Do I know her? Edith wondered. No, probably only the type—the horsey set, from the country. The bold black-and-white tweed was beautiful, and good humor and health shone from her rosy face. She doesn't need a doctor. Edith thought enviously. Then as an elevator door slid open the other woman stepped forward. The loose folds of her coat fell back and Edith saw that she was pregnant. "And really not much younger than I am," Edith said to herself.

The two rode up in the elevator together and got off at the same floor; a moment later Edith realised that they were headed for the same office. Psychiatry for this whole some creature? Edith could not believe it. The names of two men were stencilled on the glass door: Thomas Michael, M.D. and Jonathan Michael, M.D. Inasmuch as Edith had an appointment with Jonathan, the other woman must have come to see Thomas.

A door opened. "Mrs. Miller?" a man's voice said. Dr. Jonathan Michael was ready. Why in the world had she delayed until it was too late? She noted with undefined relief that the doctor was not a large man and she drew herself up and assumed what formality she could summon. But a hearty voice behind her almost destroyed her equanimity.

The woman in the tweed coat had called out "Hi, Mike!" and waved a friendly hand in greeting. Edith turned again to the doorway and saw the courteous doctor mask dissolve into real pleasure.

"Hello there, Lottie," he said. "Haven't come to see me, I suppose?" Lottie laughed. "I've ditched you for a younger and handsomer man." She nodded at the door on the opposite side of the room.

The doctor sighed. "Sooner or later they all do," he said. "Remind

Tom that we have a date for lunch, will you? Come in, Mrs. Miller."

He held the door open for Edith, and she saw that he was not much taller than she. She saw, too, that he was not a young man—about fifty, she would judge. She took the chair in front of his desk and he seated himself behind it.

She wasn't sure how an interview of this sort should begin. She made an effort to look about the room calmly and appraisingly. The walls were thick with framed pictures, but what their subject was she neither saw nor cared. She looked across the desk and noted greying hair eyes with a permanent pucker between them and humor criss-crossed at the corners. She drew a breath, a bit deeper than she had intended, and said:

"You don't know what a relief it is to find a doctor who isn't younger than I am."

The worry lines temporarily disappeared.

"I hadn't counted age among my assets. I'm glad to oblige—I think."

"Doctors and policemen," Edith said, aware that she was stalling for time. "They started getting younger ten years ago."

"It isn't reassuring, is it? Not an uncommon phenomenon, though, after forty."

"I'm sure it hasn't occurred to that woman in the office—the one you called Lottie. She's over forty. I'm sure, but she obviously has no intention of feeling middle-aged."

"And very smart of her, too. Is that worrying you? Your age, I mean?"

Edith regarded him for a moment. "It may be; I'll be greatly relieved if you decide that's my trouble."

"Rather cryptic."

"I think I may be losing my mind."

He leaned back in his chair. "That may be the best possible indication that you are doing nothing of the kind. Suppose you give me a symptom or two."

She had to clear her throat before she could go on.

"Dr. Michael, I am afraid of an automobile."

He smiled. "Just any car? Or some particular one?"

"Of a particular car," she said. "I am deathly afraid of a very particular car."

Hearing the words said aloud gave her a real shock. She was searching futilely in her purse for her cigarette case.

"Here, have one of these," Dr. Michael pushed an open pack across the desk. "Wait a minute—wouldn't you rather have a glass of water?"

She refused silently.

"Do you know," he said, "I have a feeling that the worst is over, now you've said it. Take it easy for a minute."

Where to start? she wondered. More important, how to present her case in its least hysterical light?

"Some very odd things have happened to me recently," she began, "and they are all connected with—the car I mentioned."

"How recently?" he wanted to know.

She met his eyes and saw that

they were cool and intelligent. It was not going to be too difficult after all.

"During the past three months, more or less. The first—the first time I saw the car just before Christmas."

It had been a nasty night, with that mixture of snow and freezing rain that is a Chicago specialty. Taxis were scarce; the restaurant doorman had been whistling for ten minutes before the big red car had stopped at the kerb. It was a taxi, all right, though not like one she had ever seen before. It was a high, square vehicle with a solid-glass panel between driver and passenger.

The doctor nodded.

"A town car, if you remember what they were like. It looked like a private car. I could even see a cut-glass vase inside. But on the rear was a sign saying 'Taxi,' and a number under that I just glimpsed it, of course. I think it was painted on the canvas that covered the spare tyres."

Dr. Michael leaned back and put his chin in his hand. "Spare tyres on the rear! And a glass vase—that's a wonderful touch. Did it have flowers in it?"

Edith hesitated. "I didn't notice them then. I was in rather a hurry to get in out of the cold. But later on—later on there were flowers in the vase."

"By 'later on' do you mean that same night?"

Edith nodded. "That's what I mean. You see, things were different after I got inside."

She had discovered at once that the cab was already occupied. There was a girl beside her and a young man on one of the jump seats. They were in evening clothes.

"Quite formal, Doctor. The boy was wearing a top hat."

"Top hat? Don't see them often these days. Dances must be getting dressy again."

Edith had apologised at once and attempted to leave the car, but it was already in motion. She had explained that the windows were cloudy and that she had made the mistake of thinking the taxi was free.

"They didn't answer me at all, Doctor. They kept on talking, very gaily and loudly, as if I didn't exist. I guessed they had been drinking. Of course, I had had a couple of cocktails myself. Dinner at the Coo Rouge."

The doctor chuckled. "Shades of my youth! I haven't been there since its speakeasy days. Joe Gibertrini ran it then." He looked at her oddly. "Did I say something that startled you?"

Edith's mouth felt drawn. "The girl. The first thing she said was 'Well, I've had about all I can take of Joe's so-called gin.'"

He looked at her sharply. "You're sure she said 'Joe's'?"

Certainly the girl had said "Joe's." But now, of course, the doctor would forever be convinced that he had suggested the name. Edith searched for corroborative detail.

"The boy answered. 'I'll say this for you, Charlie-boy, you can really hold it,' and she said, 'That White Mule of Joe's, on top of all that



champagne—"Please believe me, Doctor."

"Of course."

But Edith was not satisfied. She hurried on. "The girl went on talking. She told the boy, 'Thanks, Kim, for rescuing me from that dope in there. What I mean, he was really shellacked. And not only but also, he was suffering from some deep-seated organic disorder.'"

The doctor frowned. "Are you giving me the girl's actual words or a resume?"

"To the best of my recollection, her own words. They made an impression."

His eyes held hers. "That last sentence of hers, Mrs. Miller. Does it suggest anything to you?"

"I recognised it. It was taken from the advertising slogan of a famous mouthwash."

"In the 'twenties'."

"In the 'twenties'."

The doctor took out a pencil and pad. "Can you tell me more about how these young people were dressed?"

She was eager to comply. "The girl wore a short evening dress. I couldn't see what color, naturally, but it was a light shade, and it had a sequined belt. A belt quite low on the hips. It sparkled when we passed the street lights. She had on a short fur jacket, thrown open. It was warm in the car."

"Any more?"

"Her hair was dark. It was cut very short. I think they call it the Italian cut nowadays." Edith paused. "I can remember when it was known as the 'wind-blown bob.'"

"She sounds very stylish," said the doctor. "I've been reading about the flat look and the long-torso dresses." He grinned, then grew serious again. "Mrs. Miller, tell me this. Did that girl—does she now—remind you of yourself at that age? The late teens, I gather?"

Edith said defiantly. "If I were re-creating my youth, Doctor, I would hardly give myself black hair. I am a natural blonde."

"There!" he said, and thumped the desk. "That's better. That's the first time you've relaxed since you came in."

Edith smiled feebly. "I've been wound up pretty tight."

"Well, let's get on with the unwinding. You haven't told me anything very alarming so far. But first get me straight geographically. Where was this town car heading?"

"North on Rush Street. I have taken a hotel apartment on the North Side."

"In other words, it was going where you wished to go. You had told the driver?"

"I gave the doorman my address. Later on, when we turned into Astor Street, I thought we were going rather out of the way."

"Wait a minute. The boy and girl haven't said enough to get you to Astor. What was going on all this time?"

"Oh, they were chattering on about some dance they had been to. I gathered it was too calm for their taste and that they had gone on to a gay spot. To Joe's, in fact."

She waited for a moment, but his comment was not what she expected.

"What time of night was this?" he queried.

"Ten-thirty. Perhaps a little later."

"Rather early to have taken in a dance, not to mention some night-spot."

"It could have been a dinner-dance, I suppose," said Edith stiffly.

"I am telling you what they said, Dr. Michael."

"Of course."

She went on. "To tell you the truth, I tried not to listen to them. I was feeling rather—well, haughty, I guess. They were so unspeakably rude, not even acknowledging my presence..." She shrugged her shoulders. "If the weather had been better, I would have stopped the chauffeur and got out. As it was, I felt I was lucky to be inside even a shared cab."

The two had talked on, their conversation full of nicknames—Shorty, Jeff, Pinky—and to Edith's ears it had sounded very callow. Once the boy made a move to leave the jump seat, but the girl put a firm hand on his shoulder, saying, "Back in your basket, John Gilbert. I only gave you a ride because you promised to stay there, remember?"

The doctor raised his eyebrows. "John Gilbert? Didn't she call him Kim?"

"I don't think John Gilbert was his name, Doctor. In the nineteen-twenties a movie actor called John Gilbert was putting on some highly stimulating love scenes with Greta Garbo."

"I'm happy to say I still have very vivid recollections of Miss Garbo," he smiled. "I guess her male leads didn't make much impression on me. Well, what did you make of that?"

"Let me finish, Dr. Michael, and then tell me what you make of it. Actually, I was first of all rather shocked at being a witness to what is called a 'pass,' I believe."

SHE had tried to keep up with young ideas if only to be more in touch with her own daughter; but it had never occurred to her that modern young men made amorous advances in the presence of a third person.

"And one old enough to be his mother," she said. "I spent most of the time looking out the window after that." She paused. "It was then I noticed the flowers in the vase. They were daffodils."

"And when you found yourself in Astor Street?"

"The car stopped midway in the block, and I assumed the young couple would be getting out there. Anyway, the car stopped in front of one of those old houses with several stories. There were a couple of lighted windows, and there was a light on above the front door."

The young man had leaned forward to open the door of the car when all at once the girl had cried out. "Oh, Kim, there's Ralph, and he's drunk again!"

Edith could see a tall figure, also wearing a top hat, leaning against a thin pillar at the side of the entrance of the house.

The girl moaned. "We'll have to get him to bed before Father sees him," she said. "You'll have to come in with me, Kim; Ralph's getting too big for me to handle alone."

"Oh, Charlie, have a heart! Well, all right, seeing as how it's you."

"Watch the door; don't slam it for Pete's sake, or you'll wake the old man!"

They got out and Edith watched them go up the short walk and stop alongside the boy. (The girl was tall too, like her brother, Edith interrupted herself to say. Good shoulders. You could easily believe her able to put a tipsy boy to bed.)

There was a slight scuffle between the young men. It was like watching a silent movie; the action was overdone. Edith had thought, in much the same way.

Suddenly, however, a soundtrack was added. The boy called Ralph broke away with a yell. The other two made frantic motions to quiet him, but he was of a different mind. He staggered towards the footpath, shouting with laughter as he came.

At that moment the house door was flung open. A man in a bathrobe and pyjamas stood in the doorway—a large man, very heavy.

"His hair was white, or maybe grey. I couldn't see his face."

At the same moment Edith realised the town car-taxi, private cab—whatever the doctor wished to call it—had been standing in this spot for an unreasonable length of time, that it was obliged to get her home, and that unless the job was undertaken in a hurry she would be forced to witness a scene. She leaned forward and rapped on the glass dividing the driver from her.

It was then, for the first time, that she really felt uneasy. There was something in the car that had not been there before. She was alone, and yet she sensed an almost tangible presence. Here in the cab emotion swirled about her. It was, she said, quite definitely malign.

"Have you ever had an enemy, Doctor? Someone who thoroughly dislikes you? You can feel the ill will when you're together. It was like that. It was almost—hatred. And, you see, there was no one there to be hated—but me."

She felt a little panicky, and she reached out to lower a window. As she did so the red car gave a lurch and moved off down the street. She had time to see that the group on the front stoop was no longer there; the light over the front door was no longer on. All the windows were dark.

"Any noise?"

"I had the window open by then. There was not a sound."

"How long did this take? Between the moment you rapped on the glass and when you lowered the window for air?"

She sat up straight in her chair and tried to turn up the corners of her mouth.

"I would say a matter of seconds. A minute at the outside."

She had surprised him into staring at her.

"Hm," he said. "Pretty quick work to clean up what looks like a mess. Calm Father down, get Ralph inside, argue or carry him to bed, get rid of Kim, turn out the lights."

"I didn't expect you to believe me, Dr. Michael. I didn't clock it." She paused and looked at him reflectively. "How much time, roughly, would be needed to do all the things you have just listed?"

"Well," he said patiently, "it sounds like a good half-hour job to me. Probably more."

"And how long, in your estimation, does it take a car to travel from Ohio Street to the Hotel Martin?"

"Depends on traffic. At that hour, say twenty minutes."

Edith said triumphantly. "It was after ten-thirty, by the clock at the Coq Rouge, when I left there. I reached the hotel at five minutes to eleven. I checked my watch then. That leaves less than five minutes for the Astor Street stop!"

The doctor was drawing something on his pad; he seemed unimpressed. "And afterwards, on



the way to the hotel, did this sensation of—ill will, you called it—continue?"

"No. It—stopped the instant the car was in motion again."

It had not been a long journey from Astor to the Martin. A marquee over the entrance had sheltered her while she dug the fare from her purse.

"It annoyed me to think that I was paying the entire cost of the cab, especially as I felt obliged to make the tip large enough for three of us. The other two gave the driver nothing."

She recalled the look of surprise on his rather impudent Irish face when she handed him the money.

"Thank you, madam." He had touched the visor of his jaunty chauffeur's cap as the big red car moved off.

She gasped.

"What is it, Mrs. Miller?"

"The flowers. I could see the interior of the car quite plainly as I stood there. I have just remembered. There were no longer any flowers in the little vase!"

The doctor got up from his chair and walked to the window. He stood looking out towards the lake. "Have you recently had a shock of some sort, Mrs. Miller?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes. My husband died last summer. I— we were very devoted."

"Any children?"

"My daughter was married a little over a year ago. She is living in New York."

"Have you always lived in Chicago?"

"Since my marriage. That is, we had a place in the suburbs. We—I sold it last year."

"You took an apartment in town after your husband's death. That correct?"

"That is correct."

"And since then you've hardly had a decent meal. I know what women eat while they're alone. I suspect you of being anemic. I know you're underweight."

He tore the sheet off his pad and scribbled on a fresh one.

"I want to see you tomorrow, if possible. Ask the nurse. Get a metabolism test before you come in. Give this to Miss Caldwell, will you?" He slid the paper across the desk.

SHE came out on to the avenue so far removed from her customary foreboding that the sight of the maroon town car did not instantly register. It drew away from the kerb, headed south; the chauffeur was hidden from view by the passenger at his side. And even of the passenger so chummily, so improbably ensconced beside the taxi-driver, Edith had only a glimpse; but the black-and-white coat was recognisable. For surely there could not be, in this city, on this day, two of those beautiful tweed coats?

The doorman touched her arm. "Are you ill, lady? Can I help?"

Edith turned on him, her face frozen.

"No. No. not ill. Hallucinated. Please get me a cab."

How could she hope to sleep, after that vision of black-and-white tweed—a vision that persisted whether her eyes were open or closed? The maroon automobile kept appearing, too; indeed, it was inextricably bound up with the woman's coat, since the latter was sinister only through its association with the car.

Without sleep or breakfast she took next morning the tiresome thoroughness of her physical examination as an insult. The nurse was efficiency in a starched uniform, and Michael himself very businesslike; it was surprisingly human of him to ask finally how she felt.

"Did you sleep well, Mrs. Miller?" Edith gave him an unfriendly glance, but he was turning over the mail on his desk.

"Did you expect me to?" He looked at her sidewise. "I thought you left here yesterday somewhat relieved."

"I was awake until nearly dawn; I had to get up then to keep my appointment with your metabolism people."

"Well, they aren't exactly my people; all the doctors in the building. By the way, their report puts you fairly near the normal brackets."

Edith raised her eyebrows. "As a matter of fact, the other tests don't show much out of line. You're not going to be any good mine to the druggist, Mrs. Miller. More like a boon to the milkman."

"In that case, Doctor, we both have wasted a good deal of time. I tried to tell you yesterday that I am perfectly healthy. I expected to find an open mind; any general practitioner—"

At this point, to her fury, she gave an unmistakable sob and large warm tears flowed over her cheeks.

"Didn't you stop for breakfast?" the doctor asked mildly.

She could only shake her head. Her handkerchief was over her eyes, but she could hear him opening drawers and presently something slid across the desk and gently bumped her arm.

"Here, work on this," he said, and he put a glass in her hand. "I'll be back shortly."

She lowered the handkerchief; in the glass of water two white tablets were dissolving noisily, and at her elbow were a box of tissues and the morning paper. She was alone.

After a brief interval she heard the doctor's voice.

"Just hold the door for me, Caldwell; I'll take it myself."

He entered carrying a thermos jug in one hand and a paper bag in the other.

Edith reached greedily for the coffee. It was hot and comforting. Over the edge of the paper cup she looked more kindly at the doctor.

"Never go without breakfast; ruins your disposition for the day. These doughnuts are good."

Edith was too busy to answer at once; the doughnuts were good. She put down the empty cup.

"You've made your point, Dr. Michael. The physical condition has a definite bearing on the patient's mental state."

"Improved? Good. Now let's get going."

It was not as easy as that. Edith's eyes wandered to the window. Her momentary elation was gone.

"It wasn't only the lack of food and sleep, Doctor."

His forehead wrinkled.

"Don't tell me it was the car again?"

"It was. And that girl was in it."

"What girl?"

"The one I saw here in your waiting-room; you called her Lottie. She was in the front seat beside the driver—I recognised her coat!"

He smiled: "I'm not going to tell a woman she doesn't know another woman's coat when she sees it;

particularly that black-and-white horse blanket. But are you sure it was Lottie who was wearing it?"

"I am no longer sure of anything, even that such an automobile exists."

"We'll say that it does and that it was actually Lottie you saw. I wouldn't put it past her; if she took a notion to ride with a taxi driver she wouldn't hesitate to do so. Easiest thing in the world to settle, come to think of it."

He spoke into one of the desk phones. "Caldwell, get me Lottie Newcome on the line. No, I can't remember her married name. She's Tom's patient; you know—the one from Libertyville." Aside, he said to her, "Lottie's probably out beating some nag around the countryside. A little matter of pregnancy wouldn't keep her home."

His voice was not without admiration. Edith felt again that twinge of envy for a woman she did not know.

"What's that, Caldwell? In the hospital?" He hung up. "Let's get back to you, Mrs. Miller. I'd like to explore a little further. Do you feel up to it?"

She answered drearily. "I don't feel up to anything else. Let me say one thing first. I know what I think I see. And hear. It is all quite real to me; there is nothing shadowy about it—at the time."

"But later?"

"Details remain quite clear. For instance, the second time I rode in that car it was on a day very like this one."

"Too wet to walk over to the Drive for a bus, a day for taxis, if available. The maroon car was first in line at the cab stand."

"You felt no hesitancy about using it?"

"No, nothing about it struck me as sinister; the sight of the car was vaguely unpleasant, but—well, it was daylight. I wouldn't have liked to disappoint the driver or hurt his feelings. He seemed such a nice old fellow."

He had a wide smile for her as she gave him directions, although he didn't appear to recognise her.

She had an early—morning appointment with her lawyer downtown and they set off east towards the swift traffic of Lake Shore Drive, with Edith settled deep in the back seat in the corner farthest from the footpath, where she felt reasonably safe from recognition.

At a major intersection between hotel and lakefront the car stopped for a red light. It was here that a newsboy opened the door and thrust a morning paper at her.

"You know those terrifying little boys, Doctor; they risk life and limb out there in the middle of traffic. This one was working between the two lanes. Of course, the automobiles were not moving just then, but my only thought was to get rid of him before the light changed. I fished out the first coin I could find and grabbed the paper, but he insisted on giving me change. Just then the car started off with a jerk and the boy got the door shut just in time."

It was then that someone sat down heavily next to her and a man's voice said, "No, take one of the small seats; I won't have that animal back here."

There were two people and a dog in the tonneau with Edith—a middle-aged man, a boy, and an extremely active wire-haired terrier. The boy was struggling to manage the dog.



"And what was your reaction, Mrs. Miller?"

"I thought they had entered from the kerb side while I was busy with the newsboy. I simply said, 'I beg your pardon; this cab is occupied.'"

"And?"

"The man didn't answer. He was panting, as if he had been hurrying. He was stout." She frowned, peering into the past. "The boy was in his early teens. Rather spotty. He was wearing knickerbockers."

She glanced at Michael apprehensively.

"Just a minute, Mrs. Miller. Don't kids go into slacks — some kind of long pants — about the time they give up diapers?"

"They do nowadays." She waited, but he had no further comment, and she went on with her story.

The middle-aged man managed to say, "Just beat the light this morning; thought Daley was going to have to go around the block." He drew a deep breath or two. "Nothing sets you up like a brisk walk first thing in the morning."

"I would be much obliged," said Edith. "If you would continue it. I have hired this cab."

The man said merely, "Feel better all day for it. Remember that, Ralph."

"Fat chance of my forgetting it; you say it every morning."

"I see that new school isn't teaching you any manners. Or much of anything else, from your report card. Make no mistake about it, Ralph — you're going to have to work at something, school or business. Come to think of it, we could use an office boy. Might as well keep the money in the family."

The boy shrugged. Edith had a good view of his face — long and thin like the rest of him, with a petulant mouth. At the moment he was far more intent upon the terrier than his father's remarks.

As for Edith, she was beginning to feel she had been through something like this before.

"I couldn't put my finger on it, Doctor; but somehow the situation was familiar. The French have a phrase for the sensation — 'déjà vu.' Here I was turning my head from one side to the other, the disregarded third person, I could hear but I couldn't join in the conversation. It was like — it was like being a ghost."

"You can't shrug off money, Ralph," said the father. "You'll find that out one of these days."

No response.

"If your marks don't pick up, we'll have to try the military school again."

He had the boy's attention then; Edith could tell by the way he stiffened in the jump seat. The man knew it, too; his smile was satisfied and somehow cruel. The atmosphere was thick with ill will.

"I can get you reinstated, Ralph. The commandant and I have had some correspondence on the subject. You may be back there yet — especially if any more flasks are found in your bureau."

The dog gave a sudden yelp of pain and made a frantic effort to leap into the back seat.

"Who told — I know darn well Charlie didn't —"

"Keep that beast quiet or I'll throw it out! Your sister's name is Charlotte."

The doctor interrupted Edith here.

"Charlie? And Ralph? They were the names of the Astor Street

family — the sister and brother! What did Ralph say then?"

The boy had said, "All right, all right — Charlotte. She wouldn't sing."

"I assume," said his father, "that you pick up these gangsterisms from Charlotte's friends. She seems to have very little taste for her own class. Just as you prefer the society of chauffeurs; I would say that Daley is your best friend, wouldn't you? I sometimes think you and Charlotte are opposed to everything I stand for. For instance, all either of you knows about money is how to spend it; you have no interest in where it comes from. This new office building, now. Why, it's going to be a beautiful thing and I can't even get you to — Hey, Daley!"

He had picked up a speaking tube by his side and was calling instructions to the chauffeur.

"Daley, turn west here at Rogers. I want to show Ralph that building on the corner of Rush."

This, Edith told herself, was really too much. She did not wish to go west; her route lay straight ahead on Michigan. This was certainly the moment to assert her title to the maroon car, but a sort of hypnosis not far from fear prevented her. There was real hatred flickering in the car now; it was all around her.

The car was going much too fast. It sailed down the avenue and turned the corner wide, right through a red light. A policeman's whistle brought it to a halt a few yards off the avenue.

"Just a minute, Mrs. Miller. I'm lost here, geographically speaking. You were now on Rogers Street?"

"That's right."

Michael was busy with pad and pencil. He appeared to be making a map.

"Well," Edith went on, "the policeman walked over and leaned his arm on the door beside the driver. The driver was excited; he was waving his arms around and seemed to be doing a lot of protesting. I made up my mind at once to get another taxi; the other people could have this one."

She looked at the doctor, her lips trembling. "I guess they didn't want it either. They — had left."

Michael frowned. "Just what do you mean by that?"

"They simply weren't there any longer. They were gone."

"Couldn't you see them on the footpath? Walking down the street?"

"They were certainly nowhere near the car. I leaned over to pick up the speaking tube and told the driver I was getting out there. Dr. Michael, the speaking tube didn't work."

He looked quite cross. "You mean, don't you, that the driver was too busy with the officer to hear you?"

She considered this. "That's possible. But I have tried it since and found it definitely out of order."

"There's only a little more to tell. The policeman said, 'Give him a dollar, lady, and go on your way; this guy is going to be here for quite a little while.' So I did. The driver took it without looking at me and went on arguing. I wanted to ask him about the man and the boy, but there wasn't a chance. I — just walked away."

"Towards Rush?"

"Yes. Expecting to find another cab."

"And two people with a dog?"

"I looked for them, yes."

He glanced down at the little map he had drawn. "I can't remember any new construction at that address," he said. "The latest thing there is — oh, say twenty-five years old."

"I found that out."

Michael said slowly, "I want you to review this experience in the manner we discussed yesterday. I would like to have you give me an explanation of whatever seems to you — unnatural about it."

She could only gaze at him.

"For example, Mrs. Miller, the abrupt entrance of those people into the automobile — their appearance, if you like. I feel that your first reaction was the correct one — they boarded your taxi during your little bout with the newsboy."

She picked it up there. "And they left when I was watching the policeman and the driver. I have told myself that. And the speaking tube that the man used and yet doesn't work for me..."

"Is erratic, I feel sure. As for the Rogers Street building, perhaps there is some inside remodelling being done."

"I saw no evidence of that."

He rose rather impatiently. "Your maroon car interests me a good deal. Come over here, Mrs. Miller. Do you see any model in this collection that reminds you of it?"

Together they scrutinised the pictures on the wall.

"I was looking at them earlier, Doctor. This one here..."

"The Lincoln?"

A SILENCE fell between them. Edith felt very tired, as if she had been in a contest of some sort. "Except that my car doesn't have those solid wheels. It has wire spokes instead."

"A classic!" He spoke almost reverently. "They didn't start to make disc wheels until 1928, you know. That driver ought to belong to our club. Name's Daley, you say? Now let's get back to the passengers. Have you seen any of these people again?"

"Yes, Last Sunday. It was after that I decided to come to you."

There had been a two-week lapse between her ride in the company of father and son and their next appearance.

"I went to New York to see my daughter; I thought a change of scene might be good for me."

The theatres and shops of New York seemed to provide the tonic she needed, and she came back to Chicago determined to forget the whole thing. She would continue with the programme she had found so beneficial in New York and fill her time and mind completely with commonplace activities.

It should have been easy enough. She made a great many engagements, went out continually, and she was glad to find nothing but Yellows and Checkers at the cabstand.

And yet —

"And yet one day I found myself asking the doorman about the town car. He was new on the job." She drew a long breath. "I knew then that I was still fighting it — it would have been such a relief to know that someone else had seen it too!"

"You've had a pretty rough time of it, haven't you?"

"It has been a sort of minor hell. Then last Sunday I saw the car once more. I was walking home from church when it passed me



slowly. Before I knew it I had signalled it to stop. There wasn't anywhere I wanted to go; I simply knew I had to ride in it again."

The old man had recognised her at once; he saluted her cordially and apologised for not coming around to open the door for her.

"Can't hold up the parade, madam!" he said, his monkey face creased in a smile. "Don't want any more trouble with cops, do we? Where to this time?"

She explained that she merely wanted a little fresh air; Lake Shore Drive might be pleasant.

"Five dollars an hour, three the half hour. It's a deal, madam!"

The day was sunny and had a pseudo-spring warmth. She lowered a window and tried to relax against the cushions, the picture of a lady with time on her hands and nothing on her mind. But her heart was beating rapidly, matching the car's fast clip.

The maroon town car, escorted by myriad other Sunday drivers, swept up the Outer Drive, past the tip of Lincoln Park, took an underpass, and headed back south in the space of a very few minutes.

When they were abreast of the side street that led to Edith's hotel the chauffeur slowed for the turn, then, looking at his watch, stepped on the gas and proceeded straight ahead. The trip had been perfectly uneventful.

Michigan Boulevard stretched before them, as bereft of cars on a Sunday as it was choked with them on week days. Here and at this time motorists could travel as slowly as they liked; the old driver let the car drift along close to the footpaths with their shop windows full of spring bonnets.

Edith relaxed. She caught sight of an especially delightful hat as they neared the bridge, and took a pencil and pad from her purse to note the store.

While she was writing she realised that she was no longer alone. She did not even have to raise her eyes from the pad; she knew.

Ralph and his father were back, the older man again beside her and the younger one on the small seat in front of her. This time Edith made no attempt to claim the car as hers.

The father began to speak at once.

"No, 'bevan' is the wrong word, Dr. Michael. He was continuing. It was clear that a good deal had been said before."

It was a lecture, the furious harangue of a man bitterly disappointed, tired of threats and reproaches, nevertheless impelled to go over them again and again. The subject was the boy's drinking.

"You have only to look at him to believe he drank too much. He was very thin, yet there was a puffiness too."

"Noticeably thinner? In two weeks?"

"Much thinner. And," she said defiantly, "older. Several years older. Don't look at me like that, Dr. Michael. This boy had grown. He—he sat taller. And his face was longer, he had a definite lantern jaw, and he could have used a shave. He didn't try to answer back. He huddled in his seat, looking out the window with a hopeless sort of expression on his face. It was—well, it was sad; no young person ought to look like that."

The car with its three passengers had been following the course of

the silent Loop and now veered across town. Without any directions being given, it turned down La-Salle Street and came to a halt before a large office building. The man's speech became louder and more belligerent. Edith glanced nervously at the footpath, but there were no passers-by to hear.

The man paused, his fingers on the handle of the door.

"Haven't you anything to say, Ralph? Hang it all, I'll bet you've got a bottle on you right now!"

One look at the boy's face, Edith said, confirmed this.

"Hand it over, sir."

With a look of inexpressible weariness the boy reached into his hip pocket and brought out a flask. The man snatched it and hurled it through the open window.

Edith bit her knuckles; her hand was cold against her face.

The man said icily, "It's Biggs' for you again, Ralph. And this time it will be a real cure."

Dr. Michael nodded. "A sanatorium for alcoholics. I know."

The boy slumped forward, his head between his hands. The man gave an inarticulate groan; then with one violent movement he was out of the car, slamming the door behind him.

Edith and the boy were left alone; the car remained stationary.

And it was full of hatred again, more oppressive than Edith could describe.

"It was—murderous," she said. "I am a coward, Doctor; I don't like violence of any kind. I kept thinking, I have to get out of here. But I couldn't move."

It was the boy who broke the spell. All at once he stirred from his hunched position and reached for the speaking tube.

"I'm coming up front, Jimmy," he said into it. Almost simultaneously he was out of the tonneau and had slid in beside the chauffeur.

"Mrs. Miller, I must interrupt. This tale has got me; I'll have to admit it. Did the chauffeur speak to him? I suppose what I really want to know is, did the chauffeur also see him?"

"Yes, yes, he did! But they didn't speak at once. It was as if the same thing had happened often before and needed no discussion. I saw the boy was sobbing; his shoulders were shaking."

The car turned east and proceeded quite slowly. The driver was talking to the boy.

"Surely you protested to the driver?"

"That is when I tried the speaking tube for the second time. As I told you, it doesn't work—for me."

By the time they reached Michigan Boulevard, Edith thought the boy had himself under control; he was responding to the driver, and his profile wore a shamefaced half-smile.

They continued to talk, although of course Edith shut off by the glass partition, could not hear what they said. But presently the conversation seemed to lose its tranquillising effect upon the younger man. The driver was no longer offering consolation; instead, an altercation was in progress. The boy was demanding, the driver refusing; he shook his head decidedly and stepped on the throttle.

As they approached the Boulevard Bridge the argument reached a

climax; there was flat denial in a last toss of the chauffeur's natty cap, and then with a squealing of brakes the old-fashioned car came to a stop on the bridge itself.

The boy descended, and standing on the kerb, thrust his head inside the cab for what looked like a final retort. His face was very angry, Edith said, and the driver's worried. While she looked on, the boy's expression changed; the rage subsided and beseeching took its place. It was a pitiful, hopeless look.

"And then," Edith cried, "and then, before anyone could possibly have stopped him—he was so quick—oh, then that boy leaped to the top of the coping and jumped into the river!"

She was leaning over the desk, clutching it with both hands. Her voice rang in her ears; it must have been very nearly a scream. I mustn't go to pieces, she told herself. I saw it, I saw it. I am not insane. I can control myself. And all the time her tears splashed helplessly on the desk.

Michael reached over to take both her hands in his. In their warm strength her fingers relaxed. When she spoke again her voice was almost steady.

"Thank you," she said. "Being independent has been very lonely."

He cleared his throat. Odd . . . he had been disturbed, too.

"That's quite a story for you to have to tell, Mrs. Miller. Quite a story to hear, too. Your details are so—so convincing. Can you go on with it?"

"There is very little more to tell."

"Oh, come, now! The crowd, the other people who saw this—what did they do?"

She looked at him wonderingly. "Have you never seen the Boulevard on Sunday at lunchtime? It's a desert. There was no one else to see."

"Unbelievable! Well, perhaps not. But the chauffeur?"

"He stayed behind the wheel. I was simply paralysed, myself, for a few seconds; then before I knew it I was looking over the railing. I—I am not exactly sure what I did; I think I was screaming. There was no sign of the boy in the water. I remember running back to the car and crying out to the driver that he must get help."

"And?"

Edith straightened her shoulders and looked Michael in the eye. "The driver said, 'Help for what, madam?'"

Michael sank back in his chair and shook his head.

"Without his five dollars?"

Edith laughed helplessly. "You can certainly bring me down to earth, Yes, without his five dollars, I never thought about it until now."

Edith had walked away then, too. "I was dazed, but I knew where home was."

"Did you walk all the way back to the hotel?"

"I must have. When I reached my apartment I felt exhausted. I couldn't think, and I was shivering. I went to bed and lay there shaking for ages, it seemed. Finally I went to sleep."

She gestured. "Off and on, that is. It wasn't a restful night. I remembered what a friend had told me about you, Dr. Michael. The next morning I made an appointment. I have told you all I know. I have told you the truth."

"My dear woman, your sincerity



has been brutally apparent." He pushed back his chair. "Good lord, I'm stiff! I'm getting old. How do you feel, by the way?"

Edith said truthfully. "Infinitely better. It's surprising."

"No comfort like the confessional . . . Mrs. Miller, you have presented me with two very simple alternatives. Either these scenes have been conducted by actual, living beings or they have not."

The doctor paused, then went on. "For various reasons the first premise does not appear likely to either of us, although we certainly cannot discount it. One reason, of course, is that they do not occur in sequence; the variation of the boy's apparent age, for example, is erratic, to say the least. The other supposition is two-pronged. Your friend, Daley's car is haunted or you have been subjected to some strikingly realistic phenomena. And I, Mrs. Miller, am a scientist."

"And so?"

"And so I am going to prescribe for you now. You're to go out and get yourself an extremely good lunch—an expensive one."

HE looked at his wristwatch. "Say, it's almost one o'clock. Do you know that little French restaurant a couple of blocks up the avenue? And do you know some idle female who would be apt to take in a movie with you on the spur of the moment? The sillier the woman, the better. Call her up; say you'll buy her a cocktail."

Edith looked at him in amazement. After all she had been through today? Did he think all women were of the same rugged stripe as his Lottie? Lottie . . .

Edith rose. "I'm taking you seriously, Doctor. Yesterday . . . well, yesterday I might have been angry."

"Well and good. And to play fair with you, I'll tell you how I am going to spend my afternoon. A red town car, pre-1928. Can't be many around like that."

He picked up the phone. "Caldwell, cancel that appointment for two o'clock. This afternoon I am going to give my repressed desires an airing. Now don't get hysterical; it will do me a world of good."

He replaced the receiver. "Always wanted to be a detective. And while you're at the movies, Mrs. Miller, I am going to do a bit of detecting. Keep your chin up. We're going to get to the bottom of this thing."

The shrillness of the telephone invaded her sleep. Edith held the receiver to her ear and then recoiled from the breeziness of Michael's voice.

"I don't know how I'm doing," she told him. "I'm not awake yet."

"I thought you hadn't been sleeping well. It's almost ten a.m."

"It was that yellow capsule you gave me. Very potent. And the woman who went to the movie with me—she was as silly as you could have wished. I was exhausted. I can almost see the satisfied smile you're wearing."

"Smug is the word. I guess I'm pretty good at prescribing . . . I have news for you. There is a Lincoln town car, 1928 model, doing business around town as a taxi. And, sure enough, the driver's name is Daley . . . Is that a sign of relief? I could have told you that yesterday if I had been on my toes. I was

mulling it over after you left the office and all of a sudden I thought, 'Good gracious, it's Jimmy!'

"You know him?"

"I do now. He's well known around the club here. Yes, that's where I'm calling from. He took that car out last year and led the parade. I didn't know he made his living with it; he's got the taxi sign painted on the tyre cover at the back and he takes it off for parades. And I didn't know his name was Daley; we refer to him as Jimmy."

"Did you talk to him? About me, I mean."

"Well, some. You would expect me to, wouldn't you? He doesn't seem to remember a Mrs. Miller. If you're not doing anything I'd like to come around to see you."

"Have you something else to tell me?"

"Just say I've lost all my other patients and want to hold on to this one." But his voice sounded excited. "I'll see you in about half an hour."

If she was his only remaining patient she would be a good one. She yawned. She owed him something for this unaccustomed relaxation, even if it was only the temporary relief of shared worry. She felt better, undeniably; peering at herself in the mirror, she found that she even looked better. She did a thorough make-up job and was reaching for the perfume atomiser when he pushed the buzzer.

She held out her hand as she admitted him.

"Thanks; that was a real sleep. I'm a different woman."

He glanced at her briefly. "You look it . . . Nice apartment."

"It gets a lot of sun." She looked towards the big south windows. "Why, it's a lovely day, isn't it?"

"Um." He was fidgeting with his hat. What made him so nervous?

"Sit down and have some coffee. I'm working on my second cup."

"No, no coffee . . . Mrs. Miller, I came over here to tell you a story. I want you to listen to me straight through before you say anything."

"I've got all the time in the world," she assured him. (Odd how close you felt to a person after telling him a secret.)

"I'm not much good at this," he said. "My patients usually do the talking. Well, here goes. This story I'm going to tell you took place a long time ago—say twenty-five years or more. It has to do with a family—a father, his son, and an older daughter. They're well-to-do; the father has an office on LaSalle, they have an Astor Street address, a town car complete with chauffeur—the works. But their domestic life is far from rosy. The children become more and more insecure because the father doesn't understand their emotional need for family life. They rebel and quite early show signs of delinquency."

Edith listened with bent head while he reconstructed the tale of "Ralph" and "Charlie" and their father. He wove a pattern that fitted all she had observed in the maroon car: the alcoholic boy, the protective sister, the brutal and domineering father, the tragedy on the bridge.

At the end, Michael drew a deep breath and reached for a cigarette.

"Well, that's it, Mrs. Miller. How did it sound to you?"

"I think you got in all the points." His eyes were anxious; what was it he wanted her to say? "Really, the way you tell it makes it sound like a novel."

He beamed approval: "Exactly! On the nose!"

Edith frowned. "I don't get it."

"The unfinished novel, of course. It's the best thing that could have happened—that you should see it for yourself, I mean."

She said slowly, "Are you trying to tell me some book I read is behind all this? Some piece of fiction that I can't even remember? Really, Dr. Michael!"

"No, listen, don't turn this down until you've thought it over. It's good; it covers all the angles. I was on the right track when I rummaged through those back files for a recent piece about a bridge suicide. But I didn't think the thing through. You've got hold of too many details; a newspaper wouldn't begin to give all that."

He was speaking too fast for her to interrupt. "There's this story thread that holds all your episodes together; you get a fragment here and a bit there, apparently taken at random, but they don't stem from a newspaper article or from several put together. They're all out of the same book. Depend upon it, Mrs. Miller; somewhere in your reading background, probably some time ago, there are characters called Ralph and Charlotte."

"And a character called Daley?" she shot at him. "Remember, I never heard his name until Ralph and his father spoke to him."

"I'm of the opinion that you overheard it somewhere and fitted it into the picture."

"But—it's fantastic! I don't know the ending, what happened to the girl—"

"That's the whole point; you never finished the story. Somewhere along the line you and that book got separated; maybe somebody borrowed it, or you left it on a train. You'll never know the end, unless you're prepared to read through a whole decade of publications. Personally, it doesn't ring a bell; maybe the book wasn't a best-seller."

His unpredictable grin was back again. "It certainly deserved to be, if it could make such an impression on one reader."

Seriously, I imagine that lately your own youth had often been in the forefront of your mind. You have led until recently a sheltered, fortunate existence. I would guess that the death of your husband was the first major sorrow in your life. And you weren't equipped to deal with it; you haven't experienced—forgive me—the blows that most people do. You resent what life has done to you all of a sudden; you dwell unconsciously on the golden years—the twenties—let's say. A certain nostalgia is quite natural, in view of your first difficult year of widowhood. You have glamorised those youthful years, I dare say, as we all—"

"It seems to me, if you're right, that I would die up some gayer story than poor Ralph's."

"I reached the same point in my own reasoning, and came up with this answer: Your underlying commonsense is trying to tell you that all was not quite so rosy as you would like to remember it, and that there is no use trying to evade reality by living in the past."

"Do you mean all this is going on in my mind without my knowing anything about it?"

"That, and a lot more, fortunately, that doesn't concern us at the moment. The gimmick that set off the rehash of this half-forgotten novel—"

"Completely forgotten."



"Okay. Well, it's obvious. The gammick is that old maroon monument downstairs."

"What do you mean, downstairs?"

Michael's face turned pink. "I meant to break it more tactfully. Yes, it's waiting for us. I hired it from Daley for a couple of hours. It's a fine day. I thought you might come out for a drive. . . . Don't look so frantic, Mrs. Miller. I can't expect you to accept my theory right away, but the first step towards acceptance is for you to realise there is nothing sinister about the car. If you'll come out with me, I'll guarantee there'll be no unpleasantness this time."

His theory did indeed have logic in its favor; she longed to embrace it.

"You can sit up in front with me. I'm doing the driving—I left Daley at the clubhouse."

Edith had a swift vision of another occupant clad in black-and-white tweed.

"Your friend Lottie. What about her?"

Michael struck his forehead with his hand. "How stupid can I get? I meant to tell you right off. I got her on the phone yesterday at the hospital. She was so busy bragging about the twins I could hardly get a word in but. . . . Sure it was Lottie riding with Daley that day. She's known him for years, hires him for the day whenever she comes to town. As a matter of fact he was driving her to the hospital when you saw them."

"I'll get my coat," Edith said.

But she stopped dead when they reached the pavement. The town car was parked across the street, with a couple of interested bystanders examining it. Its metal-work sparkled in the sunshine and the highly polished maroon paint gave off all sorts of brilliant red.

The doctor's firm hand propelled her towards it.

"Come on," he whispered fiercely, "you can't quit on me now!"

Conlon, the doorman, sauntered across the street in their wake. There were no prospective tippers waiting for the taxis.

"I see you've got Daley's car there," he said conversationally.

Michael gave Edith a triumphant glance. "So you know Daley by name, do you?"

"Sure, we all know him. A lot of people like to ride with him."

Edith said, "The other doorman didn't know him!"

"My replacement? He was only a temporary. Didn't know much of anything. Front or back, Mrs. Miller?"

"In front," she quavered.

Conlon was all too swift to swing the door wide for her, and all too gallant in handing her in. It was too late for her to protest further; Michael was shifting gears; the car lurched forward.

She sat rigid, eyes straight ahead. They were headed north, and here in the front seat there was no protection from the lake breeze. Not that there was any question of exchanging her exposed position for the sinister shelter of the tonneau. She envisioned the interior. There had been no one inside when they left the hotel. Was it occupied now?

But the miles rolled away uneventfully, and presently they took a westerly course, leaving the wind behind them. The sun's rays slanted in across Edith's chilled figure, and she relaxed a bit.

Consciously she sought the malign

ant atmosphere she had grown to associate with the car. But at this moment she could sense nothing evil.

On impulse, she looked over her shoulder into the rear of the car. It was sunny—and empty. The clean, fading upholstery and the glass flower-vase gave it an air of pompous gentility.

The doctor caught her eye as she turned back.

"Checking up?"

"I simply had to. But I am going to try to believe in your novel theory."

"If you can, the battle's won. We will have laid your ghosts."

"And if I should see them again?"

"Whatever you saw in this car you put there yourself. They are only creatures in a book, and can't impose on you again."

He looked so confident. He was at ease and enjoying his command over the automobile. She strove to be as sure as he.

"You know, I owe you an apology. I thought you were awfully flippant during our first interview. You didn't act a bit like a doctor."

"My good woman, it was you who set the tone by remarking at once on my aged appearance—remember? I was much relieved. It sometimes takes me days to get a patient relaxed enough to be that informal."

"Well, it's very good of you to give me so much time. I know these are your office hours."

"Let's face it, I'm playing hooky. I've been crazy to get my hands on this buggy. As a matter of fact, this antique was what really intrigued me about your case."

EDITH felt oddly deflated. But surely the reason for his interest was a matter of indifference to her. It had been purely scientific and she was glad that this was so. Wasn't she?

Daley was waiting for them at the clubhouse, standing in the centre of the parking space which surrounded the unpretentious frame building. He was all smiles at the sight of his car.

"Very successful run, Daley," said Michael, putting on the emergency brake. "You keep the old wagon in good shape. By the way, you know Mrs. Miller, don't you?"

"I haven't the honor," said Daley.

Edith paused halfway out of the car. Daley was smiling still, but there was something hard about his eyes.

"Why, Daley, don't you recognise me? You took me for a drive just last Sunday."

"Sure you do, Daley; she's ridden with you several times."

"Never saw the lady before in my life."

"Oh, but, Daley—" Edith faltered. She had not reached firm ground after all.

"Well, no matter," said Michael. "What do I owe you, Daley? Oh, the Jordan's parked to the right of the entrance there, Mrs. Miller. I'll be with you in a minute."

She was glad to be dismissed before her composure cracked. The Jordan, Playboy, the delight of Michael's heart, was baby-blue; that much she noted and no more. But she leaned over the dashboard, surreptitiously wiping her eyes, hoping that her bent back expressed deep interest.

Fortunately, a few minutes elapsed before Michael got in beside her. He gave her a long look.

"You're upset because Daley didn't know you."

"Somewhat."

"Daley's getting on, you know. His memory's probably not what it was."

"But how could he forget last Sunday? That scene on the bridge. . . ."

"His eyes may not be too good either. Besides, we're not sure how much took place in your own mind."

He was trying to let her down easy; that shook her as much as Daley's denial.

"Let's get going," said Michael abruptly, and put his hand on the ignition key.

But the engine did not respond; instead of a gratifying explosion there was only a sulky whine.

Daley was turning the old Lincoln around in the driveway. Michael hailed him.

"Hold on, Daley! I can't get this baby started. You'll have to give us a lift." He went on apologetically, "Haven't given her enough time lately. I'll have to send a tow truck for her."

He made it sound like an ambulance.

"Lucky you're still here, Daley. I've got to get back to the office. Medical Arts Building, please; we'll drop the lady on the way."

The doctor was beside her in the tonneau, but he was withdrawn, his attention elsewhere.

"I'm sorry about your car," she ventured.

"I should have spent an hour going over her before I took her out this morning."

In other words, Edith and her affairs were to blame. But was an inanimate object so much more important than a live patient?

Michael took no notice of her. He was fiddling with the speaking tube. He lifted it from its socket and spoke into it.

"Stop by Herter's Garage; I want to tell them to pick up the Jordan."

Edith's head jerked; through the glass panel she saw the chauffeur nod in understanding.

"You see, you can work it when you know how; here, take a look at this," said the doctor. "It's quite a gadget; this little switch cuts it in or out. You don't even have to hold the thing if you want to converse with the chauffeur; just leave the switch on."

The Martin's familiar marquee was a welcome sight to Edith.

"Thank you for the ride, Dr. Michael; I'm sure it was a good idea."

He became conscious of her again.

"Oh, that. Yes, I think the morning was profitable. Hold it, Daley; I'm coming up front."

The very words that Ralph had spoken on his way to suicide. But Ralph was only a fictitious character; she could hardly expect the doctor to spend the day reassuring her of that. Feeling rather forlorn, Edith stood on the sidewalk while he joined Daley on the front seat. But Michael had no further word or look for her. He had turned squarely towards Daley and plunged into instant conversation with him. She heard him say, "All right, Daley, what's the pitch?"

Upstairs again in her apartment, Edith faced the fact that the rest of the day stretched before her, and that she emphatically did not wish to spend the time speculating on Michael's opinion of her. What could he think of her? Daley's non-recognition, the speaking tube that was in perfect working order—her story had been refuted.

There were matinees on Saturday;



the newspaper would tell her what was in town. As she flipped over the pages, the society section caught her eye. "Mr. and Mrs. Victor Shidlovsky are the parents of twin boys; Mrs. Shidlovsky is the former Charlotte Newcome." Friday's paper. Never mind — the theatrical advertisements would be the same for both days.

There was the announcement of a pleasant little comedy she had been meaning to see, and she ascertained by telephone that good single seats were still available. That disposed of the afternoon. The phone rang; the desk clerk read a message from friends who wanted her to dine with them at the Rooftop Club. She needn't bother to answer, as they were going out, but they would be having cocktails at the club around 5.30 if she cared to join them.

Now that there was no possibility of her being lonely, she admitted to herself that she was rather tired. But at least she no longer felt deserted.

It was only five when she came out from the theatre; on this March day the sky should have been bright. But one of Chicago's sudden changes of weather had taken place; a chill breeze off the lake had brought a mist with it and already many automobiles had their headlights on.

On this narrow side street the late-afternoon traffic crawled past; streamers of fog made it hard to tell a taxi from a private car. Edith flagged several drivers, with no success. She considered walking, but there were a good dozen blocks between her and the Rooftop Club, and she suddenly realised that she was badly overtired.

Ahead of her an automobile was letting out some passengers at the kerb. She strained her eyes; it was a taxi, all right—she could see the lettering on the rear. She sprinted along the footpath and laid her hand possessively on the handle of the cab door before its occupants had finished paying the driver. Panting but proud, she leaned over to speak to the driver.

"Keep on going till you hit Michigan Avenue, will you? I'm going to the Rooftop Club."

Her breath failed her completely; her voice died away and she could only stare. She was once more face to face with Daley.

There was no doubt now that he knew her. By the light from the dashboard she could see that he was as startled as she; his jaw dropped and his eyes were wide on hers. For a long moment they looked at each other while a wordless interchange took place; it was as if his mind were open to her.

"This car is not for hire, madam!" His voice was surly.

"But I just saw passengers getting out!"

"I'm going home now."

Why was he determined that she should not enter his cab? He had humiliated her this morning by making her out a liar, but she was now convinced the lie had been his.

"I'm going north, too; you might as well carry a fare."

"I'm through for the night," he repeated.

Until he refused her admittance, her intention had been to seek another conveyance—any other conveyance. Now she sensed that a duel was going on between them, and that it was of great importance that she conquer her fear of the car. She gave him back a look as hard as his own.

"Nonsense! This is a public vehicle. You will take me where I wish to go or I will summon that policeman!"

There was no sign of a policeman nearby, but her bluff worked. Daley was the first to lower his eyes, and she got quickly into the car.

Daley started up so roughly that Edith toppled into the back seat. Her purse fell to the floor and dumped its contents and her little forget-me-not hat was shoved over her eyebrows. Impatient cars pulled out from behind the old Lincoln and passed it with a roar, turning its interior in a kaleidoscope of alternating light and shadow.

Shaken, she collected her belongings and rearranged her clothing. She liked to think of herself as dignified, and for a moment there had been little of dignity about her. She looked out at the crowded pavements; the populace was too intent on getting where it was going to watch passing cars, no matter what transpired inside.

It must be seldom indeed that the ancient Lincoln travelled unnoticed. What had Dr. Michael called it—a monument? She eyed the crystal flower vase, empty in its rack; she would have liked to put a small bouquet in it, say lilies of the valley. For the first time she had a glimmering of Michael's affection for this particular variety of antique.

Michael. He had been assured by Daley that her claims were preposterous. She did not as yet know how to go about forcing Daley to admit the truth, but she was sure her instinct had led her aright in almost forcibly entering the old town car. Her will had been stronger than Daley's; at least she had not taken a step backward.

For some reason it mattered greatly that the doctor should believe her version. She wondered about that; she disapproved of women who became personally interested in their physicians.

Daley. If he would lie about one thing he would lie about another. Who was to say that he had not, after all, seen the ill-fated Ralph disappear over the bridge parapet? Michael's theory of the unfinished novel was all very well; in the light of day it had seemed solidly backed by reason. Now, in the dusky interior of the town car, Edith's faith wavered.

Daley. What was he thinking up there in his draughty cage?

She tried to direct her thoughts into more agreeable channels. The comfortable cushions against which she rested, the warmth insured by the plate glass surrounding her—it would be pleasant to have such a car to call for you at the theatre. She glanced at the scurrying pedestrians; doubtless they were envious of her. There was a shadow between her and the window, and she craned her neck to peer past it; she had had a perfectly clear view a few minutes before.

It was the flowers in the vase that obstructed her view.

The vase—it had been empty when she entered the car. A familiar tension claimed her. Instinctively she drew her shoulders together, as if to avoid contact with something or someone. No, she told herself, there are no flowers there, really; this is just imagination.

She heard the man's voice first. "You know, Charlotte, there are things about this life that you would miss a great deal. You like having a warm car to pick you up at the theatre. And I don't think that

young man is quite in a position to provide you with such luxuries."

The girl's voice was young and clear. "You know he isn't, Father."

"I hope you'll give more thought to that before you kick over the traces. Remember, I have no intention of continuing your allowance if you insist on making this unsuitable marriage."

"I remember."

"Yes, but does he know it? It is possible that he won't be quite so anxious —"

"He knows it. And he is very anxious."

"Then, my dear, I expect you will both starve to death."

"Victor has a job, Father."

The man's laugh was unpleasant; it sounded close to Edith's ear. He was lolled comfortably beside her, and the girl was a dark shape on one of the little seats. The vagrant thought crossed Edith's mind that neither of his children seemed to fancy sitting beside their father.

CHARLOTTE was humming a little tune. Was it—yes, it was "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby"; the song had been popular in 1930, when the depression was just getting under way.

The man laughed again; he meant to goad.

"There's no point in laughing at his work, Father."

"His work, as you call it, Charlotte, is laughable; but my amusement is caused by the thought that he will not be employed at the Club Babushka for much longer."

The girl wheeled to face him. "You're mistaken, Father. Why, they depend on him for everything. He writes most of the skits and acts in lots of them; he helps paint the scenery, he acts as M.C.—"

"And sometimes as headwaiter, too? Oh, yes, Charlotte, I have visited the Babushka. And I was escorted to a table by this young man with the unpronounceable name."

"Shidlovsky is perfectly easy to pronounce. It just makes you mad because you can't spell it."

"That will do, Charlotte! I am afraid the Club Babushka is not long for this world."

The girl said tensely, "What have you done, Father?"

"As it happens, I know of a buyer for the building where those Russians have their night-club, and I have let the present owner know that the prospective purchaser considers them undesirable tenants. Their lease expires the first of May; it will not be renewed."

"They'll find another building!"

"Nothing desirable—not in this city, anyway. I am not altogether without influence in Chicago, Charlotte, although you have never seemed to appreciate the fact."

"You can't do this, Father! Why, it's the only way those people can make a living!"

"That is what I have been trying to tell you, Charlotte. They can, of course, try some other city where their talents will be more appreciated."

"They're appreciated here! They've been successful; the drama critics have even reviewed their show. And they've put most of the profits into the new decorating."

"I see you are well acquainted with the circumstances of these refugees. It is too bad there isn't a businessman among them; otherwise they would surely have secured



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a long lease before investing quite so heavily."

She said slowly, "And I will be responsible. It's all my fault — and they have tried so hard! Father, you can't hurt all those people! Go ahead and ruin my life, like poor Ralph's, but —"

Suddenly the straight shoulders bent. The girl covered her face with her hands. She gave a sob, so full of wretchedness that Edith was pierced with an agonising sympathy. She put out a hand.

"Poor child!" she said. "Oh, you poor child!"

The sound of her own voice brought the realisation that she had forgotten herself in watching this drama. And with this came another awareness — hatred was again present in the car.

The father cleared his throat. "Your brother was a weakling. You should have been the boy. I think you can face reality. And reality, Charlotte, is this: money is a scarce commodity these days. Employment, as even you must know from reading the papers, is hard to find, and getting harder. You lead an exceedingly comfortable life as my daughter, as the wife of a Russian immigrant who can't find a job —"

There was a murmur from the girl.

"Oh, I know he claims to be an ex-cavalry officer. Of the Tsar's, no less. But his late employer is hardly in a position to recommend him. Think it over. I'm getting out here. I'm dining at the Roof-top."

Edith recognised the buildings on either side; they had progressed far along Michigan Avenue without her noticing. The Roof-top Club was housed high in a building opposite them; just beyond was a cul-de-sac, used mainly as a turn-around for automobiles, and the old Lincoln slid into it. The car completed the semicircle and came to a halt with its nose just short of the swirling traffic.

At once the chauffeur was out of the car and at the door. It was Daley, wasn't it?

There was certainly no one at the wheel. It was Daley, surely, who stood there at attention, but a more dour, a somehow more powerful Daley, ominously black against the train of lights.

The man beside Edith pulled himself heavily forward, past his still-crouching daughter, and out on to the asphalt.

He stood there a moment, buttoning his overcoat; then he stooped awkwardly towards the open door.

"I am not going to change my mind, Charlotte." He raised his voice to compete with the traffic roar. "I trust that by tomorrow you will have changed yours."

The girl did not lift her head. It was the chauffeur who moved, and moved fast. He drew back and bent over like a football player about to throw a block; the next instant he made his play.

Squaring and stoutly he then hurled himself against the bent knees of the man before him. His target, large though it was, staggered; he briefly grasped the door of the car, but his hand slipped and slid, fingers clawing along the smooth chassis. Then he lost his balance completely and pitched sideways into the stream of oncoming cars.

Edith screamed, and screamed again.

"Madam! What ails you, madam?"

Edith could see the outline of a visored cap thrust in at the door. She cowered against the cushions.

The tonneau was suddenly flooded with light; the overhead lamp had been switched on and Daley's creased old face was peering in at her. Edith searched the interior of the car: the jump seats were neatly folded and she was alone in the Lincoln. She opened her mouth wide.

"Now don't be yelling like a banshee! You're making a disturbance woman!"

Their eyes locked in intense, silent communication.

"So you've been seeing things again. I'll thank you to get out of my car and not set foot in it again. After this do your riding on broomsticks!"

His words hung in the air. The really horrible thing about them was that his lips, set grimly, did not move at all. He had not spoken, but Edith heard him.

She had heard him, and she answered him. "Yes, I saw you. You pushed him under the cars!"

The annoyance on his face became, shockingly, sheer rage. "And I'll be your turn next. You're not going to make any more trouble for me!"

And with his words, again unspoken but as plain to Edith as if shouted at her, hatred swept the old car once more, that hatred so dreadfully familiar; but this time it was directed at her.

Then Daley wrenched his eyes away; it was as if he had pulled down a shade. He withdrew from the tonneau and once more stood holding the door.

EDITH shifted her gaze past him to the spot where, minutes before, a man had been hurled to his death. The traffic continued unabated. Fascinated, she watched the wheels as they sped past. The asphalt was clean except for oil and paper refuse; there was no sign that anything even so small as a cat had been run down.

"That will be eighty-five cents, madam."

Daley's voice was as correct as ever. Evidently he did not mean to prevent her departure. She withdrew a bill from her purse and held it towards him, and in that instant their eyes met again. It was enough. She fumbled for the handle of the door and crept out, her eyes never leaving him. Then she was free of the car, and she was running.

Before her was a brightly lit lobby entrance; she veered towards the revolving doors. Just inside, a man in uniform stopped her.

"I'm about to close up, lady."

Edith brushed past him; she had seen a line of telephone booths at the end of the corridor. She was thinking very clearly now; she had only to look up Michael's address. He and Tom kept a bachelor apartment — where? On Rogers Street, he had said; and here was the telephone book. Nineteen West Rogers.

That was not far away — not too far, at the rate she was going. She seemed almost to fly; despite occasional rough paving and the poor lighting of the side streets, a city block took no time at all.

She began to tire and to wonder how far she had come. At a quiet corner she looked for the street sign and had difficulty making out its name. A block away a car was

approaching slowly; impatiently she waited for its headlights to pick out the sign for her. Then they shone full upon her, dazzling her momentarily, but she turned her back quickly to take advantage of their aid. Rogers Street, it was! Now all she had to do was keep west and she couldn't miss Number Nineteen.

She stepped off the kerb to cross the street and at that moment the car accelerated. The roar of its engine penetrated even her preoccupation; it was coming at her suddenly, at amazing speed. Edith paused uncertainly; the machine had abandoned the legal right-hand side of the street and was racing up the centre. Should she go back? Commonsense told her that going forward was safest; she quickened her steps. But that was a mistake; the oncoming car veered dizzily to the left along with her.

She leaped for the footpath and fell heavily on one knee. The car raced by her, its tyres screeching along the kerb. She looked dazedly up at it, aware of a white face under a visored cap. The car itself was only a dark immensity, but as it zoomed past a street lamp it gave off a reddish haze. She gasped and struggled to her feet. Help was not far away; she limped on.

West Rogers was an old-fashioned street and Number Nineteen an old-fashioned building. On a panel in the vestibule was a list of tenants; Edith pushed the button beside the name of Michael. Only then did she give a panicky thought to the possibility that the doctor might not be at home. But almost at once the buzzer sounded and she turned the knob of the inner door.

Then at last her journey began to seem long; the two flights of stairs she must climb were almost too much for her. But at the end of them stood Michael in the doorway.

He stepped forward for a closer look at his caller.

"Why, it's you!" he said. "Where the devil have you been all afternoon? I've been trying your phone — Good Lord, what's happened to you?"

"I came to tell you . . ." She swayed against the railing. Then she pulled herself together and said her lines without a hitch. "I came to tell you — I have finished the novel."

She fell on her knees in front of him; it was Michael's arm that saved her from sprawling on the floor.

"Keep trying," his voice said. "You're doing fine. That knee isn't really injured, just badly skinned."

It hurt to bend it, though. The doctor was urging her to walk and her whole body rebelled against it.

"Come on, now," he was saying. "We can make it together if you'll just try."

They made it into his apartment and as far as the sofa. Edith sank down on it and closed her eyes. Her feet were gently lifted and deposited on the cushions. For the moment it was all she asked of life — complete immobility and a reassuring presence.

She heard his footsteps.

"No, no," she cried. "Don't go!"

"Okay, okay, I'm staying right here."

She lay back, but did not dare close her eyes again. Besides, she derived comfort from the sight of him. There were coals in the grate before them; the firelight emphasized the line across his forehead.



but his smile was friendly, even compassionate. He took the chair beside her.

"I want you to know I tried to prevent this. I told him never to pick you up again under any circumstances — and he didn't want to! He's more afraid of you than — well, than you are of that town car."

She shook her head. Impossible. "I phoned you a dozen times this afternoon. Of course, I never dreamed you'd run into him again so soon, but I wanted to warn you off. I had reason to believe there might be some unpleasantness."

The understatement brought her up on one elbow. "Dr. Michael, I saw murder done tonight!"

"Confound!"

He rose to his feet and strode up and down before the fireplace.

"I spend the morning convincing you there is nothing queer about that car, and the afternoon proves me wrong. I blame myself very much; I should have told you . . . But I wasn't sure until we reached your hotel. You realise, don't you, that although Daley insisted you were a stranger he took you straight to the Martin without instructions from me?"

"That's true! It didn't occur to me . . . I was thinking only that everything I had told you must look like fabrication."

"I had enough faith in you to do a little probing. I sent you over to the Jordan, while I asked Daley about Charlotte Shidiovsky. He admitted knowing her, readily enough. He calls her 'Miss Charlie.'"

Edith sat bolt upright.

THE doctor went on: "It was then I decided to have my car break down. It's in fine shape; I just didn't turn the ignition key all the way over. Then when Daley got to the Martin under his own steam, I knew I had him. He doesn't like talking about you. He claims alternately that you're a witch and that you're out of your mind. I could see the old devil had something on his conscience, but murder—!"

Edith hardly heard him. She was fighting a sudden faintness.

"You know, Mrs. Miller, I'm not sure this is the time for us to be talking. I can see you've really had it. What do you say to spending the night at a hospital? A good long rest . . ."

"No, I must talk to you." The spurt of vehemence exhausted her; she said softly, "It's just that I'm so tired."

Michael regarded her thoughtfully. "I rather think this calls for stronger measures than doughnuts and coffee. Do you drink bourbon? If not, just shake your head."

She nodded instead. She heard a clink of glass and he came back with a tumbler in his hand. Edith tried to return his smile and she sipped the contents. The drink was fiery and sweet, and it had the almost instantaneous effect of making her dizzy. The spirits created a little centre of warmth inside her, and from that centre relaxation flowed. In a few minutes she would be able to unburden herself; meantime, here before the fire, she could luxuriate awhile in comfort and in safety.

"Mrs. Miller, you are looking at a man without scepticism. I've learned better. I take it you had companions in the car again tonight."

"Charlie and her father, yes. It began with the flowers."

"Flowers?"

"Don't you remember the crystal vase? It was empty when I entered the car?"

She recounted the last episode in the town car. Michael heard her through; then he asked one question.

"The man at the door—you say he was bigger than Daley?"

"I got the impression of a younger man, more vigorous. But he wore a chauffeur's cap, and it was Daley who switched on the light a moment later . . . Dr. Michael, fiction isn't the answer."

"I know that. I've given up that idea." He brushed it aside. "You haven't been seeing ghosts either; these people—some of them, anyway—are still alive."

"Go on," she said, tense.

"Has it never occurred to you, Mrs. Miller, that 'Lottie,' as well as 'Charlie,' might be a nickname for 'Charlotte'?"

This was the key she needed. Lottie—a much younger Lottie—could have shared the town car with her tonight. The square shoulders were broader now, and the dark hair frosted, but the sturdy jaw was the same. Suddenly Edith knew she had been within seconds of realising it; it had been the girl's piteous femineity that prevented recognition of the independent Lottie.

And she had spoken of her lover, Shidiovsky—who could forget a name like that?

"Daley told me this afternoon that he had been the Newcomes' chauffeur for years," Michael went on. "His father was the coachman before him. A long, intimate association with the family, you see." He looked at her. "What I'm trying to tell you . . ."

He rose and paced up and down. "I'm ready to turn in my diploma, my degrees. It contradicts everything I've spent my life learning. Maybe I can get a job with those parapsychologists down at Duke."

Edith pulled at his coat; he paused, looking belligerent.

"Stop. I've known it for hours." She gulped. "I can read Daley's mind."

Michael gave a great sigh and threw up his hands.

"There it is!" he said. "It's out. Heaven help me if my colleagues ever learn I made such a diagnosis! I'm sorry, Mrs. Miller; it's been a shock to me, too. Have you ever been conscious of such a power?"

"Never." She tried to smile. "Even at bridge I always make the wrong finesses."

"Well, you could make a fortune with Daley as your partner!"

"I hope I never see him again! Or that car!"

"Amen to that! Those queer experiences of yours—they all happened in the Lincoln, with Daley at the wheel. This afternoon I began to see that they had all taken place before, in the past, but under the same circumstances. And when they occurred in your presence—he spread his hands—"the only possible explanation was that Daley was living them over again and transferring his thoughts to you."

"But why me?"

"You have been in a peculiarly receptive state of mind. A sensitive instrument, receiving impressions unlikely under any other conditions. You've been tuned in on Daley's wave length; that's the closest I can come to an analysis that has any sort of scientific ring. Coincidence occasionally turned on the switch. The first time you see Daley

is in front of the Coq Rouge, well-known as a speakeasy during Prohibition. Right off the bat this girl Charlie refers to it as 'Joe's'; we can assume that Daley, too, recalls it as Joe's place and often picked her up there."

Edith was keeping pace with him.

"And he remembers one night particularly well—the one that ended in that scene on the doorstep between Ralph and his father. It must have made quite an impression on him, strong enough to get it over to you. I say Daley's emotions were strongly involved, that he was completely immersed that night, and at other times, in his recollections."

"I saw what Daley saw? Even flowers in an empty vase?"

"You heard what he heard, too, and only that; remember, his contact with the family frequently stopped at the kerb. He re-creates the scene for you as it was for him. Not intentionally, God knows; he has a glimmering of the truth and he is terrified. He thinks it's black magic. Actually, you're merely a receiving set, and an unwilling one at that."

The idea sickened her.

"It gives me a feeling of such—helplessness."

"Certainly. You have had no defence. A traffic light stops you at the corner where Daley customarily picked up Ralph and his father after their morning walks, and presto!—there they are with the dog. They had a particularly unpleasant scene that day, though I imagine none of them were models of affection."

"They were brutal."

"It's pretty clear why Daley hated old Newcome. Those are the episodes that linger in his mind. Not that the family is ever far from his thoughts, I imagine; the town car alone is enough to remind him of them every day of his life. Lottie gave it to him after her father died. There was no money left to speak of; it was all she was able to do to acknowledge his years of service. And devotion. You have only to mention her name to sense his devotion. And he's been taking a refresher course this winter, driving her around town."

Edith put her hand on his arm. "Then I did see Ralph take his own life?"

"Daley wouldn't talk about it, but—well, I spent part of the afternoon in the 'Tribune' morgue. Yes, I think you saw the boy die."

He got out his wallet and took from it a brief folded paper.

"Listen to this; it's dated February, 1929. 'The body of Ralph Newcome, Junior, nineteen, was recovered from the Chicago River this afternoon. Newcome fell or jumped from the parapet of the Boulevard Bridge early this morning. The presence of ice in the river impeded attempts at rescue. Relatives of the presumed suicide, member of a prominent Chicago family, say the youth had been in a despondent frame of mind recently. He is survived by his father, Ralph Newcome, Senior, and by his sister, Charlotte, whose debut in 1928 . . . Oh, well, it goes on into a long song and dance—the sob sisters had a field day. But what I read you is the most factual account."

Michael glanced at her. "It was a long time ago," he said more gently. "Remember that."

"For me it happened only last Sunday. What is the other paper?"

"I copied another clipping, while I was about it."



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"It has to do with me; I can tell by your face. Is it more about Ralph?"

"Well, yes. They dug up the whole story again about a year later when his father died."

"Died? Do the newspapers just say 'died'?"

He studied her. "Mrs. Miller, you look exhausted. As a doctor I strongly recommend that we postpone this discussion until tomorrow."

She leaned over and snatched the paper from his hand.

"Now, with the end in sight? I never felt so far from sleep."

She scanned the writing hurriedly. Early in 1930 Ralph Newcome, Senior, had met his death under the wheels of an automobile. The accident had occurred near a cul-de-sac at the junction of Michigan Avenue and Wacker Drive, as Newcome stepped from his own car. The motorist whose car was responsible for the fatality claimed that Newcome "just seemed to run out into the traffic." I saw him just before I hit him. I took place during the rush hour, at dusk, when visibility was poor. Newcome was taken to St. Luke's Hospital and was pronounced dead upon arrival of head injuries. An inquest would be held.

Then there was a notation dated some days later. At the inquest the driver of the car involved had been exonerated of all blame and a verdict returned of accidental death.

"And you mean to say this is what I witnessed tonight? Someone must have seen—I tell you it was murder!"

He shrugged. "You see what it says. It was getting dark; people were watching the car ahead, not a man on the pavement. Besides, 1930 was the winter when a good many businessmen were jumping out of twenty-story buildings."

"And no one ever suspected Daley? Not even Charlotte?"

"Lottie, according to you, had her face buried in her hands at that precise moment."

"That's true. She even gave Daley the car afterwards. A murderer, stalking abroad. What are we going to do?"

"What is there to do?"

"We can't let a murderer go free."

"Can't we? How would you like to go into court with your testimony?"

Edith moaned and turned her face to the sofa. She said through the cushions, "And he's been perfectly safe all these years!"

"Until you came along."

"No wonder he wants to kill me."

"What's that?"

"A car almost ran over me to-night on my way here."

She indicated her knee. "I fell trying to make the kerb in time. I had to jump for my life."

"Are you sure it was that car?"

"I know that it was red." Her hands gripped each other. "I know that I am terrified of him. Of going out on the street again."

"In that case, you'd better spend the rest of the night on that sofa."

Michael's face was more concerned than she had ever seen it, but he was trying to make his tone light.

"Nobody will know; Tom is spending the weekend in the country. Besides, even if he should show up, he would be charmed to catch me entertaining a lady."

Forty-five years of conventional living held her speechless.

"I'll let you stay on one condition—that tomorrow you will go into the hospital. For a week's com-

plete rest, mind you. By the way, what's your first name? I can't go on saying 'Mrs. Miller' under these conditions. All right, Edith, start resting; close your eyes."

There was only one bouquet in her hospital room, because only one person knew where she was. The hotel had been instructed to say that she was out of town.

The nurse had brought in a box of spring flowers on the second morning.

"The card just says 'Mike,'" she announced, cheerfully acknowledging that she had looked to see. "That's what we call Dr. Jonathan Michael around here."

"Do you, indeed?" said Edith. "Could I see the morning papers, please?"

"No newspapers—doctor's orders."

Not that she really cared. For two days she lay almost immobile, sleeping long and heavily and disinclined to think when conscious. Her body and mind were weary; it was enough to know that for this time, within these walls, she was secure.

THE third morning was quite different; she awoke feeling alert and definitely bored with bed. She was putting on her dress when the nurse came in.

"You're not supposed to be up and around, Mrs. Miller," she said disapprovingly. "I don't know what Dr. Michael will say; he's waiting outside."

Edith made a dash for her lipstick.

"Brightens you up a bit, doesn't it?" said the nurse. "Come in, Doctor." She departed wearing a coy smile.

Her own smile, Edith felt, was almost too uninhibited. She couldn't help it.

"Feeling restless, are you?" he said. "I guess you're about recuperated, then. You look more like yourself."

"I think I'm lonesome," she told him. "I want to talk to somebody. I want to know what's going on in the world."

"In that case, there's no use keeping you here any longer. You can be released today, if you like."

At once she was rigid. Leave the safety of these walls? He must be mad! Peace of mind was gone; she clutched the iron railing of the bed.

Michael took her other hand. "I wish you'd sit down; there's something I want to tell you. You haven't seen the newspapers because they've been carrying a story about me."

Well, I thought you'd take it better from me."

She cringed with something like the memory of pain.

"Now take it easy. The real reason for your being here doesn't exist any longer. You see, Edith, Daley is dead."

"Tell me quickly, please!"

"He smashed the town car into a safety island Saturday night—the night you spent at my place. Heart attack—he was dead before the crash occurred. . . . I thought it would be a shock, I'd better call the nurse."

"I'll be all right in a minute. There has been so much violence. So much hatred."

"The hatred is gone now with Daley. The end of the line for the town car and for a lot of other things as well. Lottie paid for the

funeral—gave him a nice one, she says, though she wasn't able to attend. She and the twins are still in the hospital; her husband represented the family. Good guy, Victor."

"Shidlovsky?"

"Oh, sure—she married her Russian. They run a riding school in the country, very successful."

"So there was a way for a cavalry officer to make a living."

"And support four children. Six now, with the twins. It had been a completely happy marriage, as far as I could tell, until a couple of years ago. She came in then to consult me, said she felt at loose ends—the common middle-age complaints. The trouble was the children were growing up and leaving home, and Lottie's a born mother. Fortunately it wasn't too late for her to start another family, though I had my doubts. She's been as merry as a grig ever since she became pregnant. Happy-ending department."

"I suppose she'll never know . . ."

"She must never even suspect. Somehow, out of all that welter of unhappiness, she's managed to build herself a good life. It would be a terrible thing to learn it was based on murder."

They sat side by side on the hospital bed, silent and reflective.

"It's a terrible thing," she said at last, "to feel glad someone is dead."

"Don't have that on your conscience; remember, Daley would have had no such scruples on your account. Well, I must be getting along," he said at last. "I've got other cases—though I haven't come across any as outlandish as yours! If I ever do, I hope I have sense enough to turn it down."

The moment he stopped smiling Edith noted the furrows on his forehead reasserted themselves. They were the permanent scars of other people's troubles.

"I haven't done much for you," Michael went on, "besides substituting one problem for another. This mind-reading business . . ."

Not that you need fear a recurrence; not another chance in a million years of your being in that same receptive condition, let alone meeting another person capable of projecting his own thoughts. Though we might make an experiment. I have a question for you. Do you know what it is?"

His tone was light, and yet he looked worried. He's going to ask me out to dinner tonight, Edith thought wildly, and he'd hate to have me guess it. An almost irresistible impulse of coquetry swept over her. It's too ridiculous in a woman my age, she told herself. Yet it was all she could do not to let her eyelashes flutter. She made sure that when she lifted them her eyes were sheer blue candor.

"If it's about my weight," she said. "I think I've put on a few pounds. All that milk . . ."

"You're not even warm," he told her. "I've got food on my mind, but only for the purpose of buying you dinner. And with absolutely no idea of putting weight on you. There's nothing professional about this."

He looked at her and laughed. "It might have been a little bit uncomfortable, facing a mind-reader across a dinner table."

In spite of herself, her eyelids flickered just once. "I'll do my best," she said primly, "to make you comfortable."

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## WHEN MONSIEUR CAME TO DINE

By JEAN MUIR

AS soon as she heard the barking, the frisking of the dogs through the dead leaves, and the man's exuberant bass, Eloise Duffon moved over to the window. She stood well back behind the curtains, her feet planted truculently apart, hands on provocatively neat hips, and a fine Gallic temper clouding her face.

Outside, fleecy clouds brushed across the late autumn sky and oak leaves gilded the lane along which the boisterous parade of man and dogs was proceeding. There was triumph in their passing, in the waving plumes of the dogs, in the rakish set of the man's dark head and in his roaring voice. Vain-gloriously displayed were three — no, by heaven, four — mallard ducks.

The chagrin on Eloise's face deepened. This flaunting of ducks — no skilled cook could watch it without a sense of frustration. Especially Eloise. While neighboring farmers battered on the contents of their larders and drove into town once a week to stock up on other essentials, Eloise, who lived ten miles from the nearest town and had no car, was dependent for her foodstuffs on Mobbs' shop, which stocked only groceries, cigarettes, and sausages.

Eloise twitched herself. On Eloise the twitch was as French as the honk of a Paris taxi. The young man and his ducks were directly opposite her now. As usual, this infernal neighbor did not turn his head. He swung past her door as if she and her unlovely cottage did not exist. Only it seemed to Eloise that his voice, perhaps, took on an added raucous tone.

"Zut!" she muttered. "Quel type!" "And what, my little one, is there for dinner?" Papa Duffon's voice asked hopefully from behind her. "Sausages," said Eloise.

She expected the usual healthy outburst. Instead there was only silence. Eloise turned in alarm. But there was no congestion in Papa's fat face. He sat in a worn rocking chair, beside the ugly iron grate, scrunched down into his fatness, and on his face was a most depressing patience. It occurred to Eloise that if the time had come when Papa could face a solid week of sausages without protest, then he certainly was done for.

"Ah, my poor child," said Papa. "What I have brought you to!"

Eloise's pert face took on womanly lines. Her mouth softened and smiled a little. She crossed the room, perched for a minute on the arm of Papa's chair, and tweaked those moustaches which once were as well known in Paris as the facade of the Theatre Francaise itself.

"You forget, Papa," she said gaily, "I am half British. The sausage runs in my veins like afternoon tea."

Papa was not deceived. He closed one eye and squinted up at her with the other. And there was the beginning — yes, there was no doubt — the beginning of hopelessness in it.

Eloise looked quickly away. It was sometimes better not to see these things. Poor Papa — London

had given him the cold shoulder. And after all the other rebuffs. It is harder for the old to be brave than the young, Eloise thought somberly. Soon he might come to doubt that he, Pierre Duffon, for thirty years of the Comedie Francaise, was the greatest character actor of the age. That would be the end of Papa.

Eloise tenderly smoothed the lock of hair which spanned Papa's bald head like the Pont Neuf.

Papa cleared his throat. "My child," he began.

Eloise looked down at him sharply. There had crept into his voice a wheedling tone, and when Papa wheedled it was well to be on one's guard.

"The young man, our neighbor — this Roger Lee —" Eloise stiffened. She stopped stroking Papa's head and returned her hands to her hips. "Perhaps we have misjudged him. Have you noticed, little one, how admirably supplied he seems to be with foodstuffs? Obviously a man of industry."

Eloise's lip curled a little. "That animal!"

"You could not find it in you," Papa asked wistfully, "to overcome your prejudice for the sake, say, of a bit of pork? A woman of your charm —"

Eloise's eyes flashed. "Papa," she said sternly, "what are you suggesting? To abuse myself for a piece of pork?"

"Ah, no, not to abuse. I meant, simply a little coquetry."

Eloise jumped to her feet. "Never!" she cried. "Where is the Duffon pride?" She clattered angrily into the kitchen. She would rather coquette with a wild boar. Of course she would.

The unpleasantness with her neighbor had started in the spring, three days after her arrival at the cottage. The occasion was a rabbit hunt Eloise undertook, to add variety to the Duffon diet.

Such a day! Blue and green and gold. A pigeon darted once overhead and gave Eloise pause, thinking of pigeon pie. But oh, so pretty, so sure in the air! Eloise decided that it should live. After all, it was a rabbit she was after — rabbit for a casserole.

She had come, she found, to a barbed-wire fence. Eloise rolled under. For an instant she was tempted to lie in the new grass before she remembered that there was business to attend to and scrambled to her feet. A charming spot. A splash of blossom against the green branches. A stream cutting through the ferns that were still tight-furled, like a little ram's horns. It was then she saw the rabbit. He was scuttling through the ferns. She could see them shaking where his body passed.

For an instant her heart stood still. Then resolutely she raised the gun, closed one eye and carefully, carefully squeezed the trigger. She was pleased to see that she had shot with the deadliest accuracy. The rabbit lay motionless among the ferns.

But before she had time to congratulate herself, there rose a bel-

low from behind her, and a man burst out upon her. He was a tall young man, immense-shouldered and powerful-looking.

Eloise experienced a moment of panic. This was a deserted spot and the man's face distorted with passion. Hastily she interposed the gun barrel between herself and the man.

"Stop!" she ordered. "Stop where you are!"

It was effective. The man stopped dead in his tracks.

Eloise thrust out a trembling underlip.

"One step," she said tensely, "one more step and I fire." And suddenly, seeing him there a her mercy, she felt a delightful sense of triumph. She thrust out her chest and twitched her hips. "Well," she said, "that is better."

"Put that gun down, you little idiot," the man said.

Eloise laughed scornfully. "Ah, no. Not on your life."

"Put that gun down!" he yelled. "What the deuce are you doing on my land, anyway?"

"Ha!" said Eloise. "So that is it! Your land—a fine neighborly spirit indeed. Well, monsieur, I shall leave. Do not fear. But first I must trouble you for my lapin."

"Your which?"

"My rabbit, which I shot. Or," she said haughtily, "perhaps you claim that also."

"Rabbit, hell. You just shot my pig."

The shock and disappointment made Eloise's finger tighten convulsively on the trigger. She was as much startled as the man to hear the frightful explosion—relieved, however, that, following it, the man did not fall heavily to the ground. Eloise was quite prepared to make her apologies.

The man gave her no time for apologies. He came charging towards her. The gun was snatched rudely from her hand; she was lifted bodily and carried away under one of those tremendous arms. Eloise struggled gamely. She made a great outcry and found herself swung through the air and over the fence.

"And now," he said, thrusting the gun back to her, "scram."

Eloise manfully fought back the tears. She gathered herself together and departed, conscious all the way of the man leaning on a post and watching her angry figure disappear among the spring green. Oh, the great beast.

Following this encounter, Eloise was troubled by dreams. Nightly in her sleep she was carried away again under that tremendous arm. Once again she kicked and struggled. But now the emotion had changed. Now there was a keen delight, even an ecstasy in the struggle. Her hair was falling down before her eyes, and caught in those wild locks were bluebells.

Memory of these dreams caused a stiffness in Eloise's manner at their next encounter. It occurred on the road, down which she trudged with such poor supplies as Mobbs' shop provided. A warm day. A dusty day. He drove up in a shin-



## WHEN MONSIEUR CAME TO DINE

Supplement to  
The Australian Women's Weekly

ing red lorry, leant out, and grinned warmly down at her.

"Want a lift?" he asked. Eloise walked a little faster. There was the very expression in his eyes that she remembered in her dream, the same glint, and for a panicky moment Eloise feared that in some subconscious way he, too, was aware of the dreams. So she tossed her dark hair, in which there were no bluebells, and said fiercely, "I would rather die."

The man looked startled. She had proceeded some ten feet when the lorry passed her without pause, sweeping dustily into the distance. That was their final exchange.

Yet Eloise was continually aware of his existence. Every weekend from a distance she would hear the bass voice growing louder as it approached. And Eloise would move furtively to her window. This had gone on all the summer. Sometimes he would be passing with a string of fish, while Eloise looked on covetously. Only a week ago there had been two pigeons. And such a baroarian, she told herself waspishly, he might as well eat turnips.

Also, there were smaller, daily manifestations of abundance. It was his custom every evening to parade his cows past her door from the south pasture—three Jerseys, their hides glistening, their udders full. The sight suggested milk pans, the cream rising rich and yellow. Sometimes his lorry passed by loaded with the wealth of field and orchard. Yesterday there had been huge marrows, the very symbol of plenty. And now these mallards.

Viciously Eloise slapped sausages into her frying-pan. By turning her head she could see through the kitchen window her neighbors' chimney over the trees. Already smoke was pouring out, and it brought to her mind a picture of the man sprawled before a roaring fire, taking his ease after the shoot, his dogs lolling indolently at his feet. She was so intent with this picture that at first she failed to notice Papa's excited voice.

He was standing in the doorway, his fat shoulders back and his stomach well to the fore. For the first time for weeks one hand contentedly stroked his moustache. "Eloise, my dear," he said in that magnificently controlled voice whose softest whisper could carry to the back row of the gallery, "Eloise, the good news has arrived." With a flourish he handed her a telegram:

SORRY I MISSED YOU IN LONDON COMING FOR A FEW HOURS ON MY WAY NORTH ARRIVING SIX PM WEDNESDAY. MAX FROME.

Eloise shoved the pan of sausages off the flame and threw herself into Papa's arms.

"I understand that this is a man of great discrimination," Papa said, with a touch of the old swagger. "No doubt he remembers my Argente."

"Of course he does," Eloise caroled. "And you will knock them flat, you old glamor-puss."

"My dear," said Papa, "don't you think this calls for the brandy?"

Eloise gave him a push. "What are you saying? Heavens! The brandy! It has to be saved for this Max Frome."

For a minute their glances met. Then they looked round the cottage as if they were seeing it for the first time. The rusty old grate in the sitting-room. The faded engravings on the walls.

"This man must be impressed,"

said Papa. "He must not think that here is a broken-down old actor."

"The man must be fed," said Eloise.

"We will remove the pictures," said Papa. "We will bring in some evergreens. He will find me living the charming rustic life, a veritable Rousseau."

"You will wear your velvet jacket," said Eloise. "You will enchant him. You will tell him the story of the tattooed prime minister. We will give him such a dinner—"

"We still have the brandy—an excellent brandy," said Papa uncertainly.

Eloise took him by the arm. "This is a crisis," she said. "In a crisis, even pride must be forgotten."

"What are you saying, my little one?"

"Our barbarous neighbor," said Eloise. "His mallards. Max Frome must feast off this neighbor's ducks." Her chest seemed to expand a little. "I will take him some of the bread I am making," she said. "My bread is good, Papa?"

Papa kissed his fingertips with an expression of rapture.

"He will respond with the gift of mallards," said Eloise.

THE bread was very good. The long loaves came from the oven delicately brown, of a texture and flavor that Eloise was convinced could be matched only by Michel Baillet of Rue d'Assas, and Michel had been dead these ten years.

Eloise presented herself before Papa at five that afternoon. The loaves, wrapped in a white linen cloth, lay in a big wicker basket. "No neighbor can be so churlish as to return an empty basket," she explained. "And you will notice that this basket is of a perfect size to contain two mallard ducks."

Papa examined his daughter critically—the sleek, dark hair that fitted admirably close to her small head, the obvious perfections that her simple wool dress failed to conceal. "Remember, daughter," he warned, "a little touch of seductiveness, the glance knowing—"

He heaved himself up from his chair and swayed across the sitting-room in imitation of Odette Latour, when she bowed over the Paris blades in 1930. "You see?"

Eloise watched him disparagingly. "Don't try to teach your grandmother to suck eggs," she said tartly and set off down the lane.

From Roger Lee's gate, the lane cut through his orchard. Straight ahead, looming red above the orchard, was the great barn. Then there was a turn and she was in sight of the house. Eloise stopped dead still. Ah, here was a house. The upper story was shuttered, as was proper to a man living alone, and yet there was no look of disuse. It seemed more as if it rested temporarily, and at a word, a throwing open of the shutters, would be ready again for life. Then beyond—ah, the fields stretching away there.

Something turned in Eloise's tidy French soul. She stood still, clutching her basket of bread, and her lips trembled a little. You could hear the life here, subdued, deep, but pervading it all. Everything, she thought irrationally, in tune. The dogs met her then, but even in their barking there was no insolence. It was rather a deep-voiced announcing of another human, moving through the autumn world.

Eloise followed them round the

corner of the house. Roger Lee was cleaning his gun by the back door.

"Well, I'll be darned," he said when he caught sight of her.

Eloise paused diffidently, hugging the basket. "I think," she said, "that it is nice for neighbors to be friends."

"Oh, surely," he agreed heartily, getting up, hospitable but wary.

Eloise could understand the wariness. She, too, was like that, testing a situation by the feeling in the air. She moved over towards him and found that, after all, she was following very closely the suggestions laid down by Papa. The fleeting glance, the exaggerated little swing to the hips.

The little swing of the hips appeared to reassure him. She saw him relax and look pleased, as if here, now, was a thing he could understand. Eloise admired him for this. It showed a proper reaction to life. He smiled at her rather broadly.

Eloise tipped her head on one side, while her eyebrows raised themselves a little. "I was making bread and so I have brought you some."

"Gosh," he said. "I didn't know anyone made bread these days." But he didn't look at the loaves.

He took the basket absent-mindedly, stepped inside the house, and put it on to a table, his eyes still on her as she seated herself. Eloise permitted the inspection without fluster, happy in the realization that the more one saw the more one admired.

"What a pretty house," she remarked politely.

"My great-great-grandfather built it," he said.

"Oh," she cried in delight, "so long with you! That is what I felt when I saw the farm. I said to myself, 'This land is like an old violin that has always been played on by great musicians.'"

Roger looked startled. "Well," he said, "the whole north end's gone to pot. It'll take two years and fifty tons of manure to bring it back." But he settled on his chair with a flattered expression. That wide grin, which held a rather exciting mockery, was gone, too. And in its place, as he watched her, was something of wistfulness. A good note to leave with, Eloise realised, getting to her feet.

She remembered the ducks then. She could see them hanging inside the door. For an instant she considered some comment, some words of flattery, to connect them with her in his mind, but after another glance at his face decided against it. A man such as this, so direct on the surface, would surely be of an almost devilish subtlety. And enough is enough.

He walked with her to the gate and after he had left her she glanced once over her shoulder. Roger Lee had picked up a pebble and was skimming it along ahead of him. Feeling she thought complacently, an excess of high spirits. A good sign.

Papa was peering anxiously out of the window as she approached her cottage. "Well," he said, throwing open the door for her, "and how do things proceed?" Eloise favored him with a dreamlike smile. "It goes well, eh?" he said eagerly. "The ducks will be here?"

"What?" said Eloise.

"The ducks," Papa shouted. "Have you been successful?"

"Oh," said Eloise, "the ducks."



She glanced at Papa out of the corner of her eyes. "In the bag," she said.

Eloise hummed her way through the following day, through the washing and starching of curtains, and the marshalling of candlesticks, a full dozen of them, so that there should be brightness, but of a poetic quality. Papa, too, threw himself into the preparations. He tramped in with laurel boughs and reported that there was still plenty of water-cress down Hog Pond.

"As usual," Eloise told him, "you will do your hocus-pocus with the salad at the table. It is effective, if not quite so good as the kitchen-made. But, by heaven, with water-cress, hold the garlic. Do not allow yourself to be carried away by the pantomime."

She stopped abruptly. The clock said it was past five and still no Roger Lee. Eloise experienced a moment of panic and shrugged it off with a delicious lifting of the shoulders. This evening, then, for sure.

All that evening Eloise and Papa sat beside the fire in silence. Now and then Papa stole a glance at his daughter's face, in which the uncertainty was beginning to show. By nine o'clock his own face reflected disillusionment. He sat with his hands on his paunch, fingertips together.

"You are sure," he said at last, and Eloise caught a chiding tone in his voice, "you are sure this young man was in the proper mood when you left him yesterday? You could not be mistaken in how deeply he was — er — impressed?"

"Papa," she said earnestly, "now I do not know. He talked of manure for his fields, but his eyes were on fire."

All the next day, while the soup simmered its way to perfection among its herbs, she could feel her disappointment rising inside her like yeast. Just at sunset she saw him with his dogs starting up the lane towards the cottage and whipped into the sitting-room, her hands, that surprisingly were a little snaky, feverishly patting her hair. But now he was in clear view. He carried no basket. No mallard ducks. He passed on his way to the south pasture with only one quick sideways glance at her door.

Eloise turned furiously on Papa. "He has probably fed his ducks to the dogs!" she shouted. "He is a turnip, a barbarian!"

"And tomorrow Max Frome arrives," Papa said unhappily.

Eloise thrust out a trenchant jaw. "He shall have his ducks, never fear." She took an angry turn about the room and pulled up in front of Papa. "Go and post yourself in the road," she commanded. "If this accursed neighbor tries to pass with his cows, you will have to stop him at all cost. Him and his dogs."

"Eloise!" Papa cried. "What are you undertaking?"

But Eloise was already out of the back door.

Roger Lee had not yet returned when she burst again into the house. Through the window she saw Papa standing stalwart in the middle of the lane. Ordinarily she might have spared an affectionate smile for him.

He was every inch Marshal Joffre at the Marne. Eloise rapped sharply on the glass and motioned him in.

"Here are your mallards," she said defiantly.

Papa looked at the two birds guiltily. Tentatively he prodded their fat breasts. "The young man will be compensated later," he said. "Bah!" said Eloise.

The rush of preparations carried her through the next day. Ordinarily Eloise would have been intoxicated with the excitement and pleasure. Today she charged into the work, joyless but intense. Even the sight of the tarts, made from wild raspberries she had bottled that summer, brought no lift to her heart.

It was the same with the sleek reflection of herself when at last she slid her dress over her head. Though frequently remodelled, it still fitted Eloise with elegance and a great bravado. She tucked a clump of berries of the mountain ash behind each ear, made her mouth the exact shade to match, and swept into the sitting-room. Papa, in his velvet jacket, was there before her. Everything appeared to be in readiness.

"He arrives," said Papa.

For an instant their glances met in a final reassurance. Then Papa settled back his shoulders, adjusted his face to an expression of bonhomie, and threw open the door. Eloise stayed behind. Over his shoulders she saw the car drawn up at the gate and a man climbing out. A man very much of Papa's own

**A**ll characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

age and build. A reassuring thing that Papa was rolling down the path with outstretched arms to greet him.

Eloise stayed in the sitting-room only long enough to welcome the guest and seen the glow of admiration that comes so warmly and beautifully to the eyes of fat old men. But this was Papa's scene. Max Frome must not be distracted. Graciously she retired to the kitchen.

Then, an apron over her dress, the ducks at last whipped into the oven, pieces of cauliflower plunged into the saucepan. Once Eloise stopped and out her ear to the door. All was progressing well. Papa was telling the story of the tattooed prime minister.

At last the moment arrived. Eloise lifted the soup tureen and pushed open the door. From under the lid crept the rich smell.

"A good appetite," Eloise cried heartily, and marched to the table.

From the first spoonful it was apparent that M. Frome was indeed a man of discrimination. He had no words of praise, just the long "A-a-a-ah," his eyes turned towards her with deep respect and the wordless bow. But it was not until the ducks were on the table and the guest was eating his way into expansive contentment that Eloise relaxed. By that time she had caught the message in Papa's eyes. Something had been said then at the change of course. The years had fallen away from Papa. The nostrils were a little dilated, the head up. Eloise looked at him fondly. She listened politely to the so urban conversation that was unctuated now and then with a fat chuckle. Ah, they were a pair, the two of them. Cut from the same mould

"And how will you like to live in London, m'selle?" Max Frome inquired.

"Oo-oon, London!" said Eloise, making the accent appropriately thick and French. "Such things I hear about London!" She went off into a delighted gurgle of laughter. Heavens, she thought, Papa is not the only actor in the family.

In the midst of this laughter Eloise heard the rap at the door and got up, still laughing, to answer it. Roger Lee was there. He was filling the doorway, looking at her almost diffidently, before he noticed all the candles, blinked at them, caught sight of the table and the guest, and said hurriedly, "Sorry, I didn't mean to butt in. I just dropped round with some ducks."

He was holding her basket out to her and in it were the two — the remaining ducks. Now he was looking down at the top of her head and her head was bent. There was no good pretending. This was the great, the final shame.

Papa's voice boomed out, "Come in my dear boy, come in. You are at the very moment to take dessert with us."

Eloise stepped dumbly aside and Max Frome cried out to Papa, "Ah, ha! So this is how you get your mallards, you old rascal, I couldn't quite see you shooting."

Eloise shot a terrified glance at her neighbor's face. His eyebrows went up, he was grinning out of one corner of his mouth, and his eyes were fastened on the two carcasses still on the table.

Eloise turned and fled. She fled with the dish and the terrible carcasses into the kitchen. The going back was the worst. The men were still talking about ducks when she brought in the raspberry tarts.

She sat down in front of her and her head was still bent. A curious tone in Roger's voice brought it up in alarm.

"There's been a little animal about," said Roger Lee, "stealing ducks."

"So?" said Papa blandly. "And what do you think it is? A fox?"

"No," said Roger Lee. "Not a fox." He turned round so that now she could not help looking at his face. "I think this little animal is a sort of — well, a sort of lapin."

Now he was smiling again, but this time with his whole mouth, and oh, so warm, so comforting, like a tender pat on the head. Eloise's heart shot up like a pink balloon. How you can see a person in a moment like that! More than years of lying. Suddenly Eloise laughed.

"Oh, no. Not a lapin," she said. It was the relief that made her laughter sound so gay. "You will see. It will turn out to be just a little pig." How they understood each other, she thought. It was a miracle.

"I'm afraid," said Max Frome, "that you are going to lose your good neighbors. I'm taking them away to London."

She saw Roger's face stiffen and the dismayed look in his eyes.

Eloise shrugged her shoulders luxuriously. "Papa, yes," she said. "But for me, no. I think I will stay in my cottage."

She could hear his deep breath of relief like a gust. It even shook the candle flame. What a chest! she thought proudly.

"I believe I am — how do you say it? Campagnarde? I believe," she began again, "I am a farmer in my heart."

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FIRST FOLD ALONG THIS LINE



# Florence Desmond gave up stage for Dunsborough

formal, gracious setting with old masters, including a famous Canaletto, on walls covered with French fabric.

There is a magnificent marble mantelpiece, and by the log fire a Victorian-type buttoned-up Chesterfield covered in sage-green velvet—English interior decorators' latest favorite.

## Light shades

Mrs. Hughesdon likes to convert statuettes and figurines into lamps. She collects Staffordshire pottery and takes the pieces to a local electrician, who gives them a base and puts a metal rod at the back to take the flex.

She gives all the lamps similar shades, either a plain white drum or a tulip shape.

One of "Dessie's" most recent experiments at Dunsborough is in the dining-room, a long, low room from which a visitor can see the farm cattle in the fields.

"I decided to have the walls hung with silk," she said, "so I persuaded a manufacturer to dye about sixty yards of olive-green shantung."

"My favorite curtain-maker and upholsterer made a thin frame to take a calico underlining, on to which the silk was stretched and tacked."

"The edges were furnished with a narrow strip of green braid, and, finally, I had plain white brocade curtains made for the windows."

All the furniture in the dining-room is Regency mahogany. Over a magnificent marble-topped cabinet hangs a picture that is very different from the grave and dignified Reynolds over the mantelpiece.

It is a composite, modern painting "Dessie" gave to her husband last year on their 20th wedding anniversary.

showing all the things that have meant most to Charles Hughesdon.

It includes the famous Lutine bell of Lloyd's, his personal aircraft, sporting papers, racing colors, his Alsatian dog Rex, Dunsborough, and the ticket of his wife's farewell performance at the Palladium with a portrait signed, "With all my love, Dessie."

With all its elegance and perfection, Dunsborough is a friendly home, planned for the Hughesdons and their son Michael to enjoy.

For their friends, there are six guest bedrooms, each with a bathroom.

Mr. and Mrs. Hughesdon's suite has a bedroom with a four-poster, a soft green carpet, chintz curtains, and a television set, a dressing-room, and a green bathroom.

## Modern kitchen

Michael's room has a crimson carpet and Victorian red wallpaper with pictures of bird life on the walls. Although he will be an insurance broker like his father, Michael is interested in nature study.

The staff quarters at Dunsborough are thoughtfully planned. The rambling old kitchen has been modernised, and has blue-and-white linoleum on stone-flagged floors.

The Hughesdons' butler was once on the staff of Prince Rainier of Monaco.

Florence Desmond, now 53, has her own recipe for keeping her youthful face and figure, which is 36, 25, 36, and only 7lb. heavier than when she was a Cochran Young Lady.

She said, "Never be bored, enjoy every minute of the day, laugh a lot, and plenty of sunbathing."

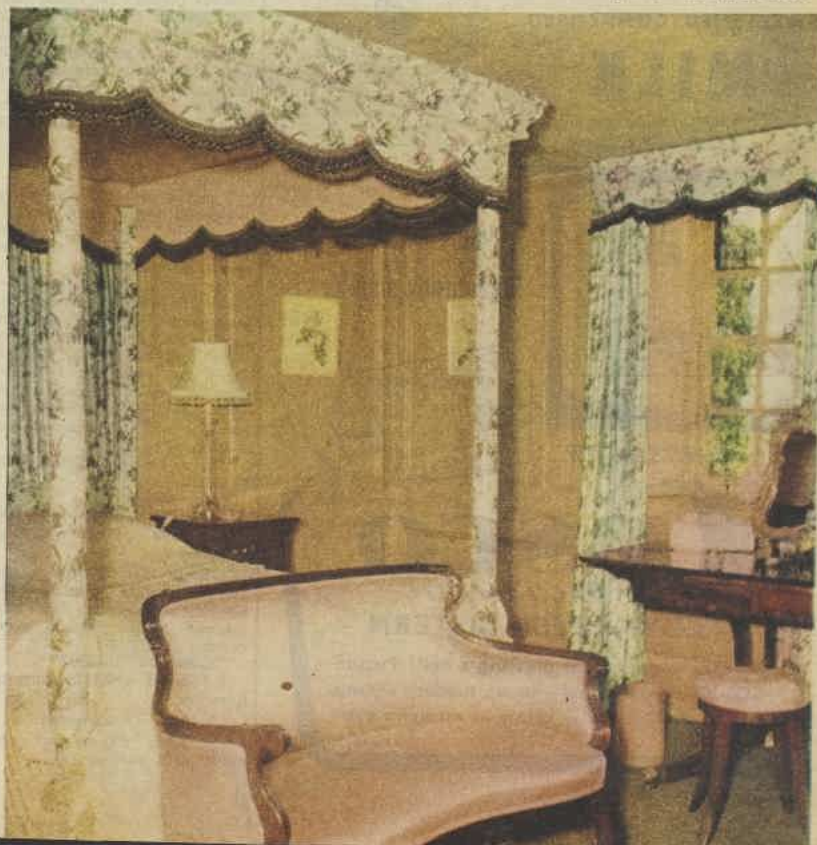


MASTER BEDROOM, where the same floral-printed chintz is used for draperies on the elaborate four-poster bed, dressing-table flounce, and curtains. Bedspread and pillow-slips are of rich lace. Mrs. Hughesdon does not follow the "hide-all" trend for modern dressing-tables. Her face-creams, lotions, and perfumes are arranged on the glass top.



ABOVE: Harp-mirror is a novelty in Mrs. Hughesdon's dressing-room. She found the harp in an antique shop, had the strings removed and the mirror cut to fit.

RIGHT: "Best" guest-bedroom in which film star Joan Crawford slept during a visit to Dunsborough. The bed, sofa, and dressing-table stool are covered in satin.







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CV 15

## Continuing . . . The Dark Enchantment

change seats with a child who felt sick if she sat with her back to the engine, and whose mother asked her repeatedly: "And 'oo are you going to see when you get there, Eileen?"

Eileen recited: "Uncle Joe and Auntie Nelly, Mary and Eddy, and Flo."

She sang the names for the next half-hour on her journey from window to window, treading heavily over my feet. I slept in jolting snatches with the names ringing round in my head.

Then she pressed her nose against the window, spreading a moist film either side of it, and gave a running commentary on the passing countryside.

"Field . . . field . . . 'orssy . . . 'ouse . . . field . . . field . . . 'aystack . . . 'ouse."

To this singsong I fell into rebellious sleep. I woke to a shrill shriek as the train drew into Snowhill. "There they are, Eileen, Uncle Ted's by the gate!"

I did not envy Uncle Ted, nor Auntie Nelly, Mary, nor Eddie nor Flo.

I was not at my best when I arrived. I don't think I even bothered to smile at him.

I find it fascinating when I look back to think how little attention I paid to him. We gave each other a brief handshake. We met each other's eyes no longer than politeness required. He was anxious to put up the hood of his car, and I was worried about my dressing-case, a twenty-first present from my father, and therefore dear to me. I scarcely noticed him except to take in the two swift facts that he was dark and that he was tall. He was also impatient.

"Look here, follow me out—will you? You'll find the car on high level; she's an antique Ford, you can't mistake."

When I recovered father's dressing-case, and a porter led me to a shabby Ford, Major Stewart was putting up the hood.

"Sorry," he said, when he saw me. "This is one of the farm cars. I had to take some stuff in today. I hope you won't get drenched."

**R**AIN dripped steadily through the hood, making a patch on my knee. He leant over the back and dragged up a raincoat. There were mud-stains across it, and he put it on my knee.

"Here, help to catch the drips." When we drove off he asked: "Tired?"

"A little," I answered.

"Go to sleep."

I closed my eyes obediently. I opened them when he told me firmly, "You're not going to get any dinner until we reach Bridgenorth."

He might have spoken to a child. His tone was abrupt and authoritative. But it was not unpleasant. I glanced at him then, and he glanced at me. I am not sure, but I believe that we smiled at each other. These details have become so precious now it worries me not to remember them.

"Ever been to Bridgenorth before?"

"No. Never."

"It's on two levels. We shall have dinner in high town."

I more than a little missed Fay. I could picture "The Cave" that evening. Fay's possessions would clutter every corner.

"Homesick already?"

I jumped when he put the question.

"A little," I answered.

He said, "Cheer up," and swore at a passing car.

from page 18

I turned my head towards him then, and asked him, "What sort of interests has your wife? Do you think she and I will get on?"

He answered me briefly. "Yes." And something in the way he said it discouraged further questions.

I noticed that he accelerated. I felt the need to talk, an unnatural desire to be bright. I lit a cigarette, "I must send a wire as soon as possible—my room-mate won't be happy until she hears I'm safe. She's made up her mind that you're going to sell me." I blew out smoke and turned to him, prattling ridiculously on.

"We convinced ourselves that you were a white slaver, and to Fay Shropshire's a foreign country." There was no answer from my companion. "She's suspicious of everywhere north of Highbury. She's deeply metropolitan."

I pushed my cigarette out of the window-flap and a wet wind kissed my face. I wondered if I could have offended him, because the next time he addressed me it was to say, "Bridgenorth."

The hill was so steep that it pressed me back into my seat. Lights glistened through the rain and I looked back on a huddle of roofs and a river.

He said, "Look here, if you're not in a hurry for dinner, I think I should like to get home."

"I'm not in a hurry at all."

"Right. Then we'll just have a drink and get on."

We walked into a warm hotel. I felt even less at ease with him, and I regretted prattling about Fay. I have a horror of being considered too friendly too soon. And I dislike being thought a chatter-box. Fay would have laughed to see me shy.

We sat in a quiet lounge. He offered me his cigarette-case and ordered me a glass of dry sherry. It is hard to remember that evening. It was the first time I saw him properly, and probably the last time I looked at him without prejudice. It is not easy to reawaken a first impression. If I close my eyes and frog march my memory back to the comforting good taste of that pleasant lounge I can just recapture an early picture of him. But it is an effort.

His face was broad at the temples but narrowed towards the chin. His nose was long and his mouth was big. I suppose—yes, I suppose I should have called it a sensual mouth. His eyebrows went up towards the bridge of his nose and made a slight triangle with the line of his eyes. They were reddish-brown, and he had a habit of widening and narrowing them as he spoke. He was taller than I had realised, and I suppose he was heavily built.

I do not remember thinking of him as being attractive or unattractive. I only remember feeling uncomfortable. I was not wondering about him as a man, I was wondering about him as an employer.

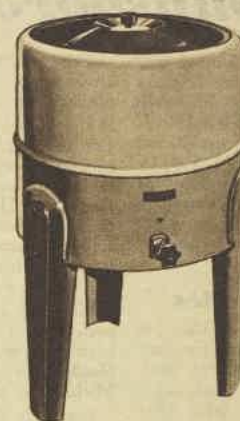
I flicked the ash off my cigarette and smiled at him. "I hope you weren't offended that we should have imagined you as a white slaver." I cannot think what made me introduce that ridiculous subject again. All our facetious jokes about him had never seemed more absurd.

He put his head to one side and asked: "White slaver—?" bit a corner of his lip, and frowned. It was rather a humorous frown.

I flicked off my ash again.

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Look what's happened to the old-fashioned "copper"!



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 30, 1958



## Continuing... The Dark Enchantment

from page 34

"Yes, my room-mate is worried about me. She thinks I'm going to sell me, but she's suspicious of anyone with of—" I stopped myself abruptly. "Surely I was not going to repeat all that nonsense. I picked up my glass. 'This is a very good sherry.'"

"Why should I want to sell me?"

"We just thought your advertisement too good to be true. We joked about it being a white slave trap." I faltered before that unusual triangular frown. I found it disconcerting that his eyebrows should end to go up at the bridge of his nose. "You made the word sound so delightful that we couldn't understand why you had to advertise so often."

I had definitely angered him this time. He said with a redden of the shortness I had met on the road: "If you've finished your sherry, we'll get on."

I stood up so quickly that I overturned my glass. I had never done such a thing before.

When we left the town, a huddle of black shapes behind us, the rain had stopped and the moon was up. It shed a quizzical chill over the countryside. It threw odd shadows from trees and hedges across the fields, and it made deep parts of the ditches either side of us. The road wound ahead like an eel, and dark patches of woodland showed up like ink-stains against the sides of the ever hills.

He turned to me once and said, "Cold?"

"No, thank you."

"Put that rug round your knees again."

I bent down to pick up the damp raincoat. He smiled and told me, "Soon be there."

Again it was the comforting tone of an adult to a child, and I was made bolder by it.

I said, "Does Mrs. Stewart drive at all?" I thought he hadn't heard me, so I said: "If we can't, perhaps I could teach her. I drive rather well—for a woman!"

I waited to see if he would smile at that, but he said: "Then there's no need for her to drive, is there?" and he said very curtly.

I tried to distract myself by making a mental commentary on the countryside as I Eileen.

... field ... orsy ... pub ... field ... ouse."

It must have been several miles farther on before I ventured to make another remark to Major Stewart. "What a peculiar name Shap Hundred—where does it come from?"

"Anglo-Saxon. Sheep."

"How very interesting. Have you any children, Major Stewart?"

"No."

"I'm rather relieved," I told him. And I gave him a description of Eileen in the train. I thought that I made it amusing, but perhaps I was spoilt.

I took little enough to make any laugh. He ignored me. I sat back slightly annoyed. I kept stiffly silent after that, but curiosity about my future home roved too much for me. "Is Hicks Stanton a big village?"

"No. Tiny."

"Your home isn't actually in it?"

"No—it's on the hill."

The rain fell again. By the time we reached Hicks Stanton it was bouncing up on the road before us. We drove through a row of small cottages so old that they seemed to be leaning forward to peer into one another's windows. We climbed a slow hill and turned into a drive. I could see the black bulk of the house, and I heard geese give out a sharp warning of our approach. The front door was open, throwing light across a broad expanse of gravel.

He said, "You'd better make a dash for it."

I put his raincoat above my head and splashed across the drive. I darted like a moth attracted by the yellow square of light, and ran into a white-washed hall. A door to the left of me opened at once.

"Good gracious, what a night!" A middle-aged woman came forward to greet me, and peeled off the coat from my head. She was smoking, and she wore a shapeless cardigan over a tweed skirt. "Come into the fire and get warm." If this was Mrs. Stewart, she was older than he.

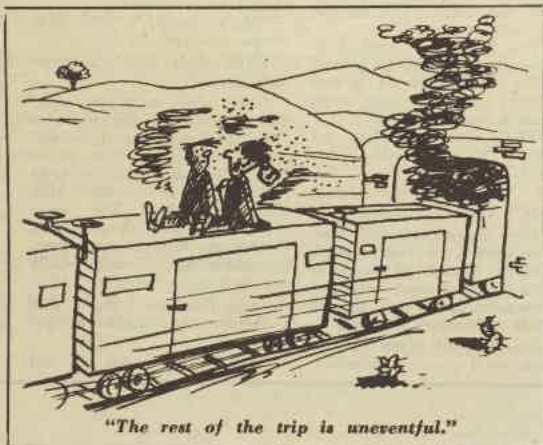
The room into which I followed her was so low that some of the bigger oil paintings were only a few inches off the floor. The floor itself was flagged, and there were several colorful rugs across it. I walked gratefully to a healthy wood fire.

"Are your feet wet?" I was asked.

"No, I don't think so."

There were still traces of Christmas decorations, holly over picture frames, and the old-fashioned green wreaths nailed to the wall.

A decanter of sherry stood on the table with a plate of sandwiches next to it. He came in himself then, shaking the wet off his hands. Three ageing dogs got up to greet him.



The boxer seemed to be the favorite. "This is my old friend, Henry; this is Brutus—this is Nellie. Oh! and this is my aunt, Mrs. Anson."

I sat in a chair, and she pulled off my shoes, and felt each foot. She had a strong grip, and I found it comforting.

"Are you wet, Lead?" she asked him.

"Not very." I remembered that his name was Charles and wondered why she called him "Lead." He passed me a plate of sandwiches and poured out some sherry. "Miss Godden said she wasn't hungry, so I thought we'd better get back."

"You'd think I was likely to decamp with the silver the way Lead rushes back the minute I have the house to myself for a bit," the aunt laughed.

He asked her, "Where's Liane? Gone to bed?"

"No, I don't think so. Not yet." She turned to me. "A friend of yours telephoned from London twice. She seemed a little anxious about you."

I avoided Major Stewart's eyes. "You'd better telephone back," Mrs. Anson told me, "she really seemed quite alarmed."

I was given no time to answer because Lead Stewart cut across me. "Where the devil is Liane?"

"She's somewhere about."

"Where?"

"Upstairs, I think."

He gave her a look which I should not have cared to receive from him. He got up and

went out of the room, and we both heard him run up the stairs.

I sat staring round the room. The heavy settee and the three armchairs were covered in big patterned chintz. It was faded and worn in parts.

Mrs. Anson passed me another sandwich.

"Cook's gone into Ludlow to see some ailing relative—this particular relative never gets any better and I often wonder if it's because cook goes to see her so often. Two minutes of cook can invalid me."

She seemed to be making deliberate conversation, and I noticed that she raised her voice as if to drown the loud calling of Lead Stewart upstairs.

"Liane!" he shouted. And then, quite sternly, "Liane, answer me at once!"

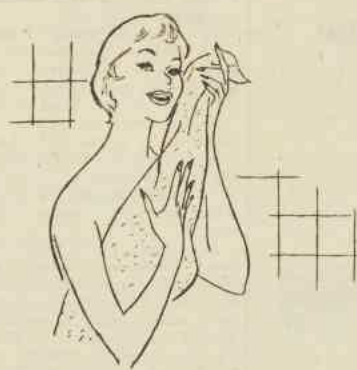
When he came back his tone was sharp towards his aunt. "Are you certain she didn't go out?"

"Quite."

I heard the footsteps first. They came slowly down the stairs, as if someone were listening at every descent, and I felt oddly apprehensive. He darted towards the door and called into the hall, "Liane, come here, I have someone to meet you."

He held out a hand, and I saw long white fingers slide into it. There was a diamond eternity ring upon one of them.

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Page 35



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## Continuing . . . The Dark Enchantment

from page 35

The girl got up obediently, and Lead caught hold of her hand. "The shops were all closed, but I'll get them the next time I go into Ludlow. I hope you and Miss Godden are going to get on."

"I'm sure we shall," I said. "I don't see how you can be sure till we've tried," she smiled. "Do you like walking?"

"Yes, I'm very fond of it." "Good, because there's not much to do except that—Lead won't let me drive. He's afraid I'll smash the car."

"Miss Godden can drive," he told her and sounded curt again.

"Oh, well, that's fine." She bent down and kissed the frown that appeared between his eyes. "It's a bit of a sore point with us, isn't it, sweetie?" To me she explained, "I think I'm a wonderful driver and Lead thinks I'm the end."

"If there were many more like you, the whole population would die out."

She laughed, showing prettily pointed teeth. "Well, Annie's always jumping the lights."

"It was most shaming, Miss Godden," the aunt told me, "I'm the only Anson to have been had up in court. But I'm sure that Stretfield policeman looks out for me."

"If he doesn't, he should," Lead Stewart said.

Liane caught sight of my shoes on the hearth. "Did you get your feet wet?"

Mrs. Anson replied for me, "Apparently not, though how she could fail I don't know. I do hope you won't take a chill."

"I don't think you get them like that," said Liane. "I used to get drenched in Ireland and stay in wet clothes for days, but I never even sneezed."

I saw Lead Stewart exchange a quick glance with the aunt. "Do you come from Ireland?" I asked Liane.

Before she could answer he cut across me, "Darling, if you want a bath, you'd better have it. I expect Miss Godden would like an early night, and you

don't want to hold her up." I recognised the quick note of authority he had used when addressing me.

"I'm afraid the plumbing is not very American," Mrs. Anson explained. "I do envy their bathrooms in magazines."

"Our geyser takes years to run in," said Liane. "Well, I hope you like it here. I don't always." No one seemed to think it an odd remark.

She let her long fingers lie on Lead Stewart's shoulder. It was a habit I noticed quite often after that. She seemed to like to touch him, and frequently slid a hand into his. She held something special for him in her smile. It differed somehow from the one she gave her aunt and me. He answered it with his own, as if they shared some kind of joke together that neither had spoken aloud.

**S**HE had almost a sensuous ease of manner. She was so relaxed I felt that this girl could not know the meaning of everyday stresses and strains. She seemed luxuriously free of all tensions, and in her presence I had the queer sensation of gently thawing out. She told me, "When you get married, Miss Godden, be sure to pick someone like Lead." Before I could make any comment, she asked, "Oh, by the way, can you sew?"

"Yes, I'm rather fond of it. I do quite a bit of petit point."

"I'm longing to do a real tapestry, you know, one to go up on a wall."

"That would be fun," I agreed, "we could do it together."

"I think they're gloomy things," Lead complained. "They depress me, too," Mrs. Anson agreed. "I always think of Mary Queen of Scots in prison stitching away with her ladies-in-waiting, and they're terrible dust-traps as well."

Liane laughed, "Don't worry, Annie, we'll clean it ourselves."

Anyway, I don't suppose we'll ever finish it." She curved her hand round her husband's cheek, and he took it away and kissed the inside of it. "Good night, everyone," she said, and then to me, over her shoulder, "beware of the blue bath salts on the shelf; they make your skin prickle."

"Why don't you throw them away?" Lead asked.

"They look so nice in the bottle," she said. "Good night, everyone."

We watched her walk out of the room with her soft and boneless grace.

Lead raised the quick triangle of his eyes and his eyebrows at me. "I don't suppose you'll mind turning in?"

When I said, "No," he lowered his eyes immediately. I sensed that he was not anxious to look at me or to talk to me. He excused himself at once.

"Well, I've had a long day. I've been up since six. You'll settle Miss Godden in?"

Mrs. Anson nodded at him. Then he said "good-night" and left the room.

I waited a while and noticed that Mrs. Anson was not anxious to look at me, either. She said casually, her face to the fire, "I do hope you're going to be comfortable. I've put you at the back so that you won't be disturbed by the milking noises."

I licked my lips. "Mrs. Stewart is — is much younger than I had expected."

"She's twenty," said Mrs. Anson brusquely.

"And she's quite unbelievably lovely."

"Yes, she's a pretty girl." She pronounced the word as "gel," and still refused my eye. There was a wariness about Mrs. Anson as if she had been forbidden to discuss Mrs. Stewart further. She went across to a magnificent Welsh dresser and brought me a pewter candlestick. "I hope you'll get used to no lights."

"Yes, I'm sure I shall. But I thought the village had got electricity."

"Yes, it has. But it's just

stopped short of us. They keep on promising, of course, and Lead gets after them now and again."

I followed her into the hall and up a broad, shallow staircase. An oil lamp burned on the landing and threw a warm, yellow circle over the boots and spurs of a soldier in the portrait above it. There was another evergreen wreath on the newel post.

"Here we are," said Mrs. Anson, and pushed open a heavy door.

The room was lit up by a pressure lamp on a round mahogany table, and my luggage had been placed at the foot of my bed.

I stood looking round the room. It was vast and its corners were shadowed. It smelt cold, and it smelt of verberna. The wind hit the rain against a window behind long velvet curtains.

"Well, if there's nothing else you want, my dear, I think I'll say good night. Oh—the bathroom! Third on the left. You'll hear it glugging when Liane comes out. And the other thing—fourth on the left."

I said, "Thank you so much—good night."

I carried my candle round the room. It had a lifelessness which was hard to define at first, and it was depressing. There was a stillness about it that had not the same quiet and dreamy quality I had noticed in the rest of the house. It faced north and was gaunt in its angles. Its measurements were generous but austere.

There was nothing eerie or uncanny about it, but the combination of solid mahogany furniture and the dull olive-green of the carpet and curtains gave it a stiff Victorian formality. The wardrobe made a giant black stain against one of the high walls, and an absurdly small grate in a large fireplace looked grim and uninviting.

I looked through the streaming window, but all I could see was a jiggling moon and a forest of sharp-pointed trees that cut jagged corners out of a white night. I unpacked only the

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 30, 1938



# Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

I AM a 15-year-old boy and I love a 13-year-old girl whom I take to the pictures every Saturday and Wednesday nights. I took her to the Show twice last year, but she still goes out with other boys and won't go steady with me. I love her and have kissed her often to try to make her love me. She is very pretty and I wish she would love me more. Could you help me, please?"

"Desperate," Qld.

I am going to make you more desperate than ever by saying that you must not take her out again before you are both over 16, which means that you will be 18. The reason I say this is that there is a law that specifies very serious and drastic penalties for boys and men who enter any romantic association with a girl under 16.

I'd sit back and just think about girls for a bit till you're older. You'll realise then that kissing girls doesn't make them love you unless they loved you before you kissed them.

What makes some girls love some boys and some boys love other girls is a riddle with no set answer. But it is not kissing. Another thing you have to learn is that no matter how you behave, some people don't love you, they don't even like you.

OVER the past six months I have found myself dreaming over a boy I see quite a bit of but haven't spoken to. I am in my late teens. Before I began seeing this boy frequently I used to enjoy going out with other boys, but I haven't bothered going out much since. I have talked this over with Mum and she says I am silly. Do you think so, too? If not, you might suggest a way in which I could meet him without giving him the impression that I was cheap or a boy-chaser."

V.W., Vic.

Yes, I think you are silly, too. It is quite normal to dream over boys—what girl hasn't—but when you refuse invitations to go out with other boys because of a dream, that really is silly with a capital "S." You immediately close one avenue that may lead to your meeting him. And boys do like girls to be popular with other boys, too.

I'd go out as usual and enjoy myself. Meeting people you want to know badly is always difficult unless you have mutual friends who will introduce you. But when you see him such a lot, why not try a smile? A smile is a wonderful passport to friendship, and it is not cheapening to smile at a man you see so often.

I AM very fond of kissing boys, but do not take any seriously. One of my friends thinks it is disgraceful for a girl of 14 to kiss a boy. I have kissed many and find it fun. Do you think this all right? Also, if the boy takes it seriously I usually laugh and try to brush it off, but lately one boy won't believe me. I have been out with him a few times and he wants me to go steady. Am I too young?"

"Worried Fourteen," Tas.

Of course you are. Any girl under 16 who goes out with boys is asking for trouble

for herself and her boy-friend. I quite agree that kissing boys is fun and not a bit disgraceful. There's a well-known song that says girls were made to love and kiss, but girls of 14 are not included in these sentiments. Wait until you are at least 16 before you distribute your favors with such gay abandon.

"WHEN a boy pays a girl a compliment which she suspects has been paid to every other girl present, is it correct to just laugh it off nicely? Also, when a boy says in a genuine manner and with apparent seriousness that you are beautiful or that your hair and eyes are bewitching, what is the best way to acknowledge such a compliment gracefully? I feel to laugh off such a compliment would hurt the boy if he is sincere. I am 17. Please help me, as I find myself embarrassed and helpless when such occasions arise."

"Angelina," N.S.W.

It is never correct to laugh off a compliment, true or false. It is rude and guaranteed to make the boy who complimented you both angry and embarrassed.

A pleased "thank you" is the right reply. Don't make the mistake, either, of feeling you must "repay" such remarks. If you think he is wearing a wonderful tie or looks colossal in his new sweater, tell him some other time, not right on top of his compliment to you. If you did, it would only sound forced.

## \*\*\*\*\*DISC DIGEST\*\*\*\*\*

IT is hoped that the long-discussed, many-times-postponed film version of Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess" is treated at its right value: as a rattling good musical and not as a great opera.

I haven't seen the play, but the full-length LP set becomes a bit of a bore, mainly because the pretentious recitatives tend to bog down the show, and it is a great relief when the familiar tunes pop up. You can get the best of "Porgy" on one 12-inch LP, and there is now a new one on the market (OCLP.1135).

The new disc was recorded in Europe by a company which was taking the play on tour. I assume the artists are all colored, although Lorenzo Fuller, as "Sportin' Life," doesn't seem to have quite the natural flair of a negro singer. Fuller, by the way, also conducts the Symphony Orchestra and Chorus of the "Concerthall, Harlem." The principal roles are carried capably by Irving Barnes and Leesa Forster. Barnes has one vocal fault, which is quaint and not unattractive—he can't say "Bess," and when he sings it becomes "Beth."

They've chosen 13 songs to make up this LP, including, of course, the stand-out numbers "Summertime," "It Ain't Necessarily So," "I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'," and the finest of all, "Bess, You Is My Woman Now." Watch out for the unusual piano background to "Nuttin'," and you'll also be taken with the strong negro spiritual undertones to "Oh, I'm Going Out To The Blackfish Banks" and "Oh, Lawd, I'm On My Way," the last-mentioned being the crippled Porgy's finale song.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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## A word from Debbie

THE snobbish custom of printing a menu in French makes life difficult for teenagers on their occasional visits to a big restaurant.

Here are a few bits of basic restaurant French that may help you. Agneau means lamb; ananas, pineapple; blanquette, whitebait; boeuf, beef; cafe, coffee; les canapes, savories; caneton, duckling; champignons, mushrooms; compote de fruit, fruit salad; crepe, a sweet pancake; fraises, strawberries; fromage, cheese; glace, ice-cream; gateau, cake; jambon, ham; poulet, chicken; saumon, salmon; scampi, prawns.

And to help you further—if you see "Gateau Glace Maison" listed among the sweets, it means the special ice-cream cake of the house.





you are looking at  
the beginning of  
the end of a cold!



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## Continuing... The Dark Enchantment

from page 36

absolute necessities and hurried  
into bed trying to quieten a  
humming mind.

There was a tepid hot-water  
bottle in the exact centre of  
the snow-white desert of the  
vast bed. I was trying very  
hard not to think of my future  
employer, and harder still not  
to think of the fragile, lovely  
creature who was his wife.  
Nevertheless, it was some time  
before I could bring myself to  
blow out my candle, and longer  
still until I could force myself  
to sleep.

The sun was quite high be-  
hind my curtains when I woke.

A maid carried in my break-  
fast and told me that when I  
was ready Major Stewart would  
like to see me in the library.

I could not hurry. I must  
have had the same reluctance  
to talk to Lead Stewart as he  
had to talk to me. I did my  
unpacking with a disciplined  
leisure. I stood at my window  
thinking of Liane Stewart,  
who had troubled my dreams  
last night.

Oh, those unmannerly dreams  
that one has, sadistic and un-  
deserved, when you wake with  
a feeling of guilt and appre-  
hension. I could account for  
the apprehension. I was un-  
easy at the thought of my meet-  
ing with Lead Stewart. But  
I could not account for the  
guilt.

**I** DREAMT that  
the girl came into the room as  
eerie in her transparent loveli-  
ness as the face of the inquisi-  
tive moon than I had stared at  
so hard before I went to sleep.  
She showed me a precious stone  
that she wore round her neck,  
an exquisitely sad and shining  
thing like nothing I had ever  
seen before. It had the sudden  
flashes of the opal, and the  
cloudy mystery of the moon-  
stone. It was a tragic thing.

"Look," she said, "this is  
Lead's love and all his tears  
for me. They gathered them  
all together and they made  
them into this."

I tried hard to remember  
how that unearthly stone had  
looked, but nothing could bring  
back the picture. I knew only  
that it had left me with a sad-  
ness that I found hard to de-  
fine, as if I were responsible for  
it, and yet in no way to blame.

I could not delay any longer,  
so I had to go downstairs.

I hesitated outside the lib-  
rary door. I recognised his  
voice behind it. He spoke un-  
interrupted for quite a while,  
as if he were reading aloud to  
her. Then her clear questions  
broke in and he answered her.  
He seemed to be explaining a  
political problem. I heard him  
say, "All right, sweetie, that'll  
do for today."

She opened the door and  
passed me. She wore glasses  
and held "The Times." She  
was still reading it as she  
walked away.

"Have they made you com-  
fortable, Miss Godden?" he  
asked me without raising his  
head.

"Yes, thank you."

Suddenly he was on his feet  
and standing by the window.  
I did not make it easier for  
him. I have writhed when I  
think of it since. I have gone  
over that morning again in  
my head as I would have liked  
it to have been. I could have  
been so understanding. As it  
was, I sat there rather for-  
mally, waiting for him to speak.

He did so very jerkily. "Miss  
Godden - I should like to say  
that from my point of view you  
seem highly satisfactory. You  
seem - entirely - sensible -  
you seem to have your head

screwed on the right way. You  
— He turned to me then  
with his hands in his pockets,  
but he kept his eyes away. I  
ought to have sensed the appeal  
in them.

"Miss Godden, there's some-  
thing I ought to tell you, per-  
haps, in connection with my  
wife."

I said, "Yes, Major Stewart,  
your wife?"

It took him quite a few  
seconds to answer and his voice  
was not his own. He seemed  
to lose courage.

"She's Irish," he said.

"Yes, I gathered that—but  
you needn't sound so apologetic  
— they're a very charming  
race!"

"Quite, but she had an acci-  
dent in Dublin—she's an ex-  
tremely reckless driver—she's  
forbidden to drive any more—  
her father was with her at the  
time and he was killed."

"Oh, my goodness! How  
terribly tragic!"

"Yes, Liane was badly con-  
cussed herself, and the shock  
of her father's death—they  
were very devoted."

I noticed that just as he had  
accelerated in the car, so he  
had quickened the pace of his  
speech. He sat down again  
and opened a dull leather cigar-  
ette case. He had not once  
sought my eyes. "She's prac-  
tically over it now, but we  
don't bring up Ireland unless  
we can't help it." I recalled  
how he had cut into the con-  
versation on the previous night.  
"We don't want her reminded  
of it. As I say, she's pretty  
well over it, but the shock left  
her, well, forgetful, she gets—  
well, forgetful."

He had not taken a cigarette  
out of his case. He just sat  
there snapping it open and  
shut. "I believe it quite often  
follows concussion—she's apt  
to wander off and forget to  
come home!" He laughed  
when he said that, but it was  
more like a cough. "That's  
why I want someone with her,  
just till this thing wears off.  
Someone to keep an eye on her  
and take her mind off things."

"Yes," I said. "I see. It  
must have been terrible for her,  
especially as you say they were  
so devoted."

"Yes. You must try to  
make her forget it—you won't  
find her hard to please. She  
takes quite an interest in most  
things, but she's inclined to  
be dreamy in any case—her  
father wrote some kind of  
poetry stuff."

I, who would prefer to do  
without material comforts  
rather than be deprived of  
poetry, was not pleased to hear  
it referred to as "stuff." I  
was even less pleased when I  
eventually discovered the iden-  
tity of the poet. But it was  
typical of Lead Stewart. He  
knew nothing but soldiering  
and farming.

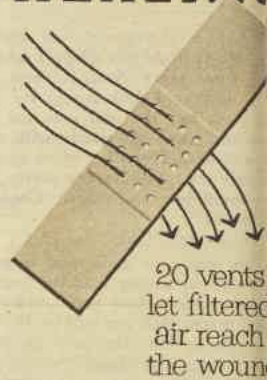
"All you have to do," he  
said, "is not let her out of  
your sight."

The interview appeared to  
be over. When I went out into  
the hall I found Mrs. Anson  
on her knees beside a bottle  
of metal polish rubbing the  
barrel of an antique gun. She  
said, "Oh, by the way, dear,  
your friend rang up. She really  
does seem anxious about you.  
She talked to Lead. Did he  
forget to tell you? Why don't  
you ring her back?"

She pointed to the telephone  
and carried her bottle of metal  
polish towards the kitchen.

I telephoned Fay at her  
office. She squeaked at me  
excitedly, "Oh, darling, I got  
hold of him. I was nearly  
having fits about you. I spoke

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WITH  
**SUPER STICK**

They stick better.  
protect better.  
Won't loosen in water.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 30, 1951



to her last night, and she said that you hadn't arrived—and when he said you were still in bed this morning—well, you know how you never lie in the mornings, I was absolutely terrified."

"They let me sleep late, I'm quite all—"

But Fay will seldom allow my voice but her own to occupy the telephone.

"Harriet, darling, you shouldn't have told him we looked about him. I very nearly lied. He asked me if I was the one who was so worried about you, and when I said I was he said I was too late and he'd already sold you. I very nearly died. Is he nice? He sounds a honey boy."

I smiled at the thought of Lead Stewart described as a honey boy. "What does he look like? Is he attractive? What sort of age is he? Is he tall?"

I said, "Yes, he is. And he's also within earshot."

"Oh, darling, I see. You can't talk."

"Well, I might if you'd give me a chance."

"She sounded cosy, too."

"She is, but she isn't his wife."

"You don't say they're living in sin?"

"No, I don't—that was his aunt."

"Oh, well, what's his old lutch like then?"

"Very young and very beautiful."

"Blimey! Then what does he want a female companion for?"

"Fay, dear, I'll write to you, shall I?"

"Okay, tact. I get it, tact."

When I replaced the receiver Lead Stewart came out of the library. He looked at me quizzically.

"Reassured her?"

"I think you did that. She called you a honey boy."

## Continuing... The Dark Enchantment

from page 38

He smiled as he turned up the stairs.

I did not know quite what to do. I suppose I had been expecting some sort of timetable. I realised that I had been expecting Mrs. Stewart to be a middle-aged woman who would want me to deal with correspondence from nine till ten, go shopping from eleven to twelve, and play canasta in the afternoon. I felt a little lost. Mrs. Anson rescued me.

"Would you like a cup of coffee?"

"Yes, please. I think I would."

I would have preferred anything to being left to wonder what I ought to do with myself.

"You won't mind the kitchen, will you? Be careful, there's a laundry basket in the passage."

When I steered my way round it, she put the flat of her hand against a bottle-green door and ordered me, "In you go."

The kitchen was vast and full of chatter. It ceased when I went in. There was a thin woman beating a mixture in a bowl, and I saw the maid who had brought in my breakfast. I also saw Mrs. Stewart. She was sitting in a chair with her feet curled under her and her elbows on the big kitchen table. She wore trousers and a little fawn jumper. She smiled with her chin in her hand when I said, "Good morning," to her.

Mrs. Anson said, "Cookie, this is Miss Godden. She'd like a cup of coffee."

Cook answered cheerfully, "Morning, miss." But it was Liane who got up and fetched me the coffee.

"Thank you so much," I said. We sat down and looked at each other. "I'm afraid I'm very late this morning. Your aunt let me oversleep."

She made no reply and stared at me with her own particular frankness. I found it embarrassing but not offensive.

Again Mrs. Anson rescued me, "Now what are you two planning to do today?"

I hoped Liane would give some idea, but she stretched

door and stood holding it back for me. I went through it feeling uncomfortable. He was filling in forms at his desk. Liane put the coffee beside him and kissed him on the side of his head. "Don't let it get frozen, darling."

He looked up and said, "Thank you, pet." His glance took me in, and he smiled and asked, "Where are you two off to?"

I only wish I knew. Surely I was not expected to follow the poor girl round without



her arms above her head and yawned. When she relaxed, she said to me, "Oh, by the way, we mustn't talk about Ireland — Lead wants me to try to forget all about it."

She took a cup off the dresser and put it on a saucer. Then she filled it with coffee and carried it steadily to the door. I opened it for her and because nobody made any alternative suggestion I followed her. She called out, "Mind the laundry basket." And walked through the hall to the library. She opened the

any programme or plan? He wore breeches and a Harris tweed coat. He picked up her hand and examined the nail varnish. He made no comment on it, but he gave the hand a playful little slap upwards.

"I've got bad news for you two. Mr. Edwards is coming to luncheon."

"Is that very bad news?" I asked.

"He's a stinker," Liane explained simply. "But he's some sort of contractor as well."

Lead smiled again, "Miss

Godden, I wish you'd watch my wife's language."

I was glad to have something to watch. I felt like a guest in one of those country houses where everyone disappears; where everyone seems to have some strange business of their own which ensures their absence until mealtimes, and where one is left with the choice of an empty bedroom or an empty drawing-room.

I wondered why I felt so nervous with him. He was doing nothing more alarming than staring out of the window at a tractor in the fields beyond. Yet I positively jumped when a hand rapped at the window and the strong country voice of his farm bailiff called in to us, "The vet's come, sir."

Lead Stewart made a sign to him, "Coming, Martin." He stood up and came round the desk to me and I have seldom been more embarrassed than when he said to me in front of his wife, "There's no need to worry, Miss Godden, Liane is a very good girl. You'll find she does what you tell her provided she likes you, and I'm certain she's going to do that."

He left us looking at the little cloud of smoke that hung above his chair.

I broke the moment nervously. "Why is your husband called Lead?"

"Bullets," she said. "He got full of them."

"You mean in the war?"

"Yes, of course."

I felt rather silly for asking. "Of course. He was a regular, wasn't he?"

"Yes, his father farmed right through the war, then when he died Lead retired and took over. What is your name besides Godden?"

"Harriet, Emily, Jane. My father had rather a puritanical streak."

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## terrified by RHEUMATISM



"For years I was terrified by rheumatism... steadily getting worse and in danger of becoming a permanent invalid. A friend recommended Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and my chemist confirmed his tremendous sales of Menthoids were recommended enough. I tried Menthoids as a last hope."

Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, "They certainly seem to be doing you good." (Original letter in Head Office.) That woman's success story could be yours, if you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, back-ache or muscular aches and pains. Don't suffer needlessly! Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 5/- (a month's supply), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

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# KRAFT CHEDDAR—best cheese for cooking



## egg, cheese & bacon make a *delicious* invitation.

*Kraft Cheddar brings mellow flavour . . .  
extra nourishment to this new kind of pie.*

Look! One slice of our pie has vanished already. Who could resist the exciting new flavour combination of egg, crisp bacon, and mellow Kraft Cheddar Cheese?

**Ingredients:** 6-oz. short crust pastry; 2 eggs; 3 rashers of bacon; 1 small onion, finely chopped; ½ cup milk; 2 dessertspoons top milk; 1 teaspoon chopped parsley; ½ teaspoon salt; pinch cayenne pepper; 4-oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded.

**Method:** Line an 8" pie plate with short crust. Chop one rasher of bacon and fry lightly with the onion; beat the eggs and combine with fried bacon and onion; add all the remaining ingredients (except two rashers of bacon). Pour into the pastry shell. Bake for 30 minutes in a moderate (350° F) oven. Finally arrange crisply grilled bacon strips on top for an appetising main course dish that will serve four or five.

Kraft Cheddar is your best cheese for cooking because it melts and cooks to perfection . . . and never varies in flavour.

Kraft Cheddar adds important nourishment to cooked dishes, too. It takes a whole gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese. This creamy goodness of milk provides more body-building protein than sirloin beef—plus essential vitamins, milk minerals and calcium and phosphorus.

P.S. Prefer a stronger flavoured packet cheese? Then ask for Kraft Old English.



Get Kraft Cheddar in the blue 8-oz. packet, handy 1-oz. portions, the family size 2-lb. pack, or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf.



**Cheese is a wonderful food and KRAFT makes wonderful cheeses.**



# Home Baked Bread

● Fresh home-made bread, with its delicious flavor and wonderful aroma as it comes hot from the oven, is well worth the time and effort spent in making it.

**BAKING** a loaf of bread is not the complicated task many people imagine it to be. It is certainly rather a long process because of the time the dough must be left to rise (this is known as the "proving" period).

But the actual handling time is short and the finished loaf is well worth the effort involved.

When baking bread or any yeast dough, it is important to keep all the ingredients warm but not hot during the whole of the mixing process.

Among the selection of bread recipes on this page compressed yeast is mentioned. If this is not available use instead dehydrated yeast according to the directions on the package or jar.

One ounce of dehydrated yeast equals approximately four one-ounce packages or cakes of compressed yeast.

Use level spoon measurements in all our recipes.

## FRENCH BREAD

Two cups lukewarm water, 2 teaspoons salt, 1oz. compressed yeast,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lukewarm water,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  cups plain flour, extra flour, 1 egg-white beaten in 1 tablespoon water or milk.

Combine water and salt. Dissolve yeast in the  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of water, stand for a few minutes, and add  $6\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour. Knead well, adding up to another cup of flour until firm and elastic. The dough should be dry and not wet. Place in greased basin, cover with damp cloth, not touching dough. Stand in a warm place until double in bulk, knock down, and let rise again. Divide dough into 3 or 4, making rolls about twice the size of frankfurts. Place on greased tray and gash every 2 inches about 1.8th inch deep. Brush with beaten egg-white or milk and stand in warm place to rise until double in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Cool quickly in a draught. It crackles as it cools.

If cooked in one large loaf, cook approximately 65 minutes.

To make yardstick bread, take a portion of the dough and mould into a long, thin roll (as long as your largest oven-tray) and bake as above, allowing 20 to 25 minutes.

## WHOLEMEAL BREAD

Three and a half pounds wholemeal flour (or use 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. wholemeal and 1lb. plain flour), 14oz. salt, 2oz. lard or other shortening, 2oz. compressed yeast, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 pints water.

Add salt to the flour, rub in lard, and put the bowl in a warm place. Cream yeast and sugar and add half the tepid water. Make a well in

the flour and add yeast and enough water to give a rather soft dough. Knead well, then put to rise until it doubles in bulk. Re-knead, shape, and put into tins (previously greased and dusted with wholemeal) half filling them. "Prove" for 20 minutes and bake in a hot oven 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate and continue cooking until loaves are browned and until they sound hollow when tapped underneath.

Wholemeal breads usually

require more moisture than white flour breads and take longer to cook.

## MILK BREAD

One and a half pounds flour, teaspoon salt, 4oz. yeast, 2oz. butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint warm milk, 1 dessertspoon sugar.

Cream yeast and sugar in a basin, cover with warm milk, and set in a warm place for 15 minutes. Rub butter into the flour, add salt; make a well in the centre, pour in

yeast, and add enough warm milk to make a dough. Knead this lightly with the hands until the dough leaves them quite freely. Cover and set in a warm place to rise for 2 hours. Knead lightly, divide into even-sized pieces, shape into small rolls, plaits, or twists. Set these on a greased tin for 10 minutes in a warm place to rise. Brush with a little milk and sugar. Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, and cook further 15 minutes.

## MALT LOAF

One and a half pounds white flour, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. wholemeal flour, 1oz. compressed yeast, 1oz. lard or other shortening, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  pints milk or water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon malt extract, 1 dessertspoon sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lukewarm water, butter.

Sift white flour, add wholemeal, make a well in the centre. Crumble in the yeast and add sugar and lukewarm water. Cover and stand in a warm place for 10 minutes. Warm the milk, lard, and

malt in a saucepan over low heat until the shortening is melted and the malt dissolved. Cool to lukewarm. Sprinkle the salt over the flour, add milk mixture, and mix to a soft dough. Turn on to a floured board and knead well. Place in a warm basin and stand in a warm place for 40 minutes, until the dough rises. Turn out, knead slightly; re-place in the basin and stand aside for a further 40 minutes. This second "proving" will give a finer, lighter bread. Knead and divide into two; place in warmed, greased tins, and "prove" for 15 minutes before baking. Bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, and cook further 30 minutes. Brush with melted butter.

## PEANUT-BUTTER BREAD

One cup scalded milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup boiling water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  table-spoon sugar, 2 teaspoons salt, 2-3rd cup peanut butter, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. compressed yeast,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lukewarm water, approx. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups soy flour, 2 cups plain or wholemeal flour, salad oil.

Combine milk, hot water, sugar, salt, peanut butter. Cool to lukewarm. Stir in the yeast softened in the lukewarm water. Stir in the sifted flours until stiff enough to knead. Knead on floured board until smooth and satiny (about 8 minutes). Shape into smooth ball. Place in greased bowl, brush with salad oil, cover, and stand to rise in a warm place until double its bulk (approx. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours). Knock down lightly and shape into 2 loaves and place in 2 loaf-tins about 9in. by 5in. Brush with salad oil, cover, stand to rise until bulk is doubled. Bake in moderately hot oven for 20 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, and cook further 25 minutes. Cool out of tins.

## NO-KNEAD LOAVES

One and a half cups lukewarm water, 1 cake compressed yeast, 2 teaspoons sugar, 2 teaspoons salt, 4 cups sifted plain flour, poppy or sesame seeds, 1 egg-white.

Combine the water, crumbled yeast, and sugar in a large bowl. Stand 5 minutes, mix well. Gradually add the sifted flour and salt to form a soft dough, mixing well to blend. Place into a greased bowl, cover, stand in a warm place until doubled in bulk (approx. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours). Toss lightly on a well-floured board, divide in half, and place into two 6in. round cake-tins or casserole-dishes which have been greased well. Rise again for 45 minutes, brush lightly with egg-white, and sprinkle with poppy or sesame seeds. Bake in a moderately hot oven 40 to 45 minutes.



**BAKING A LOAF OF BREAD** is just as much fun now as it was in Grandma's day, but nowadays there are specially prepared ingredients and temperature-controlled ovens that take most of the guesswork out of bread-baking. Try baking a loaf like the one illustrated above, or choose one from the specially selected recipes on this page; it's quite easy to do, and you will be well rewarded.



# Varied recipes win prizes

● An appetising steak dish with a rich flavor wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest. This dish can be cooked either in the oven or in a saucepan.

SOME of the cheaper cuts of stewing steak can be used in the main prizewinning recipe.

Consolation prizes of £1 each are awarded to recipes for a Hungarian potato-and-egg dish, for luscious nut torte, and for a health cake.

All spoon measurements are level.

## STEAK DIABLE

Two and a half pounds top-side steak, 2 dessertspoons mustard, 3 teaspoons sugar, 1 tin mushrooms, 1 lb. tiny onions, 1 large carrot, 1 tomato, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup raisins, 1½ cups water.

Cut meat into service-sized

pieces, coat each piece with mustard and sugar mixed to a thin paste with a little of the vinegar. Place meat pieces in a large casserole or saucepan, cover with peeled whole onions, sliced tomato and carrot. Add balance of vinegar mixed with Worcestershire sauce, raisins and water, cover and cook in a moderate oven 2 or 2½ hours, or if using a saucepan cover with a tightly fitting lid and simmer until meat pieces are tender. Remove cover, add mushrooms and continue cooking until reheated. Serve garnished with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Soumsen, 45 Shell Street, Wangan, Hervey Bay, N.C. Line, Qld.

## HEALTH CAKE

Four ounces butter or margarine, 1 cup brown sugar, grated rind of 1 lemon, 2 eggs, good ½ cup milk, 1½ cups wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 cup soya bean flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch celery salt, 1 cup sultanas or raisins, ½ cup chopped walnuts.

Cream butter with lemon rind and brown sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs, beat well, then add fruit and nuts. Fold in sifted flours, salt, and baking powder alternately with milk. Fill mixture evenly into 2 greased loaf-tins and bake in a moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Serve sliced and buttered.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Kettle, c/o Mrs. Wallace, Flat 3, 1 Wishart Street, Moorabbin, Vic.

## WALNUT TORTE

Four ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 4 egg-yolks, 1½ cups flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, milk.

Cream butter with sugar and vanilla until light and fluffy. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well after each addition. Work in sifted dry ingredients, adding a little milk if mixture appears too dry. Fill mixture into 2 greased 8 in. sandwich-tins. Cover cake mixture with the following meringue and bake in a moderately slow oven 35 to 45 minutes.

Walnut Meringue: Four egg-whites, pinch cream of

Have you entered our Recipe Contest lately? Good tested recipes containing readily available foodstuffs are welcome each week. Address entries to Recipe Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

tartar, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup finely chopped walnuts.

Beat egg-whites with cream of tartar until stiff but not dry, gradually add sugar and continue beating until meringue stands in peaks. Fold in walnuts, spread over cake mixture. When cakes are cooked, cool on cake-cooler. Join together with chocolate whip and cover top and sides.

Chocolate Whip: Add 1 dessertspoon drinking chocolate or cocoa and ½ cup sugar to ½ pint cream. Allow to stand in refrigerator 1 hour, then beat until stiff. Use as given above.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss T. Meason, "High View," Tahara, via Hamilton, Vic.



SERVED AT DINNER in a silver stand or in your most gaily colored ovenware, Steak Diable makes a most delectable meal. See recipe, with other prize entries, on this page.

## HUNGARIAN POTATO-AND-EGG DISH

One pound cooked potatoes, 1 lb. sliced ham or luncheon meat, 3 hard-boiled eggs, ½ boiled cauliflower, ½ pint sour cream, breadcrumbs, a little melted butter.

Place a layer of cold sliced potatoes in a well-greased heatproof dish. Cover with strips of ham and little sour cream. Add layer of sliced hard-boiled eggs, cover again

with cream. Divide cauliflower into flowerets, arrange on top of eggs. Pour cream over. Continue in this order until dish is filled. Finish with a top layer of potatoes. Sprinkle dish with fine breadcrumbs, trickle a little melted butter over whole. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes or until slightly browned.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Irwin, Flat 8, 657 Pacific Highway, Killara, N.S.W.

## FAMILY DISH

SLICED cold lamb makes an appetising dish for a family of four or five and costs approximately 6/6.

### SAVORY LAMB LAYERS

Cold sliced cooked lamb, 2 rashers bacon, 3 large tomatoes, 1 onion, 2 tablespoons chutney, ½ cup grated tasty cheese, salt, pepper, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 cup stock.

Place sliced meat over base of large greased casserole, spread slices with chutney, cover with layer of sliced tomato, then thinly sliced onion and chopped bacon (rind removed). Season each layer with salt and pepper. Add balance of tomato slices, top with cheese and breadcrumbs mixed together. Dot with nuts of butter or substitute. Pour over stock. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 35 minutes.

If desired, slices of cold cooked corn beef, roast beef, or veal can be substituted for the lamb in this recipe.

## NAIL-BITING IS A NERVOUS HABIT

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

● Nail-biting, like other nervous habits, is the outward sign of some inner tension. To cure the habit, it is necessary to find the cause first, then apply treatment.

THE psychological explanation of nail-biting in children is that it is due to "an aggressive hatred of which the child is inwardly ashamed."

A child who feels lost and shut off from one or both parents, and has, therefore, a sense of insecurity, will often be-

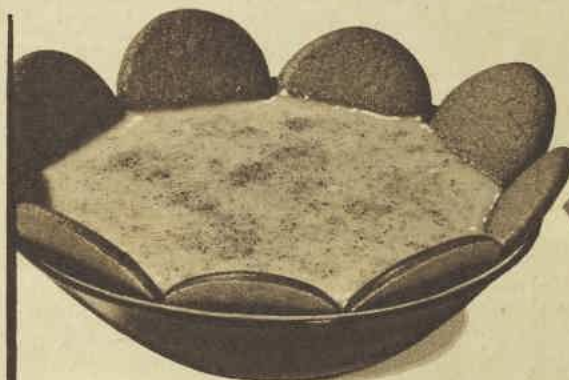
come an inveterate nail-biter because of the feelings he has developed.

Boredom can also be a cause of nail-biting. Sometimes a small child will discontinue the habit from the first day he goes to school and begins to have interests outside himself.

A leaflet on various nervous habits with hints about causes and treatments can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for leaflet.

NEW EXCITING  
WAYS TO SERVE  
Foster Clark's  
creamy  
custard

DELICIOUS...ECONOMICAL!



### SERVE CUSTARD ON BREAKFAST CEREALS

Make a thin custard and serve hot or cold with fruit and cereals.



### SERVE THICK AND CREAMY TOPPED WITH ICE-CREAM

for a luscious-looking, economical sweet.



SERVE HOT! SERVE COLD! SERVE FOSTER CLARK'S CREAMY CUSTARD IN SO MANY WAYS!



# Decorative berries

## GARDENING

When flowers are scarce during winter, berries make a decorative substitute indoors. As most are germinated easily, some may be saved when thoroughly ripe, the flesh washed from the pips or stones, and sown in good sandy loam. They can be planted now in sunny, open positions. Few are fussy over soil, and they do well in most cool districts.



**ILEX AQUIFOLIUM** (English Holly), above, a variety that is very easily raised from seeds. This beautiful evergreen shrub has dark green spiny leaves, with shiny red berries in dense clusters. The variegated holly, which has cream and green foliage, is probably the finest of them all, and is particularly attractive during winter. Some varieties produce only male flowers, and others female, but some produce both male and female on the one plant. Males never set fruits and females only when a male is grown nearby. All hollies are subject to white wax, and other scale insects.

**COTONEASTER PARNEYII** (above), one of the best of this family, which has large foliage that colors well in autumn and produces big clusters of red berries. It is a splendid variety for present planting, and one that provides a dazzling display in winter.



**COTONEASTER HORIZONTALIS** (below), a low-growing variety of this lovely family, very suitable for rock work. Three types are generally listed.—C. H. Filsonii; Cotoneaster horizontalis Hodginsii, a dwarf type of the first variety; and variegata.



**CRAB APPLES** (above) are decorative trees of rather wide, spreading habit. They bear single or double blooms in spring, some having reddish or bronze foliage. The fruits vary from tiny currant-like berries to red cherry-sized fruits that are often used for jelly-making. About a dozen different varieties are available. Plant trees during winter. Among many other small fruit and berry trees are pyracantha, photinia, biburnums, nandina, ochna, habrothamnus, lillipillies, ardisia, euonymus, and japonicus.

**LIGUSTRUM OVALIFOLIUM**, or common privet (right). This is a strong-growing shrub with rather dark perfume in spring. The blue berries in dense clusters follow the blossoms, and are much liked by birds. Privet was grown in hedges for many years all over the world, but has been largely supplanted by more ornamental hedges and others with lighter berries and better foliage. It is evergreen.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 30, 1958

ONLY MIRACLE

# AJAX

WITH

## "foaming action"

cleans so  
**QUICK!**

works so  
**EASY!**



polishes so  
**BRIGHT!**

AJAX gets **SINKS**  
and **BATHS**  
**SPARKLING CLEAN**  
**MAGIC QUICK**



**BUY THE  
BIG ECONOMY  
'KING' SIZE and  
SAVE 7¢ ON  
EVERY CAN**

Contains bleach to make sinks  
and baths snowy white  
Lifts off grease and dirt  
—floats it away  
Is so kind to your hands  
Wonderful for removing stains  
Smells good, too!

**SELLS MORE THAN ALL OTHER  
BRANDS COMBINED**

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

Keep a can of AJAX in  
your kitchen and one  
in your bathroom

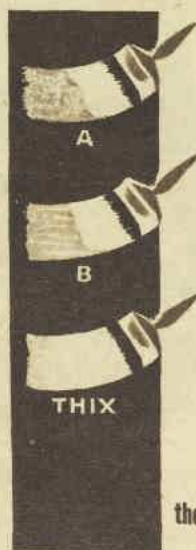
**Floats DIRT, GREASE, STAIN  
Right Down the DRAIN**



one coat  
is enough  
with **THIX**  
easy to  
apply on any  
surface



19 new  
colours  
on sale  
everywhere



The only true one coat paint!  
We'll prove it!

There are several other big-selling, flat-finish wall paints for interiors that claim to give "one coat" cover. Come into any Taubmans showroom and we'll put these other paints in front of you together with a can of Thix. We suggest using white paint on a brown wallboard, because that's the best test of a thorough one coat cover.

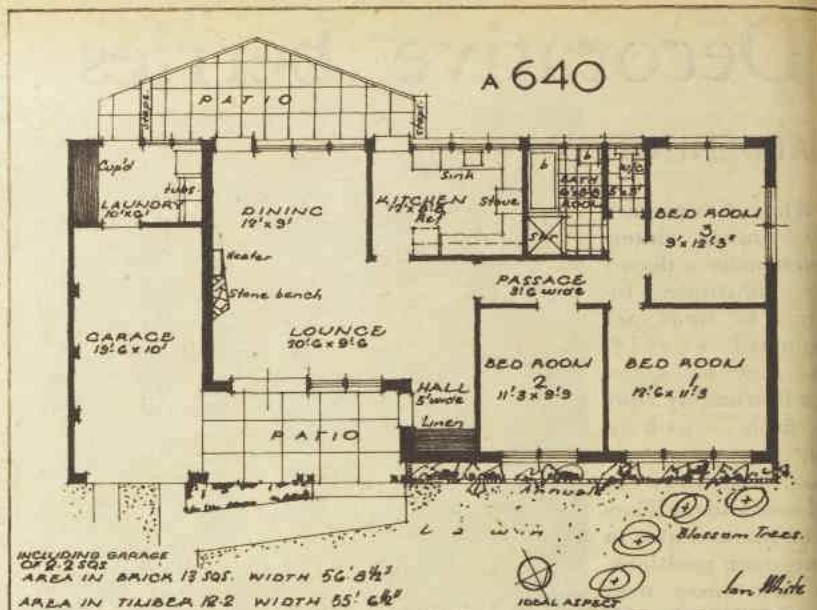
You can put the paints on the wallboard yourself — or we'll do it for you.

The different results will be no more exaggerated than the graph we show at left. Paints A and B give a "one coat" cover with varying degrees of success.

You'll see that Thix gives a completely satisfactory one coat cover in any colour with roller or brush.

**THIX**

the velvet paint for interior walls and ceilings.



FLOOR LAYOUT of Home Plan No. A640. One practical advantage of this design is a door opening from garage to laundry for easy access to the rear of the house. The laundry is unusually large to allow for a commodious storage cupboard.

## Twin-gabled house

- Our "signature" home plan this week is an attractive twin-gabled house designed for a wide, shallow block of land.

THE architect, Ian White, of Sydney, has skilfully combined a flat roof over the garage with the more conventional gables, to give the exterior of the house an interesting appearance.

Inside, the areas for living and sleeping have been carefully planned. Although the house has an area of only 10 squares, there are three bedrooms and a feeling of space in living and dining room.

From the protected terrace at the front, the living-room extends through the depth of the house to a cool and open patio at the rear.

Large windows in all the rooms overlook the garden and capture the bright atmosphere synonymous with contemporary living.

Approximate costs of building this house would be:

In Victoria: Brick, £4300; brick veneer, £3925; timber, £3250; asbestos, £3125.

In South Australia: Brick, £3500; timber, £3200; asbestos, £3100.

In Queensland: Brick, £4800; timber, £3250; fibro, £3145.

In Canberra: Brick, £4925; timber, £3650.

In New South Wales: Brick, £4825; timber, £3550; fibro, £3350.

### Our Home Planning Centres

OUR Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores, offer a comprehensive service to assist all intending home-builders.

STANDARD PLANS are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specifications. Fee, £7/7/-.

A new standard plan is published every week in The Australian Women's Weekly.

HOME PLAN LEAFLETS are compiled periodically from a selection of our standard plans. The leaflets available at present are "22 Home Plans" and "21 Home Plans," price 2/6 each, plus 4d. postage. Inquire at your nearest Home Planning Centre.

PLANS ARE SPECIALLY PREPARED to any reader's individual requirements or design, or can be modified from any of our standard plans. Fee is £1/1/- per square.

FREE ADVISORY SERVICE on any aspect of planning, decorating, and furnishing your new home is given by our Centres. These services to help you plan the ideal home include site inspections, ground-plan sketches, sketch perspectives.

MAIL ORDERS from readers who cannot call at our Home Planning Centres will receive prompt attention. When ordering standard plans by mail, readers should give the code number of the design, the building material to be used on house and roof, and the services available to the land (sewer, gas, electricity, water). Individually prepared plans can also be ordered by mail. Please enclose fee with all mail orders.

The resources of the stores in which our Home Planning Centres are established are available to assist the home-builder. They are:

MELBOURNE and GEELONG: The Myer Emporium.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's. Also at the Master Builders' Bureau at Miranda.



AN IDEAL POSITION for this house would be a north-easterly aspect. Sunlight would then stream on to the front patio, making it a warm, sheltered spot for outdoor living in winter. The front bedrooms would also receive the maximum winter sun.



# HEADACHES AND NERVES

I have grouped headaches and nerves together for two very good reasons:

Most headaches are not caused by disease, but are what we call tension headaches.

The pain of a headache is very real, so perhaps I shall be able to convince you that "nerves" are very real, too, and often need treatment.

DOCTORS often hear women say, "I know it's just my nerves, give me something to settle them," or some member of a family says, "Oh, it's only mother's nerves."

There is a tendency to think that having explained that mother's nerves are in a bad way, that is the end of it and nothing need be done.

There are far too many people drinking bottles of nerve medicine and swallowing sleeping tablets without really facing up to their problems.

Sedatives are only useful to help over a difficult patch and restore our balance. Taken regularly they are bad. If used intelligently they all have very real value to see people over temporary difficulties.

Most people do not realise that there are really two main parts to the brain, two nervous systems. One is under our control and the other we only partly control.

For instance, if you want to go for a walk you can set your legs in motion and you can see and think about the scenery on the way, but your heart is beating and your food is being digested whether you think about it or not.

You can make your heart beat faster by hurrying or getting angry and you can give yourself indigestion by worrying, but you cannot say to yourself, "I will make my heart beat faster or my stomach work harder," just by thinking about it, in the way you can make your legs move.

In other words, as much goes on in our subconscious mind as in our conscious, but we can't think thoughts that will influence our subconscious.

All the endocrine glands, our thyroid and pituitary and sex glands are working away without our thinking about them, and we often appear to have very little control over them, but they are very much influenced by what is happening to us.

There are many symptoms, then, that occur as a result of the imbalance of these organs or some upset of normal working, though they are not actually diseased.

For instance, many of you know the feeling of wanting to vomit. Saliva pours into your mouth, you feel uncomfortable in the pit of the stomach and you heave, per-

haps without actually vomiting.

This may be due to having eaten something that upset you, but it is much more likely to be due to thinking of something unpleasant.

A sudden sight or smell may bring back an unpleasant memory or remind you of a nasty job to be done, and your stomach reverses its normal action as if the body is saying in some funny, roundabout way, "I must get rid of this."

We must realise, too, that though the stomach is not diseased frequent disturbance of its working, such as making it produce too much acid or preventing it from squeezing on the food, will eventually damage it and cause ulcers.

Recent medical research is linking up disease of arteries, high blood pressure, and all sorts of other diseases with what were originally disturbances of our hidden or unconscious nervous system.

So "nerves" are not to be ignored.

Most headaches are tension headaches and there seems no proof that they cause any damage.

Like many of these symptoms they may be nature's way of protecting us from having to do something we don't want to do, but they are uncomfortable, painful, and very inconvenient.

They even happen, when we least want them, from sheer excitement.

We can do a lot about headaches, but it is dangerous

## Drugs can ease, not cure tension pains

to treat them with pills without knowing the cause, because occasionally this delays diagnosis of something that needs physical treatment.

Any sudden severe headache and any severe headache with a temperature should be seen by a doctor without delay.

Headaches that occur at a particular time of day or always in the same place may be sinus headaches.

Headaches that occur in the morning but improve when you get up and about, or perhaps after vomiting, should also be seen by a doctor.

Headaches that occur after reading or close work may be due to eyestrain and better lighting and perhaps glasses may be needed.

HELP FOR  
HOUSEWIVES  
by  
Clair Isbister,



Australian doctor and housewife. This is our fourth extract from her book "What Is Your Problem, Mother?"

But remember that an optometrist is not a doctor. He is only trained to test eyes and make glasses, not to diagnose the cause of your headache, just as the chemist is trained to make up medicine and not diagnose your disease.

People with high blood pressure get headaches, particularly when lying down, but a raised blood pressure is not a very common cause of headache.

Migraine is a very severe type of headache that occurs periodically in the same part of the head and is often associated with vomiting.

It is not relieved by headache tablets and may last for days. It tends to occur in families and in people of the so-called nervous temperament — sensitive, intelligent people.

Migraine is closely related to the tension headache, in that it tends to occur when the patient is worried and working hard.

There are drugs that doctors can order that will stop the attack, provided that you can have several hours' rest and keep warm.

The usual tension headache occurs frequently. In fact, many women say they always have a headache, a constant ache that is improved by a headache tablet for the time being.

It may be over one eye or at the back or feel like a tight band round the head. It is tiring and very much spoils one's enjoyment of life.

These headaches won't be cured by medicine.

The remedy lies very much with you and the way you decide to face up to your difficult circumstances.

Many women find running a house very frustrating, monotonous, and lonely after the interesting jobs they had before they were married,

Others find that housework without modern, labor-saving devices, and even with them, is hard work, and don't feel they do it very well.

We can't be happy unless we are doing something well, nor can we be happy unless we are sure that our job is worth while.

If we are working badly, feeling that much of our work is futile, tiring ourselves physically and getting no new ideas, then the tension will surely rise.

The result may be a headache or indigestion, or it may be a damaged personality causing you to become bitter, resentful, critical, and jealous, a sharp-tongued, houseproud shrew or a vicious gossip.

So, let's look at our job.

Those of us with children are fortunate, for there is no question about the importance of our job. What could be more important than rearing children with healthy minds and bodies, and good habits, to go out fearlessly and confidently into the world?

I agree with those who say they are frightened by it all. That is where, I think, our religious faith becomes so important to us; we can only do our best and work with goodwill, and after that we must have faith.

In caring for children it is important to put first things first.

There has been so much stress on physical needs and so little talk about mental health that many women make themselves slaves to the house and washtub and fail to realise that they are the greatest influence in their children's lives and that they must make themselves interesting people.

The mother's interests are often very apparent in her daughter. You are all familiar with the little miss who is always elaborately dressed and a conspicuous member of a ballet class, and whose mother is obsessed with clothes and the opportunities she didn't get and must give her daughter.

This child grows up so impressed with the importance of clothes and ballet classes that she will have more trouble getting a good sense of values than the girl whose mother dresses her plainly and regards the ballet as a form of exercise.

She will undoubtedly get a husband, but she may not keep him.

You must have your rest and play, you must keep in touch with the world you are preparing your children to live in.

You must have a satisfying interest outside your home. It may be a discussion group studying child care or politics, a tennis club or library.

Whichever form it takes it must bring you in contact with other people and either give you the satisfaction of doing something fairly well or of giving you new ideas.

NEXT WEEK  
Your doctor — and natural childbirth

'Savlon'  
Antiseptic  
LOZENGES  
The New, Sure  
way to relieve  
SORE THROATS



4/-  
AT YOUR  
CHEMIST

'Savlon' Antiseptic Lozenges, containing Chlorhexidine, the powerful germ killer recently discovered by ICI chemists, will not harm sensitive mouth and throat tissues. Let pleasantly flavoured 'Savlon' Lozenges melt in your mouth and right away irritation is relieved — your throat feels easier — soon it will be free from infection entirely!

Made by the manufacturers of

'Savlon'  
Antiseptic  
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AT 3/9 & 6/6 A TUBE



AT 3/3 & 5/6 A BOTTLE

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND LTD



From Corn  the richest grain,  
comes the richest flavour!



*Folk who need energy and warmth need a corn breakfast!*

**CORN — WHEN YOU NEED STAYING POWER**

Corn soaks up more of the sun's rays than any other grain. That's why it's especially important in winter time to make sure of the extra stamina and staying power you get from a breakfast of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Those big rustling-crisp flakes of whole corn put sunshine on your winter breakfast table in the most warming, welcoming breakfast you ever took a spoon to. (One serving, with milk, sugar, fruit and toast, supplies a *third* of your day's food needs).

**CORN — WHEN YOU WANT RICHER FLAVOUR**

No grain in the world has the rich, *satisfying* flavour of ripe, sunshiny corn. No other grain stands up so well to toasting. And no breakfast cereal in the world gives you so much flavour, crispness and deep-down goodness as Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Some people like hot milk on chilly days. Try them soon — enjoy them every morning.

**FULL OF ENERGY  
FROM THE SUN**



**Kellogg's CORN FLAKES**



# SMART CROCHET JACKET

● The tailored, tweedy jacket shown at the right is a wonderful all-purpose garment for any wardrobe. Although very simply designed, it is smart and cosy.

THIS jacket is something new in high-fashion crochet wear, and can be made in practically no time at all.

Here are the directions for making.

**Materials:** 22 balls Villawool "Nylo-tweed" sports wool; No. 6 crochet hook; 1 yd. 1 in. wide grosgrain ribbon for facing; 8 buttons.

**Measurements:** To fit 32-34 in. bust.

**Tension:** 5 sts. to 1 in.; 2 rows to 1 in.

## PATTERN

Work 1 d.c. in front of each st. of first row, then 1 d.c. in back of each st. of second row. Make all turns with 1 ch.

## BACK

Make 70 ch. to measure about 18 in. Work 1 d.c. in each st.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in front loop of each d.c.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. in back loop of each d.c.

Work last 2 rows until work measures 16 in.

**To Shape Armholes:** Work next row in patt. to last 7 sts., turn, work in patt. to last 7 sts., turn.

Cont. working until work measures 8 in. from armhole.

**To Shape Shoulder:** Sl-st. over first 12 sts., turn, work to last 12 sts., sl-st. into next d.c., turn, work to beg. of sl-st. Break off.

## LEFT FRONT

Make 42 ch. to measure about 10 1/2 in.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in each st.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in front of each d.c.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. in back of each d.c.

Cont. until work measures 16 in.

**To Shape Armholes:** Work next row to last 7 sts., sl-st. into next st., turn, work to end of row, turn, work to 3 sts. of beg. of sl-sts., 1 sl-st. in next st., turn, work until work measures 6 in. from armhole.

**To Shape Neck:** Work to last 2 sts. at neck edge, miss 1 st., d.c. into last st., turn, miss first st., d.c. into next and following sts. to end of row.

Rep. these 2 rows twice, turn, sl-st. over first 12 sts., d.c. to end of row. Break off.

## RIGHT FRONT

Same as left front, working buttonholes thus:

Make 42 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in each ch.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in front of each st.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. in back of each st., turn, 1 d.c. in front of first 3 sts., 3 ch., miss 3 sts., 1 d.c. in next and following sts. to end of row, turn, 1 d.c. in each st., including 3 ch. to end of row.

Cont. working as for left front, working 5 more buttonholes at regular intervals.

## SLEEVES

Work 42 ch., then work in patt. until work measures 6 in.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in first st., 2 d.c. in next and following sts. to last 2 sts., 2 d.c. in second last st., 1 d.c. in last st., turn. Work another 3 in., then inc. as before. Work 3 in. and inc. again. Cont. until work measures 18 in.



ATTRACTIVE crocheted jacket shown above can be worn under a coat or as a smart separate for day or sports wear. Crocheted in tweedy wool, it will be useful well into the spring. Directions are given for 32-34 in. fitting.

Miss 2 d.c. at end of next 2 rows.

Miss second st. at each end of next 15 rows. Work 1 row on rem. sts. Break off.

## COLLAR

Ch. 56. Work 10 rows in patt.

Next Row: Inc. by working 2 d.c. in second st. from each end of row.

Work 2 more rows.

Next Row: Inc. as before.

Work 2 more rows. Break off.

## POCKETS

Make 22 ch., work in patt. for 6 in. Break off.

## TO MAKE UP

Join shoulder and side seams. Sew up and set in sleeves. Turn a small flap down on pockets. Stitch collar and pockets in position. Stitch grosgrain ribbon down inside of fronts from buttonholes to bottom of jacket for a firm finish. Sew buttons down front and one on flap of each pocket. Press carefully.

## Simple lines in spring handknit

● This plain little sweater with the soft, banded neckline is just the thing to wear under suits as the weather becomes warmer.

**K**NIT it in a vivid color to wear with a navy or black skirt, or in white or a pretty pastel wool for a different effect.

These are the directions:

**Materials:** 7 (8-9) balls F. W. Hughes "Twinprufe" crochet wool, shade No. 2447 (mandarin); 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 12 needles.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 20 1/2 (21-21 1/2) in.; bust, 32 (34-36) in.; length of sleeve seam, 4 (4 1/4) in.

**Tension:** 7 1/2 sts. to 1 in.; 9 1/2 rows to 1 in.

## BACK

Using No. 10 needles cast on 100 (108-116) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 1/2 in., dec. 1 st. each end on the 6th and every following 4th row. Cont. in st-st., still dec. each end of every 4th row until dec. to 88 (96-104) sts. Cont. in st-st. for 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until inc. to 120 (128-136) sts. When work measures 13 1/2 (13 1/2-14) in., shape armholes by casting off 6 (8-8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, k 2 tog. each end of next 3 (3-4) rows, then every 2nd row 3 (3-4) times. When armholes measure 3 (3 1/2-3 1/2) in., shape for neck as follows:

Next Row: K 38 (39-40) sts. (leave on a spare needle), cast off 20 (22-24) sts., k 38 (39-40) sts. Cont. on last 38 (39-40) sts., casting off 4 sts. at neck edge on the next row,

then 2 sts. at neck edge every alt. row 3 times, then k 2 tog. every alt. row until dec. to 22 (23-24) sts. When armhole measures 7 (7 1/2-7 1/2) in., shape shoulder by casting off 11 (12-12) sts. at armhole edge of next row. Cast off 11 (11-12) sts. on alt. row. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

## FRONT

Work same as for back.

## SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 82 (84-86) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until inc. to 90 (92-94) sts. When sleeve seam measures 4 (4 1/4) in., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 60 (60-60) sts., then every row until dec. 30 (30-30) sts. Cast off.

## NECKBAND

Using No. 12 needles cast on 24 sts.

1st Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. these 2 rows until strip is long enough to go around neck. Cast off. Join shoulder seams and stitch neckband around neck with the right side showing.

Fold in half on to wrong side and slip hem.

## TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew sleeves around armholes, sew up side seams.



BOATNECK SWEATER with straight little sleeves is as pleasant to wear as it is pretty. It is an ideal sweater to perk up a winter suit or team with a new spring outfit.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 30, 1958

## SERVE SPAGHETTI

IT'S SIMPLY DELICIOUS  
—DELIGHTFULLY SIMPLE

Here are two really appetizing recipes—easy to prepare, tasty and satisfying—try them for lunch or T.V. supper snack.

### Biddy's SPAGHETTI MINCE RING

1 16-oz. can Biddy's Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce with Cheese, 1 lb. minced steak, 1 Snack Pack (4 1/2 ozs.) Raleigh Creme of Tomato Soup, 1 Snack Pack Raleigh Creme of Mushroom Soup, 1 onion (chopped finely),

1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon Worcester sauce, salt and pepper.

Place all ingredients, except spaghetti, in medium sized saucepan—stir gently and bring to boil. Simmer for 35 minutes. 10 minutes before serving time, heat Biddy's Spaghetti as per instructions on can.

Serve the minced steak in the centre of a large dish, ring with the spaghetti, and top with tomato halves—garnish with chopped parsley.



### Biddy's SPAGHETTI SURPRISE

1 16-oz. can Biddy's Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce with Cheese, 4 hard-boiled eggs, grated cheese and tomato halves, parsley to garnish.

Place sliced hard-boiled eggs in oven-proof dish. Cover with Biddy's Spaghetti. Sprinkle with grated cheese over the top and decorate with tomato halves. Place in moderate oven until cheese is melted and browned slightly. Garnish with parsley and serve.

CUT THESE SUGGESTIONS FOR YOUR 'WOMEN'S WEEKLY' INDEX FILE

Quick to Serve — Sure to Please

BIDDY'S BAKED BEANS IN TOMATO SAUCE



BIDDY'S SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE

BIDDY'S MINT PEAS

SAY Biddy's PLEASE

Packed by RALEIGH PRESERVING CO. LTD.

SGBP 2540





# Fresh and fragrant

*as the flowers for which it is named!*



## three flowers TALCUM

keeps you softly lovely  
from top to toe...

As gentle as a caress, it smooths the skin with a lovely softness that makes you feel so cool and comfortable. Contains an amazing ingredient that neutralises the source of perspiration odours. Keeps you feeling fresh, hour after busy hour, or sends you to rest in comfortable after-bath luxury.

At chemists and stores everywhere... 3/3

YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER  
TALC AT ANY PRICE!



## Continuing . . . The Dark Enchantment

*from page 39*

"Well, you haven't," she

assured me. I laughed, "Thank you, most people tell me I have."

She shook her head, "Oh, no!"

After that conversation

flagged. I shall never forget that first morning; I exhausted myself trying to talk to Liane. She answered questions but she offered no remarks of her own, and she had a disturbing manner of making her replies to my efforts so final that I was left with the flat feeling that there was nothing more profitable to be said upon the subject.

We went for a walk in comparative silence. The day was crystal bright and I was afraid of it, as if its clarity might bring to light my every deceit and defect. She seemed to absorb the sunlight. She seemed aglow with it, inside and out.

Once when I had prattled desperately she looked round at me and smiled, "You don't have to entertain me. You just have to see that I don't wander off."

The man Edwards came to luncheon, but I was so bewildered by the curious morning I had spent with Liane that I paid very little attention to him. I doubt if I should have noticed if he had come dressed as Santa Claus. I was entirely preoccupied with the girl. She appeared not to see the hand he held out to her.

Mrs. Anson mentioned it, "Liane, dear, Mr. Edwards wants to shake hands with you."

"I know," she said, "but I don't want to shake hands with him."

Mr. Edwards did not seem to resent it and Lead Stewart might not have heard. Such remarks seemed to cause no alarm. And, oddly enough, she managed to make them without any loss of her natural good manners: the extraordinary discrepancy between the words and the tone confused and bothered me.

Before luncheon we drank sherry in the drawing-room. Mr. Edwards raised his glass to Lead, "Good health, Major."

He had a faint midland accent and an overfed face. I think Lead answered "cheers." Then Edwards lifted his glass to Liane. "Here's luck to you, Mrs. Stewart."

She gave him her gentle smile, "You don't wish me good luck at all."

Again nobody appeared to have heard and I began to doubt my own powers of hear-

ing. Not because of what she said but again because of the way she had said it — she had said it without sounding offensive.

Mrs. Anson was chattering happily. "I don't believe in this chicken nonsense. You can have all the gadgets you want to — but I say they like being talked to. Good old-fashioned mother love! That's what makes them lay."

Major Stewart smiled at me, "Annie has got her own personal chickens. But I've not noticed that they lay more than mine!"

Liane put down her glass. "If Mr. Edwards is staying to luncheon, Lead, I think I'll have mine in my room."

Mr. Edwards turned to me grinning, "I'm not very popular with Mrs. S."

Lead's voice was quiet when he said to her, "You'll have luncheon with everyone else."

"All right," she agreed, "I will." Then she turned to

### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Edwards, "There's a new sort of cream on the market, I read it in one of Annie's magazines — it's supposed to do wonders for rheumatism. Why don't you try it out on your knee?"

"I'm willing to try anything on it, love," he said. "I've had a lot of pain with it lately."

She put her long supple fingers into her pocket and drew out a slip of folded paper. "I wrote it down for you," she said.

I think that was the last remark she addressed to him. She did not hear him when he said, "Goodbye."

I could not resist asking her, "Why don't you like that little man?"

"Because he keeps hoping I'll die."

My mouth opened once or twice before I answered, "But — but — Mrs. Stewart, that isn't possible. It's — it's — I mean why should he? And if this is true why did you bother about his knee?"

"Because it hurts him," she told me and returned to her book.

By the time I reached my room I was utterly strung up and unnerved. I sat in the chair by the empty grate and wrote a long letter to Fay. She still has it because she says it was so unlike me. I seldom underline.

"I should like to come home at once," I wrote. "How I miss your senseless chatter! I should even be glad to see Preston Warren! My employer's wife is quite unresentful of me, but she obviously doesn't need a companion. She seems intent upon living her own life beside me as if I didn't exist. I couldn't stand it for more than the month I agreed. Could you put up with me again for a bit in the cave?"

"As for him, you hardly see him. He's always out with his beastman or his bailiff or his herdsman, or his cows or whatever it is farmers do all day." (I must have been getting my own back on him for the "poetry stuff.") And then my conscience evidently struck me, for I added, "Not that they're not all exceptionally kind. They are for ever asking me if I've got my feet wet, but somehow there is nothing more destructive to one's self-confidence than to live cheek by jowl with people who appear totally unaware of your existence except for a routine anxiety as to the amount of moisture absorbed by your extremities. There's no work to do at all," I wrote.

Had I been given some sort of a timetable, or if Annie had needed my help in the house I shouldn't have felt so useless. But to start the day with an aimless sense of inactivity and to end it with the same lack of accomplishment was wearing and unsatisfactory.

I read two modern novels and "The Brothers Karamazov" in that first week. I read, and I sewed and I slept. And every night I tried to fathom Liane and every day I was baffled afresh. I simply could not accustom myself to her dynamic frankness. Nor could I believe that she needed me.

If the tapestry canvas hadn't arrived I really don't think I could have stood it. But it formed a soothing bond between us. We began work on a large and colorful biblical scene.

She was never impetuous to me, never inconsiderate. In fact, she was the opposite.

To page 51

## PATTERN AND IRON-ON TRANSFER

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# A stranger in Hollywood...

● "Mother, I'm going to get up, pack my things, and leave. I never want to see you or this town again," Diane Varsi whispered. Then she put the script down and looked up.

**A**CROSS the room director Mark Robson was staring. "You read that," he said, "as if it were the story of your life."

"I don't know what sort of person you are, but the part is yours. Congratulations."

And Diane Varsi, who had been nobody five minutes before, walked out of the studio with the key role of "Peyton Place" in her pocket and headed back for the slum in which she lived.

Hollywood has known many "different" people, but never has it known anyone quite like Diane Varsi.

She is 19 and has had two unhappy marriages, one of which gave her a baby son. She has been hungry, ill-treated, and picked up by the police as a vagrant.

She is in Hollywood today only because one morning in 1955 she told her mother, "I'm going out for a walk. I'm going to walk and walk, and I may not come back." She had added, "It's a pilgrimage—of a sort."

She took her sleeping-bag and some songs she had written. With a girl-friend she headed south, hitching rides, sleeping on beaches, and talked to other young people on the loose, who told her, "You'd better go back—they'll put you in gaol."

## ● Invalid mother

But she kept on, flagging trucks, working here and there, and one day at the age of 16 she found herself in Hollywood.

Diane was born in San Francisco to an Italian-American florist and his French wife. When she was only 13 weeks old she developed a blood disease that almost caused her death and ate far into the Varsis' careful savings.

Diane's mother had suffered at her birth, and when two years later there was another baby Mrs. Varsi became a virtual invalid. When Diane was five, she, as the elder, was put in a convent, while the mother struggled to look after the younger child.

For two years the convent was Diane's home. She was the youngest child there, and her early illnesses had made her a solitary person and a poor mixer.

Finally, she had such a bad case of scarlet

fever that the Varsis were asked to take her home.

Diane's father was now on the way to being a successful contractor. The home she went back to was not the one she remembered, but a rambling, old-fashioned three-story place, bought by her father.

A superstitious maid told Diane that some spots on the stairs meant that the house was haunted.

For the seven years she lived in that house Diane lived in fear.

At school, where she had her first chance to mix with boys and girls of her own age, Diane ran into trouble the first day. She got into a fight with a boy who teased her in the playground, and emerged from it with a broken arm.

For the next few years she was a problem child to her teachers, finding her own level only as the group entered high school, when she enjoyed a short period of popularity and was elected class vice-captain.

Then suddenly it all ended. She took a fancy to a new girl and tried to have her accepted by the crowd. "She's cheap," they said, turning her down.

It didn't matter to Diane if they were right or wrong. She only knew someone else was about to take over the role that had been hers for so long.

"I like her company better than yours," Diane answered, and went back to being an outsider.

The health of Diane's mother grew worse, and life was an affair of drawn blinds, new housekeepers, and a father who was mostly away.

To meet people of her own age, Diane took dancing lessons, but the boys she met she could never invite home. She knew that her life was unconventional and that she was being brought up oddly.

She told herself she liked it that way—that she preferred being on the outside.

Then, for the first time, Diane ran away. She went with another girl, an "oddball" like herself. Police returned them home.

She arrived back to find the family situation deteriorating more rapidly. Her father was pulling out, and "home," such as it was, was to be broken up.

## ● Told to read

Diane went back to school to finish the term, but before the new quarter started she was working. She was 15.

Sometimes she worked in a local dress shop, sometimes in a restaurant. But the important thing that happened at this time was that Diane met a woman writer, who told her to read.

For the next three months Diane spent every night reading books. The writer's mother ran a home for old ladies, and Diane went to work there, in exchange for a room and board.

She began to write poetry, and on her nights off frequented the smoky San Francisco cafes favored by young intellectuals.

Following an argument at the old ladies' home, Diane set out with a girl-friend on the hitch-hike to Hollywood.

She had no intention of staying there. She saw herself as a vagabond singer of folk-songs, moving from one part of the country to another.

No ties, no love—and no getting hurt. But her friend wanted to stay in Hollywood and Diane agreed—for a while. She went to live with some weavers in a ramshackle Hollywood house, and there met a boy.

She will not talk about him or tell anyone his name.

She married him almost before she knew



DIANE VARSI and her co-star, Gary Cooper, in the Twentieth Century-Fox film "Ten North Frederick." Diane plays the role of Cooper's daughter.

him. She was pregnant before she knew the marriage was a failure.

And yet out of that marriage, so quickly annulled, came the one great joy Diane Varsi has known—her son, Shawn.

Five months before his birth, her husband already gone, Diane wrote the letter that changed her life.

A very simple letter, indeed, to the one person who had never failed her:

"Dear Grandpa, I want to take acting lessons. So send me some money for them,

folk singer—and managed her as an actress. More than that about him, no one knows.

And about Diane today, with two more movies behind her and an unlimited number ahead?

She still lives in a sparsely furnished apartment, gets around town in a '49 Ford, fast, cutting the corners, doesn't own a decent wardrobe, no jewellery.

She has not been to one glamor party, and has accepted no invitations for the future.

Her health is still shaky, but she's building it up with a diet of fruit, vegetables, juices, and raw eggs. She does exercises and goes to bed at 9.30 almost every night after two hours of heavy reading.

Her friends are obscure people whom she "meets every day here and there," who sometimes drop in for coffee and talk—and to hear Diane sing her folk songs.

She knows that others gossip about the way she dresses, and she says, "I don't care. As to the way I live — well, I guess I do some strange things."

## ● Fear of love

Ask her why she does them now when she might live for the first time as other people do, when she might be surrounded with friends, and she will tell you, "I want simplicity. I want to strip my life down to the essentials."

But those people in Hollywood who are coming to know Diane Varsi and care about her have another reason to offer.

They say that she is still afraid, still in fear of growing to love anything, any place, any life too much — because if she does, it will be taken away.

And yet, when they see her bending over her baby, hear her talk, see her eyes light up when he stretches out chubby arms for her — they know that Diane Varsi cannot possibly keep herself from loving.

## Film-Fan-Fare Conducted by Ainslie Baker

please. Also, send me some more. Because I'm starving."

It was a simple statement of fact. She was down to skin and bones from malnutrition; her face wore blotches of acne from the wrong kind of diet and too little of it.

She has vestiges of it left today—carefully hidden under make-up for "Peyton Place."

Diane had become interested in acting when she went to an acting school to pick up a friend. It was challenging, a way of expressing herself.

She had no particular ideas of a career; movies she despised, glamor she loathed. But acting intrigued her. And when grandfather's money arrived the drama lessons began.

In January this year Diane filed for her second divorce, from young producer James T. Dickson. She will not talk about how they met or why this marriage, too, failed.

They were married in November, 1956, shortly after Diane had decided to act. Dickson wanted then to manage her as a



DIANE with her baby son, Shawn, the child of her first, brief marriage.



## FILM PREVIEW

# TEACHER'S PET

... Cupid drew a bead on the professor when the city editor enrolled at night school.

### THE STORY

**A** TOUGH, self-educated city editor and hater of university degrees, Gable is ordered by his boss to accept an invitation to give a lecture on journalism. When he finds the course's professor, E. R. Stone, is Doris Day, he enrolls as a student, using an assumed name.

When Doris, for her part, finds that in-

stead of being a remarkably promising student Gable is one of New York's ablest newspapermen, the sparks really begin to fly in this Paramount romantic comedy.

Gig Young, whom screen fate seems to have cast as the one who never gets the girl, plays Doris' faithful bookworm admirer.



CLARK GABLE, as Gammon, who disapproved of journalism courses.



DORIS DAY, as journalism professor E. R. Stone.



Not knowing the new member of her journalism class is a notoriously tough city editor, Professor E. R. Stone lectures about some of the finer points.

Jealous of Doris' highbrow boyfriend (Gig Young), Gable succeeds in leading him with too many drinks at a nightclub, then helps Doris steer him home.



Argument flares as Doris tells Gable she knows his kind of self-made newspaperman, ill-educated and with unpressed suits, and Gable replies with his unflattering opinion of what he calls her "hothouse journalists" and their lack of practical experience.

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P.167.WW76g

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 30, 1958



# Continuing . . . The Dark Enchantment "Mummy! Pussy scatched me!"

once confessed that I felt the cold at nights and after that there were always two hot-water bottles in my bed; Liane, I must have mentioned that I didn't care for Indian tea. A special pot of China tea was made for me: Liane. And when I told her how much I loved flowers I was never again without some sort of floral decoration in my room.

I noticed her studying the likes and dislikes of Lead and Annie in much the same way. But it was done in a ghostly fashion in my case as if she were not behind the actions, and one's thanks met with nothing but the quick half smile.

Her detachment from me is hard to describe. When we were with Lead or Annie she prattled away even to me, much as she had done on the first night we met, but when we were alone she crept back into herself and the unnerving detachment returned. If it were not for the tapestry I sometimes wondered whether she would have borne with me at all.

I was at a complete and utter loss to know why I should have been employed. There were no signs of the forgetfulness of which I'd been warned, and it really seemed absurd that an outsider should be required to "keep an eye on her." Annie seldom left the house. Lead Stewart himself had two hours' seclusion with her in the library every morning and with the exception of Wednesday nights was in to every meal and never went out after dark. I could see no reason why they should not have "kept her in sight" between them, and no reason for my own presence at all.

I tackled her with it one day. "Mrs. Stewart, this may sound odd to you. I hate imposing myself upon other people and I'm certainly not fishing for compliments, but I can't help feeling that you don't find me the ideal companion — I seem to get in your way."

She said, "Why don't you call me Liane?" That was all. But two days later she answered me. She looked up and said, "You want to please Lead and you're pleasing him. So what are you worrying about?" I wondered quickly whether this was the cause of her attitude towards me. Did she think I was "after" her husband?

There were women, I knew, who could never be unconvinced that their male partners were not a source of panting irresistibility to their female friends. I suffered once from a buxom old brute suspecting that her little pimple of a husband, who whinnied round me at the golf club, was my target for romance. She wrote to my father and called me horrible names.

I said primly, "Really, Mrs. Stewart, if I'm trying to please anyone, it's you."

She gave me an oddly intuitive stare. She could always detect a lie. Her steady eyes lay hard on you.

Liane was proved right on the stairs. I had run into Major Stewart in the passage and instead of the inevitable skirmish around the laundry basket, he stopped and put a hand on my shoulder. "Liane likes you. Thanks."

"Good heavens!" I answered. "I thought she couldn't stand me!"

"Not at all. She told me you were a joy to be with. She says she feels she doesn't have to bother to put herself

[from page 48]

out with you. She can just be herself and completely at ease."

It was on my way upstairs that I realised what it meant to me. I was quite absurdly pleased and I knew that I'd been trying to impress him. Fay would not have believed it. Calm, self-assured Harriet Godden, elated by a pat on the back.

It was also on the stairs that I realised that I had no assurance left. Something in that house had snapped it. Something had taken away from me everything I could rely upon most. It was not only Liane who baffled me. I was baffled by myself.

All this I wrote to Fay. Fay's letters back became my chief consolation. They were ridiculous, and she wrote often. They gave me a few moments of relaxation. She was fascinated by Liane, and by Lead, and by everyone connected with the Stewart household. There are few things so comforting as a friend who really minds about even one's least important doings. I blessed Fay for that endearing interest. She wrote a sprawling hand. "But, darling, a job doing nothing sounds wonderful. I suppose Honey Boy doesn't



want a companion, too? His voice was a dream on the phone."

It must have been about ten days later that "Honey Boy" gave me a treat. He met me on the landing and asked me, "Would you care to come into town?"

"Yes, please, I would very much. But what about Liane?" "Annie's not busy this afternoon; she can look after Liane. I thought you might like a change."

He was ready to go and I promised to get ready at once. I went into my room quite excited. I seemed to have been entombed in the peaceful monotony of Shap Hundred. The house had a timeless quality that was both soporific and oppressive. It was filled with passages and unused rooms. There was a music room, a morning room, a second drawing-room, a ballroom, a billiard room into which people seldom went. These rooms were filled with solid shining furniture that stood heavily about in the silences.

I was glad to be going into the town. Fay had a birthday coming and there was not much to be bought at the village store. I was quite gay at the thought of my outing. I put on my hat and a loose tweed coat, and went hurrying down the stairs. Somehow it was not to be thought of to keep Lead Stewart waiting.

I ran through the squat white hall and then ran back to the drawing-room door. I put my head round it. Liane was curled up in the chair. I called out, "Goodbye, Liane."

She looked up from a book and just blew me a kiss. Then she went on reading. A few weeks ago I should have ex-

plained where I was going, but I had learnt that she was completely devoid of any form of curiosity.

Lead Stewart sounded a note on the horn. I ran into the drive, climbed into the car, and said, "Sorry."

He looked me up and down and then asked me, "Got your gloves?" I held them up to show him. "We might be a bit late and it's cold coming home."

A broken plough link rattled in the back of the car. I freed a strand of hair that had caught in my collar, and sat back to enjoy the drive. He drove in yellow gloves.

"I'm afraid I've got rather a lot to do. I think I'd better drop you off somewhere in the town. You can give yourself some tea and I'll pick you up for a drink."

We drove into a fine old market town and he dropped me off by the grey clock tower, and then ordered me: "Be in the White Hart at six. Don't be late."

He gave me a curt wave and left me abruptly.

I always felt a little ruffled by his habit of addressing one as though one were a child. He seemed used to giving a woman careful instructions and it made him sound domineering.

I bought Fay an expensive black jersey. Then I had tea and wondered why the thought of Lead Stewart could still make me nervous.

I was in the White Hart at half-past five.

He arrived at six-fifteen. He collected my parcels and shepherded me towards a dark bar. There were black beams across the ceiling, a stone floor, and the only gesture towards modernity was an inset tank of tropical fish. We sat on high leather stools, and a young man behind the bar crossed over to us. He made his voice artificially hearty.

"Whatcher, Lead?" "Hullo, Dick. Miss Godden — Dick Coles."

Dick Coles made a cheerful bow with his head, put both hands on the counter, and said, "How's tricks, Lead?"

"Oh, not so bad." The young man grinned at me. "Never get a farmer to admit more than 'not so bad,' can you?"

I smiled and shook my head. He had thick fair hair which made him look rather too yellow beside the dark head of Major Stewart. But he had fine teeth.

Lead bought us all three a drink.

Dick Coles held up his tankard. "Well — down with all gentleman farmers!"

Absurdly, I did not drink. I looked up to find that Dick Coles was laughing at me.

"I believe you thought that in poor taste."

I blushed. I should have liked to have slapped myself, but I should have preferred to have slapped Dick Coles.

He raised his mug again. "Well, then — up with all gentleman farmers."

I did not know whether to drink to that or not. I could not decide which would draw the least attention to myself. I noticed that Lead Stewart was smiling at me with his mouth on one side and his eyebrows raised. I could have slapped them both.

On the way home he said, "Dick's a nice chap."

"Yes." I felt slightly resentful towards Dick. "Does he run the White Hart?" "Manages it. Would you like the rug?"

"No, thank you."

I should dearly have liked the rug. I cannot think what induced me to refuse it. There has been no more draughty car.



Pussy's paws have sharp little claws, and can leave a nasty scratch. Children need more than love alone to keep them healthy. They should be protected against harmful germs which can lie in the most unexpected places. A cut... scratch... an abrasion — quick, the Dettol! Wise mothers always use Dettol. Prompt attention with Dettol helps to guard against the risk of septic infection.



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AVAILABLE ONLY AT ALL CHEMISTS

To page 53

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



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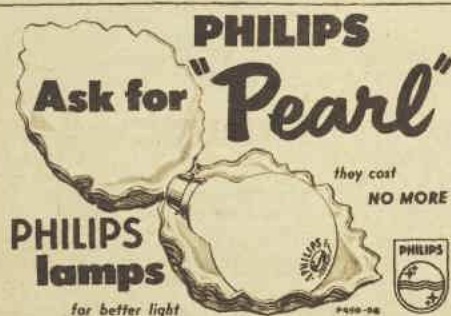


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## New Film Releases

### ★★ DUNKIRK

Ealing-M.G.M. war drama, with John Mills, Richard Attenborough, Bernard Lee. St. James, Sydney.

ONE of Britain's rare attempts to make a film of really impressive scope, this has two parallel narratives.

One is concerned with the rallying of England's small-boat owners who took their craft to Dunkirk to evacuate the men from its beaches.

The other follows a small group of soldiers, separated from their B.E.F. unit, who eventually make their way to Dunkirk.

As the corporal who against his will finds himself in charge of these men, Mills gives one of his most solid and memorable performances.

Admirable work comes from Bernard Lee as the thoughtful journalist boat owner, and from Attenborough in the character role of another small-boat owner who had been enjoying a comfortable and profitable war.

A generally commendable lack of flag-waving has been achieved by director Leslie Norman, with only an occasionally false heroic note spoiling the otherwise admirable down-to-earth dialogue.

For the most part the fighting men are either tired, disgruntled, let-down, or angry, and they speak accordingly.

The evacuation scenes, impressive in their scope, make no effort to gloss over details.

In a word . . . IMPRESSIVE.

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars—below average

### ★★ MAN HUNT

Fox outdoor drama, with Diane Varsi, Don Murray. In De Luxe color, CinemaScope. Plaza, Sydney.

DIFFERENCE is the keynote of this better-than-average essay in period outdoor drama.

Its young hero, Murray, is a fast gun who doesn't believe in killing, reads the Bible, doesn't drink, and is painfully shy with girls.

A stranger who inadvertently causes the death of a tough rancher's son, he becomes the object of a man-hunt across some of the most unusual and memorable country to be used as film background.

Diane Varsi, as the tomboy eldest daughter of a rancher who befriends Murray, is natural and charming.

Stronger performances from Archie Armstrong and Chill Wills as the bad and good ranchers respectively would have considerably strengthened a film already suffering from too much luck on the side of the hunted.

The desert-town set, Dalilike and different, is the scene of some of the film's most suspenseful and dramatic action.

In a word . . . DIFFERENT.



HAPPY REUNION for Mel Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn followed "The Nun's Story," which separated the two for the first time since their marriage four years ago.



WAITING for a call, stars John Wayne and Dean Martin fill in time between scenes of "Rio Bravo" by playing chess. Wayne keeps a set in his dressing-room.

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Regular 3/9  
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CM123

## Continuing... The Dark Enchantment

from page 51

There was a Jaguar shut up in the garage like a shiny black animal not to be trusted, but he always seemed to use the antiquated Ford. I asked him why. He ignored the question.

When we got back to Shap Hundred Liane came forward and kissed us both. It was as if a cool little snowflake had touched your cheek. "Oh!" she said. "You do look pretty. It suits you to go out with Lead."

I found myself watching them after that night. I am not a prey to curiosity, and I had found so much to wonder about in the girl herself that I had not dwelt very much on her relationship with Lead. But after that night I began to dwell. I watched them together closely and I wondered why I had not done that before. Perhaps because I was absorbed in myself, selfishly concerned with my own reactions to my new position, and perhaps because I saw them together so little.

It had not occurred to me to be curious about the hours that they spent together, but now I was increasingly and shamefully curious. I pictured them in his close little library and I wondered about their nights.

They were outwardly at peace and affectionate. But with my newly found inquisitiveness I noticed other things. He stared at her sometimes for minutes on end and there was an expression on his face for which I could not account. He might have been listening to music and yet there was a guilty look in it, as if he had caught himself doing something he had forbidden himself to do. I asked her about those curious two hours of seclusion that they spent in the library every day.

"Oh!" she smiled. "I'm shocking at knowledge—I managed to skip it all at school. Lead's trying to make me catch up. He wants me to know more about 'world affairs,'" and she made a childish face.

We walked to church on Sundays. I received friendly, half-curious glances. Lead gave out short greetings and made for the wicket gate as soon as the service was ended. Annie became involved with plans for jumble sales and whist drives, edging away with, "I'll telephone you, shall I, Margaret?" She knew how Lead hated being kept waiting. Only Liane remained to chatter.

I have never heard her talk as she talked to those villagers on Sunday mornings. She would debate the turn of the wind with elderly yokels, her pale face turned skywards, detecting snow. She would listen to the rheumatic trials of the

publican's wife and sympathise with the vicar over the bees that lodged in the roof of the church. The year before the roof had collapsed under the weight of a ton and a half of honey, a collection of hundreds of years.

We waited for her outside the wicket gate. Lead thankfully smoked a cigarette and Annie beamed upon acquaintances, talking unwisely loudly about them before they were out of earshot.

"You wouldn't think she was forty, would you?"

Lead said, "Yes, I would."

Annie's hats never failed to fascinate me. Once a year she descended upon London with as much misgiving as Fay left it, and bought an expensive pudding basin from a small dark shop in the West End. The colors varied only from navy to plum then. It sat on her head so firmly that it pushed wisps of grey hair round her highly colored face and accentuated the arch of an important nose.

She screwed up violent blue eyes and said, "Bless the child! What on earth can she be doing?"

Lead put his cigarette out underfoot and called sharply, "Liane!"

She came immediately. He said in an aside to me, "If ever she goes off, just tell her you want her back, she'll always come."

"Oh!" I said. "I never have any difficulty with her."

Two days later I had a shock. I suppose I had begun to do what I thought would be impossible. I had begun to live my own life beside Liane. I no longer tried to talk to her unless she cared to talk. I walked through the woods and fields in silence with her or sat in her company and sewed.

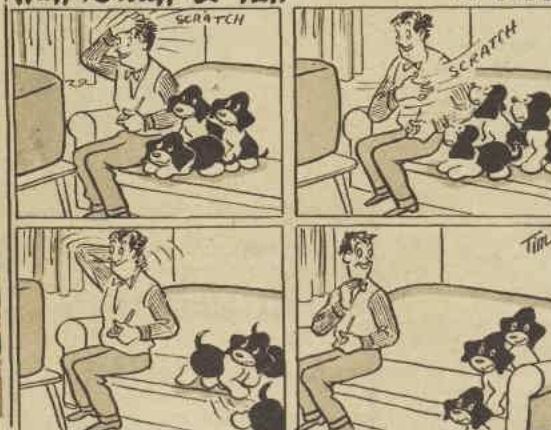
I suppose I grew off my guard. We were sitting by the fire in the drawing-room and I must have gone off to sleep. I remember the soft warmth of the day when every early sign of spring seemed to be clamoring for precedence. Across the lawn two men were backing a mare into a horse-box drawn up in the lane. There was a tractor at work in a far-off field, like a clumsy grey bug on the ground. There was the sound of the work on the new pigsties; and Lead's boxer dozing between us—I remember so clearly all that, yet I do not remember falling asleep. But when I woke up she was gone.

To be continued

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



SF.28, W.W.621

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NS1-59





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AVAILABLE ONLY FROM YOUR CHEMIST



GET WELL—STAY WELL—with  
**Waterbury's  
Compound**

Continuing . . .

## The Crucial Call

from page 21

words carefully — "that we could come to some arrangement."

"In what way?"

"Well, at present we're simply cutting each other's throat." He hesitated. "Now please don't be offended at what I'm going to say."

"I'm listening."

"This is unofficial, of course, and I'm not in a position to offer anything concrete. But I do know that my directors would be most interested to know if you would assume special responsibility for this area." Yardley paused, smiling. Then he added: "On Colly's behalf."

So that was it, Neil thought with gloomy satisfaction. His suspicion had been correct . . .

"Naturally," Yardley went on, "Colly's would offer compensation for your business and premises; and, in similar cases, I believe the payment has been considered not only fair but generous."

"Should I continue to manufacture?"

Yardley shrugged: "It would be mainly an administrative appointment, although we should almost certainly wish to take advantage of your technical ability. Yours would be the overall responsibility, and the aim would be to build up a sales force. You would not, yourself, be doing the selling."

Yardley looked at Neil squarely. "I have the impression," he said, "that you might find it a congenial set-up."

Neil let that pass. He said: "You haven't answered my question."

"Colly's have a standard product," Yardley said. "On the other hand, we're always looking for improvements, and it might be possible to test yours with a view to production at a later date. In the meantime, I expect your—er—factory would be used as a store."

"There's no need for any tests," Neil said. "It so happens that my article is better than Colly's."

Yardley smiled. He said: "Cost is equally important these days, we find. And in the long run it's the customer who has the answer to that one, if we care to fight it out to a conclusion."

"But that would hurt both of us. I'm trying to avoid that. Anyway, if you are at all interested in this suggestion, I'm sure that you could negotiate a topweight salary and expenses. How do you feel about it?"

It was a temptation. It would mean no more crippling worries; no more anxious studying of the bank statement, wondering if an invoice would be settled before the bills fell due, a steady, secure salary, with a pleasant nest-egg to tuck away; the house that Ruth wanted.

Neil smiled to himself. A new bicycle would certainly be no problem.

After all, it was only what he already contemplated. It provided a tailor-made way out. Perhaps that was the trouble. It was too easy, with its bland assumption of inevitable failure.

Neil shook his head, bewildered at himself. Arthur would get his money back and a bit more besides. Ruth? Surely she would see that it was a golden opportunity?

Wasn't it sensible to get out before certain ruin overtook him? Wasn't that just what he had urged Arthur to do?

And yet . . . to give up just like that, to kill the company coldbloodedly after all the work and dreams that had gone into it?

"I should like to think it over," Neil said.

"Naturally. I know it will be

a most difficult decision to make. But you might bear in mind that Colly's are in this area to stay. And I'm sure you will appreciate that there is a big difference between Colly's asking you to join them, and—" Yardley gestured apologetically—"you asking to join Colly's."

So there was, however discreetly concealed, a mailed fist with "or else" written on it.

Neil stood up. "I think I'll go back to my carriage," he said.

Yardley looked up at him. His handsome face had lost its habitual smile.

"Speaking personally, Mr. Terry," he said, "I'm sorry we're on opposite sides of the fence. Colly's have been very good to me and I think they're a grand firm. But I've seen small men who wouldn't come to terms get badly hurt."

He went on, almost pleadingly: "Colly's are so big. They've got capital, mass-production techniques, sales aids. It's very difficult for a man without those resources to keep his head above water."

Neil didn't answer for a moment. Then he said: "I don't suppose you ever saw old Waldron Colly?"

"The founder of our firm? No."

"I met him once when I was hardly more than a boy. I was running in an athletics match against Colly's. He presented the medals and we talked for a little while. I think he was lonely. He was a very old man. He began his working life as a blacksmith, with no capital, no resources, nothing. Even Colly's, Mr. Yardley, were small once."

"That was in the nineteenth century," Yardley said seriously. "Things are very different today. Is it quite comparable?"

Back in his carriage, Neil thought that over. Was it true, he wondered, that it was no longer possible to build a company up beyond a certain size? What would old Waldron Colly have done?

He remembered the old man clearly; tough, curt, with no social charms or graces. Waldron Colly, he thought, smiling faintly, would probably have disliked Yardley intensely.

They were just running into Guildford. Neil got out and made his way through the barrier. Outside, Yardley was just climbing into a taxi. He called: "Can I give you a lift?"

Neil walked over. "No thanks. I'm not going far."

"Oh. I'm going to see Edward Halliday. I thought you might be calling on him, too."

Neil knew that this was no casual remark. It was meant to shake him. And it did. He hoped that his face didn't show his sick apprehension.

"I expect I'll see you on the train going back," he said at random.

Yardley shook his head. "I'm staying overnight. You will bear our conversation in mind, won't you? I shall be visiting my head office the day after tomorrow. Perhaps you'd like to come with me and talk it over with the director concerned."

So now the ultimatum was complete, with the expiry date fixed. After that, there would be no talking terms.

Yardley said: "I shall be at the Lansdowne Hotel."

Neil watched the taxi drive away. He followed on foot, and walked towards the bus terminus . . .

By mid-afternoon, when Neil tramped up to Edward

To page 55



**I was embarrassed**

... me with dingy dentures!  
... yet I clean them every day



but do you clean them properly?

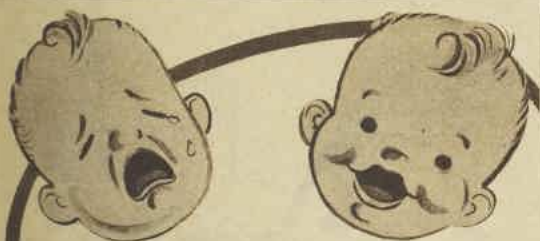
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 30, 1958

Continuing . . . .

## The Crucial Call

[from page 54]

Halliday's office, he was weary and disconsolate. Nothing had gone right. He had been met with evasions, and sometimes closed doors. He had obtained no new business and only one small repeat order. As a life-saving day it had been a complete washout.

He went in through the swing doors, pushed his card across, said: "Mr. Halliday, please," and leaned gratefully on the counter.

The receptionist went into a glass-walled recess and seemed to take a very long time on the telephone. She came back and said: "I can't seem to find Mr. Halliday, sir. Can you come back another time?"

"I'll wait," Neil said firmly, and sat down on a hard chair.

The receptionist glanced at him doubtfully, but said nothing. Neil sat, while time crawled by, feeling his last remaining fragment of optimism evaporate, leaving only a desolate hopelessness. Telephones rang, people came and went, but there was no word for him. He began to look at the clock anxiously. If Halliday didn't see him soon he would miss the train.

At last he stood up and went to the counter. He said to the receptionist: "I have been seeing Mr. Halliday regularly for the last eighteen months. He likes me to call on the same day every month. This is that day. Will you please try to find Mr. Halliday?"

The receptionist took his card again and this time she disappeared upstairs.

She was gone a long while. When she came back she didn't look at him. She said: "I have been asked to say thank you for calling, but we do not require anything today."

Speechless, Neil turned and walked out through the doors. He hated that hoary old cliché about "thank you for calling" at the best of times, but to have it from one whom he had believed to be a steady customer was stunning.

He walked aimlessly along, trying to pull himself together. It was Yardley, of course. Well, there was one thing, and in a way it was a relief. He knew now that he was finished. There was no longer any point in fighting.

At the station he was in time to see the train pulling away, and, in a way, he was glad. Now he would have to phone Ruth, and it would be easier to tell her over the telephone. He knew that he couldn't look her in the eyes and tell the half-truths that he had in mind.

He walked to a telephone-box and waited while the operator got the number. When Ruth answered, he said, trying to make his voice cheerful: "I shall be late home tonight, darling. I've got an important meeting this evening."

"Is it a new client?"

"Not exactly." He hesitated and then went on quickly: "Ruth, I've had a most wonderful offer. Colly's want me to take over the area for them. It'll mean much more money. They'll buy me out and we'll be able to . . ."

He talked hurriedly on, waiting for some sign of approval from Ruth. None came.

In the end he subsided rather than stopped talking. Ruth said then: "I've never heard such nonsense in all my life. Why go to work for somebody else when you've a perfectly good business of your own?"

Neil sighed. He would have to tell her the whole truth.

"My dear," he said quietly, "it's not a perfectly good business. It's a hangman's noose."

Then soberly he told her the whole story. He left out nothing and finished by explaining

the body blow of losing the Halliday account.

When he'd finished, Ruth said: "It's not like you to run away."

"I'm not running away," Neil said, stung. "I'm simply facing facts."

"What facts? You say yourself that yours is a better article than Colly's."

"There's more to it than that. They're offering cut prices, long-term contracts."

"What are your stocks like?"

This wasn't going at all the way Neil had hoped. "Pretty high," he said. "We haven't moved much lately."

"They're no use to you in the warehouse. Use them. Use them as ammunition. Use them to beat Colly's at their own game."

"That's a short-term policy. I'd be running on capital. They can do it because of their turnover."

"You'd be buying time with stocks which are useless to you anyway if you're going to give up. You haven't got Colly's overheads. In time you could compete on level terms. In the meantime you'll have to cut out every non-essential and some of the essentials as well."

Neil felt limp, and as if he had been scoured out inside. He said with an effort: "I did have something of the sort in mind, but Halliday is my only contact with national connections. And I've told you—he refused to see me today."

"Then make him see you."

"How?" asked Neil.

"Go to his house. Make him listen to you."

What a ridiculous idea, Neil thought. Fancy knocking on Halliday's door and saying . . . Then he checked himself. What would he say?

"Darling," Ruth said, her voice low. "I love you, and I love you because you're my man. If you head the biggest firm in the country I shall love you, and if Colly's grind you into the dust and ruin you, I shall love you, because you'll still be the same man. But you'd have to give me time to get used to the man who wants to give up before he's been beaten."

Neil found that his lips were dry. "All right, Ruth," he said, trying to raise a smile. "If you want to be ruined, I'm the man to do it."

Her chuckle of delight warmed him. "I'm sorry," she said. "I've been unkind."

"No. I needed sorting out. I should have talked it over with you before." Neil stared blindly through the panes of glass in the side of the telephone box. "Ruth, if this comes off at all . . . The children are getting bigger. Simon could go to nursery school. Would you come back into the business . . . help me? Take over this side of it?"

"Goodness, I can smell the supper burning," Ruth said suddenly. "No, Neil, thank you. I'm much too fond of my home. I should hate it, dear."

"Go and retrieve the supper."

"I've been thinking, you know, that Mark is really too young to have a bicycle. Next year would be much more suitable."

"It'll be burned to a crisp."

"And I'm not sure that I should like to leave this house. Not just yet, anyway. We've been very happy here."

"I'll call you later, darling."

Neil was smiling as he replaced the receiver. Ruth was eminently practical. He flipped through the telephone directory, he found Halliday's

To page 56

**Washing alone  
is not enough  
to keep white  
things white . . .  
a final rinse in  
Reckitt's Blue  
is still the  
only way to  
lasting whiteness**

and  
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## Continuing... The Crucial Call

from page 55

address. His smile faded at the thought of another long bus ride.

Halliday's house was up a side road from the bus stop. It was dark now, and Neil dropped his way into the drive, stumbling once into the rhododendrons.

The glass panels of the front door glowed from the light inside and he looked at them for some seconds. It would be easier to retrace his footsteps, stay the night, tell Ruth that Halliday had refused him...

He shook himself and thumbed the bellpush.

Halliday himself came to the door. He peered into the darkness outside and said, surprised: "Oh, Terry. It's you."

"I'm sorry to intrude on you, but it's necessary that I see you."

"Well," Halliday hesitated and then stood aside. "Come in."

Neil followed the short, stocky figure across the hall into a study. He knew Halliday as well as he knew any of his business contacts. They had discussed the weather, sport, and, more cautiously, politics. They had lunched together several times, played golf once. He would have said that he was on good terms with Halliday. And much good it had done him, he thought.

A corner of his mind produced the remembered figure of tough, uncompromising old Waldron Colly. Toughness would suit his present mood, he reflected. And he certainly couldn't be any worse off.

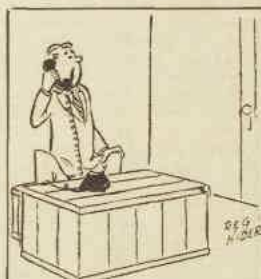
Halliday switched on the lights and waved at an armchair. He said: "Sit down. What can I do for you?"

"I'll stand if you don't mind. You might want to throw me out again."

Halliday grinned. "Surely not."

"We've done business now for some time. Today, without explanation, I was refused an interview."

Halliday looked surprised. "How was that?"



"It's nothing elaborate, but at least I'm in business for myself."

had been decided to use Colly's."

"Why?"

"Well, you know that our Guildford branch is only one of many. We're buying Colly's for the other branches. It seems logical to extend the benefits of Colly's service to Guildford."

"Have you had the two products evaluated?"

"Yes. And I will admit frankly that your quality is rather higher."

"Then wouldn't it be equally logical to allow me to supply your other branches?"

"But surely you operate in a limited area?"

"We can operate anywhere in the country," Neil said flatly.

"I see," Halliday pulled out his pipe and slowly lit it. "I wasn't aware of that," he said.

puffing. "But it really doesn't affect the issue. I may as well be candid and tell you that Colly's price is only just over half yours. I simply cannot afford to ignore that difference, even for one branch."

All right, Neil thought, now we crawl out on to a limb. "You wouldn't," he said, "expect to get a superior article at the same price."

"No, but the difference—"

"I'll quote you ten per cent. above Colly's price, with a three-year price maintenance guarantee."

"Colly's are only giving two years," Halliday said attentively. "We could certainly look at Guildford again on that basis."

"I'm not quoting for Guildford," Neil said. "I'm quoting for a minimum of half your organisation."

"I'm relieved that you don't want the whole of it," Halliday remarked, his eyes twinkling with amusement.

"That wouldn't be good business on your part. With two suppliers you could have a constant basis for comparison. I should welcome that comparison."

"And two suppliers can't hold us up to ransom as one might," Halliday said thoughtfully. "I have been a little concerned about that." He stared at Neil in silence. "Look," he said suddenly, "can you really handle this?"

"Our rebuilding project is well advanced," Neil said, thinking of the crumpled, discarded plans. He went on more truthfully: "It was decided today to extend our activities. Your own lawyers are welcome to draw up the contracts. You've known me for some time. I don't know what more I can say."

He sat back now in his chair. He had shot his last bolt. He felt exhausted, wrung out.

Halliday grunted and knocked out his pipe. He said: "It's certainly true that you've given us good service. And I've signed nothing with Colly's."

Neil waited, watching Hal-

liday's face. Was it the life belt... or the axe?

Halliday stood up. "All right," he said. "I don't know about half, but... we'll see. Can you be at my office at ten o'clock tomorrow morning? We'll discuss the details."

Neil became aware that it was soaked in nervous perspiration...

Half an hour later he was standing on the plushy carpet of the lounge bar of the Lansdowne Hotel. There was a public telephone box in the corner. Yardley was sitting at the bar.

Neil went across, leaned on the bar, and said: "Will you have a drink?"

Yardley turned, smiling. "Thanks very much. Scotch all right?"

Neil signalled to the barman. "Two Scotches, please."

Yardley said: "Can I have the pleasure of greeting you as a colleague?"

"That depends on you," Neil said.

"How?"

"I think we shall be opening up. We could do with a damn good salesman. How would you like to cover Middlesex for us?"

Yardley stared, and then burst out laughing. "Congratulations," he said. "Believe it or not, but I'm delighted. I'm not too fond of the role of hatchet man." He shook his head. "I was afraid I didn't have Edward Halliday tied up," he added regretfully.

"It's a perfectly serious offer," Neil said.

"No, thanks," Yardley said. "I only start up new areas these days. I'm an office man really." He picked up his glass. "And yet," he went on thoughtfully, "I would have sworn that you were ready to quit this morning."

"I talked to my wife," Neil said. "Waldron Colly helped a bit, too." He drained his glass in one gulp. "Excuse me," he said, "but I must telephone."

He turned and began to thread his way across the bar.

He couldn't wait to tell Ruth the news.

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Continuing . . .

## Goodbye, Rosalia

[from page 19]

and as they passed through villages people stood still and stared, open-mouthed. In Spain a car like his, even an old one, is still a symbol of riches, and the combination of the beard, the car, and the voice was, in Spanish peasant eyes, almost miraculous.

Richard took heart a little and turned to Pilar. "It would appear that they think we are fantastico, Pili."

The girl's rare smile appeared, reminding him cruelly of Rosalia in a mood of happiness. "Of course, Senor Ricardo. They are right. You are truly fantastico. They will talk about you for days in the cafes."

He chuckled, and started to sing again, and Pili relapsed into her silence, still as a small statue.

It was on the far side of Figueras, less than twenty-seven kilometres from the frontier, that they first saw in the distance the figure of a man walking with a heavy pack. Pili sat forward in her seat. The man had a limp, and as the sound of the approaching car reached his ears he turned. Presently he held up his hand in a dignified appeal for a lift.

Pili said: "Can we help him, Senor Ricardo? He is lame." The words came abruptly, almost as if she had been rehearsing them in her mind, and had them ready for utterance.

**R**ICHARD stopped the car level with the man. "Where are you going?"

"To the frontier, senor. I am sorry to impose myself, but my pack is heavy, I have a lame leg, and the sun is hot."

Pili was already sitting among the baggage in the back of the car, having squirmed over the seat with a lean school-girl's agility. As the stranger took her place beside Richard he said with exquisite formality: "Buenos dias, senorita," and she answered gravely: "Buenos dias, senor."

To Richard the lame man said: "This is a great kindness."

Richard said: "Not at all," and let in the clutch.

"Am I right in thinking you are English, senor?" The man was thin as a wraith. He had greying hair and fiercely intelligent dark eyes, and his voice was that of a cultured man.

"Yes, you are," Richard said.

"I am a Catalan. My name is Dominique Madremaya. I am a Catalan Nationalist, and I am afraid, a professional trouble-maker."

Richard was lighting a cigarette. The match in his hand went out as he paused. He glanced curiously at the man beside him. "Mine's Richard Bannerman. That's Pili behind, sitting on your pack; who do you make trouble for—or should I not ask?"

"For the Spanish Government," Madremaya said calmly. "Before the Civil War, as you probably know, Catalonia was for a short while a republic. We fought to keep it that way but were defeated. Many of us are still fighting. I was until recently—a leader of what might be called the Catalan Resistance Movement."

Richard said: "Are you a Communist?"

"No," Madremaya smiled without laughter in his eyes. "In spite of what many think, only some of those who fought against Franco were Communists."

"Why are you telling us all this?"

"I thought you might be interested. I am inadvertently a very unusual person, senor. You see, I am dead."

"I was sentenced to death after long imprisonment and was placed before a firing squad and shot. I regained my consciousness in a shallow communal grave, out of which I managed to crawl. Sympathisers found me and I eventually recovered, although I had four bullet wounds in the chest and lungs and my right thigh was shattered."

"I then faced the problem of continuing to live when officially I was dead and had no identity. By a chance that was fortunate for me, a dear friend died unexpectedly of blood poisoning and I assumed his identity. The circumstances were favorable and as a result of my wounds my appearance had totally changed. That was nearly thirteen years ago. A fortnight ago, by mischance, I was recognised and betrayed. . . . And now, knowing that I am alive, the authorities are anxious to finish the job that they failed to finish so many years ago."

Richard had slowed down. His mind was alive with thoughts, alarm dominating them. For a second he looked straight into the eyes of the man beside him. Then he said: "You want me to take you over the frontier, don't you?"

"You are an intelligent man, Senor Bannerman."

"If they catch you you will be shot?"

"Possibly. Possibly not. The regime has softened recently. I should certainly be imprisoned for life, and that I am naturally anxious to avoid."

Richard pulled in to the roadside and stopped the car. He was thinking of Pili, and of Rosalia. The man beside him was dangerous. He had to be got rid of. To stop a perfect stranger on the roadside and expect to be smuggled from one country to another—a wanted man. It was monstrous.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to get out. You are asking the impossible. I'm a foreigner. I'm responsible for the child in the back. The risk is unthinkable."

"Anyway, why aren't you going across country to the mountains? Why try to get over the frontier on a main road, where there are more soldiers and police per square metre than there are ants? During the war literally hundreds of French and English and Americans crossed the Pyrenees secretly."

"If I were not lame, and had not been shot in the lungs," Madremaya said, "I would gladly go by the mountains. But for me the journey would be a death warrant. I have to go this way. Are you a Fascist, Senor Bannerman? Have I fallen upon the one Englishman in millions who believes in the Fascist heresy?"

Fascist . . . Fascist heresy . . . Franco . . . Mussolini . . . Hitler . . . the old hatreds and fears paraded themselves in Richard's mind. Had he forgotten? Had he really forgotten the menace that had kept him fighting for nearly seven years of his life? He felt suddenly and strangely ashamed.

Then he thought again. What was Franco? Was he a brutal tyrant? Or was he only a fat, religious, earnest little man doing his best for a country that was generally admitted to be unready for democracy? Anger came. Madremaya had no right to apply this moral blackmail. Why should he, Richard Bannerman, of London,

To page 58

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Continuing . . .

England, be asked to take sides in the aftermath of another country's civil war?

"No," he said grittily, "I am not a Fascist, Madremaya. But neither am I a Catalan Nationalist, nor a hero, nor an adventurer. The answer is no. Now will you get out of my car?"

Madremaya shook his head—almost sadly it seemed. He had a pistol in his hand . . .

The car was drawn up off the road, along a track in the shade of a clump of gnarled cork trees with their trunks stripped of bark and painted with creosote.

Richard was saying, "You're a lunatic. As soon as I get out of the car to have my papers examined I shall denounce you and that'll be that."

"No, Senor Bannerman," Madremaya said quietly. "You will not denounce me because the senorita will be in the car and if you do I shall shoot her."

Richard ran his tongue over his lips. "That is one of the most callous and brutal threats I have ever heard."

"It was forced upon me, senor. If you were in my place you, too, would be desperate."

Richard said thickly and slowly: "In no circumstances would I shoot a child to save my skin, nor even threaten to do so."

"Doubtless," Madremaya said. "We come of different races, and evidently think differently."

There was a silence. Then Richard said abruptly: "You still have no chance of getting away with it. Pili will have to leave the car to show her passport."

"No," Madremaya was searching the surrounding countryside, looking for frontier patrols. Richard's hand moved infinitesimally — towards the gun—but Madremaya instantly faced him again. The man was as wary and intuitive as a cat.

"No," he said again. "The child will not have to show her passport. She will stay in the car, and you will pass her off

## Goodbye, Rosalia

[from page 57]

as your daughter, travelling on your passport. It will be easy. They take no interest in children."

"How did you know I had a daughter?"

Madremaya shrugged, smiling secretly. "We are organised," he said. "Had we not been, we should never have survived for all these years. Anyway, we do know. We know that you have been staying in Tamaris for six weeks, that you are a widow, and that you have a daughter called Amanda, aged twelve, at school in England, who sometimes travels with you, and is therefore registered on your passport."

"Did the hotel give you this information?"

"The hotel, or the police, or the carrier who took your passport to the police headquarters in Palafrugell; I shall have to leave you to guess."

The Spaniard glanced quickly round again. "Now! While we are unobserved I am going to hide myself on the floor of your car at the back with your possessions arranged on top of me. The child will sit where I am now, and she will not move under any circumstances." He turned. "Do you understand that, little one?"

Pili said huskily: "Si, senor."

"When I give the word," Madremaya went on, looking at Richard, "you will drive quietly back to the main road and then to the frontier. You will behave quite normally. I know you think all this will end in disaster, but I assure you it will not."

"It has been carefully planned. I am too valuable a man to my friends to be permitted to commit suicide. We know that not one in a hundred of the foreign cars that pass the frontier is searched; Franco is too keen to see tourists in Spain to put them to such inconveniences."

"As you probably know, we shall pass first the Spanish Customs in La Junquera, then the

Spanish Passport Control a few kilometres farther on at the frontier itself; then the French Passport Control and finally the French Customs. Of these four only the last is potentially dangerous; the French are jealous of Spain taking her tourists away and are not so well disposed to foreigners returning from a Spanish holiday. The first three are nothing."

He gestured to Pili to get into the front passenger's seat. He climbed into the back, holding the muzzle of his pistol pressed against the seat at the place where it pointed at Pili's heart.

Richard was forced to unload some of the baggage and reload it so that it concealed the Spaniard. Then Madremaya said gently: "Very well. Shall we go? Remember there is little risk."

Richard looked at Pili. Her face was strained and her eyes wide, but she was holding on to her composure. He forced himself to smile at her, thinking of Rosalia, agonised that he should have led Rosalia's beloved only daughter into danger, however unwittingly.

Pili smiled shyly back at him. In silence he put the car into gear.

They passed through La Junquera. Madremaya had been right. The Spanish Customs officials did no more than glance at the car admiringly.

They drove on, climbing now, towards the frontier and the French town of Le Perthus. The road had started to wind like a drunken serpent and Richard was sweating. He had been sweating before, with anxiety, but the labor of hauling the car round the endless tight bends made it worse.

The Spanish Passport Control officer stamped his passport without question, calmly accepting his statement that Pili was his daughter. So did the French Passport Control official.

Richard started up the steep hill into Le Perthus, at the far end of which lay the French Customs House. It had been ridiculously easy so far. That made it worse. A thing as illegal, as daring and as important couldn't be so easy, he told himself. It couldn't.

The street was lined with bars, restaurants, currency-changing establishments, souvenir shops hung about with silly hats and frolicsome pottery. Men lounged in the shop doorways with cigarettes hanging from slack, narrow lips, watching the cars go by. Groups of youths stood about, eyeing the female tourists.

The town lived on tourists, with minor smuggling and illegal currency deals thrown in to make weight. It was not a sentimental town, Le Perthus, nor was it useful or productive. It was a fungus growing on the body of tourism. It had a curious atmosphere. It seemed to Richard to be waiting for something exciting to stir its jaded, over-sophisticated appetites—something like an attempt to enter France illegally, or pistol shots shattering the silence and a child dying.

"Look," Richard whispered over his shoulder. "You're in France now. We'll stop at a bar and you can make a dash for it out of the back . . ."

"That would be simple suicide," Madremaya interrupted harshly.

A flash of inspiration came to Richard. "All right then," he said, "but why not surrender yourself to the French police and demand political asylum? I can't believe that they'd send you back to be shot."

"It is highly likely that they would," Madremaya replied. "Here the French and Spanish co-operate—you kiss my hand and I'll kiss yours. Do you understand? I am going to take no such risk. Drive on."

Richard drove on. "Customs," the notice read. The road in front of it was

To page 59

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Continuing . . .

## Goodbye, Rosalia

from page 58

divided by an island. A uniformed man held up his hand and Richard stopped the car. The Frenchman jerked his thumb at the office. "In there with your passport."

As Richard entered the office he saw out of his eye the man in uniform go to the boot of the car and open it. He paused on the threshold, steadying his breath, trying not to sweat, trying not to think of Pili.

There were four men, seated at deal tables, writing with purple ball-point pens in spidery, illegible French handwriting. Richard went to the counter. They took no notice. He glanced through the window, elaborately casual, trying too hard not to be furtive.

The customs man outside had shut the boot. Richard could see him no longer. Where was he? Probing among the luggage in the rear compartment?

Another man came in from the office. Richard turned. The man looked at him and then went, with deliberation, to a wash-basin where he started to wash his hands. The others went on writing.

Richard turned away, glanced through the window. The customs man was talking to Pili. Richard ached to know what he was saying.

"Your passport, monsieur!" The voice was a guttural boom. It made Richard jump. He faced the customs man, and the thought shot into his mind that, French or not, the customs officer had the face of a Nazi officer.

"What have you to declare?" "Two bottles of Spanish brandy, two hundred cigarettes, a hundred cigars, one or two cheap souvenirs. I am only passing through France on my way home to England."

THE customs man nodded. He stamped the passport. Then he gestured towards the door. Richard went out. Behind him the Frenchman followed with heavy footsteps. "That is your car?"

"Yes."

"What a magnificent vehicle!"

"It is very old."

"Sometimes the old ones are the best. They have an elegance that these little biscuit-boxes entirely lack."

"They . . . they run away with the petrol," Richard said. The man chuckled. It was a terrible noise—or so it seemed to Richard. "How right you are!" he said. "I have an old one and it threatens to beggar me. My wife is always at me to buy a new one."

Richard said nothing. He smiled, knowing that it was a grimace, forced as the affability of a tired politician. He wished he hadn't.

The Frenchman went to the rear door on the near side, opened it, moved a rug, and looked down into the face of Dominique Madremaya.

Between the customs man's legs Richard could see Madremaya's pistol levelled at Pili's back. His muscles tensed. His mouth opened. He started to crouch.

Then the door banged shut. The Frenchman was looking at him with a cool, secret blandness. "Very well, monsieur. That will be all. Good day."

"That was lucky," Madremaya said ten minutes later when, they were twelve miles into France and soaring along a straight, deserted road.

"I don't understand," Richard said furiously. "I don't understand how you knew my name, how you knew I had a daughter, how that customs man let you through. I don't understand, but I shall re-

member you with hatred for the rest of my life for the hell you inflicted on Pili. And on me, for that matter."

"I am truly sorry," Madremaya said. "I can explain the customs man. He was bought. However, we were able to buy him only, not the others, and we were never certain that he would remain bought, if you see what I mean. For these reasons there was some small risk. I am very grateful to you for the way in which you played your part so well."

"Blast you!" Richard said irritably. "Where do I have to take you now?"

"Not much farther. Turn right at the next crossing."

A few minutes later they came to a clump of trees where a car with a French number plate was waiting in the shade. Richard drew up beside it. Madremaya got out. He embraced the driver of the car, whispered a few words to him, and turned back to Richard.

Pili had opened the door on her side. She was smiling at Madremaya. As she got out of the car he took her in his arms and hugged her.

"The identity I assumed and used for thirteen years was that of Miguel Pedret," Madremaya explained a few minutes later.

Richard said quietly: "Rosalia's husband?"

"Yes."

"Then she is a widow?"

"Yes."

"And Pili . . . ?"

"Is the daughter of Miguel Pedret. Rosalia was pregnant when he died."

"Then all your information came from Rosalia?"

"Yes. It was unfortunate that I was never introduced to you as Pedret."

"Because I would have refused to have taken you out of the country?"

"Wouldn't you?" Madremaya asked quietly.

"Possibly . . . You might at least have asked."

"No, senor, because had you refused, we should have been destroyed." The Spaniard made a gesture with a thin, freckled hand. "I need hardly say that I would never have shot Pili. But you were not to know that, and her presence in the car made it certain that you would do what you were told. Do you understand?"

"Clearly."

"I hope you will forgive us."

Richard nodded, looking into the middle distance. A feeling of incredulous happiness was slowly making his chest feel distended, pressing up against his heart and down towards his stomach.

"Yes, I'll forgive you," Richard said. Then he turned to look at Madremaya sharply. "Are you in love with Rosalia?"

"No, senor, nor is she in love with me. We are dear friends, no more."

Richard nodded.

"Are you driving on to England?" Madremaya asked smiling.

"No," Richard said. "I'm going back into Spain."

"I thought you would be, and I am glad—for the sake of Rosalia, and because it solves the problem of how to get Pili back. She has no stamp on her passport to show she ever left, you see. Will you take her with you?"

Richard smiled at him. Then he shouted: "Pili! Get a move on. We're in a hurry."

"Goodbye, and give my love to Rosalia," Madremaya said, and watched the car disappear towards Spain in a cloud of thick yellow dust.

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## Keen's Mustard makes the meal!

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## AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD  
For week beginning July 28

### ARIES

The Ram  
MARCH 21—APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Lucky color for love, silver.  
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.  
★ Luck in speculation.

### TAURUS

The Bull  
APRIL 21—MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Lucky color for love, blue.  
★ Gambling colors, blue, silver.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.  
★ Luck in a happy ending.

### GEMINI

The Twins  
MAY 21—JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.  
★ Gambling colors, mauve, orange.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday.  
★ Luck in a communication.

### CANCER

The Crab  
JUNE 22—JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Lucky color for love, black.  
★ Gambling colors, black, white.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in a crowded building.

### LEO

The Lion  
JULY 23—AUGUST 23

★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Lucky color for love, white.  
★ Gambling colors, white, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.  
★ Luck in a magnetic personality.

### VIRGO

The Virgin  
AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Lucky color for love, orange.  
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in inside information.

### LIBRA

The Balance  
SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Lucky color for love, green.  
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.  
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.  
★ Luck through friends.

### SCORPIO

The Scorpion  
OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Lucky color for love, pastels.  
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.  
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.  
★ Luck through authority.

### SAGITTARIUS

The Archer  
NOVEMBER 24—DECEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Lucky color for love, grey.  
★ Gambling colors, grey, mauve.  
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in long-term planning.

### CAPRICORN

The Goat  
DECEMBER 24—JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Lucky color for love, brown.  
★ Gambling colors, brown, cream.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in a little windfall.

### AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer  
JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Lucky color for love, rose.  
★ Gambling colors, rose, black.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.  
★ Luck in the family circle.

### PISCES

The Fish  
FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Lucky color for love, violet.  
★ Gambling colors, violet, rose.  
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in a new venture.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 30, 1958



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F4892

F4926

F4926.—Trim sheath dress is accented with an Empire-line bow. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast material. Price 4/.

F4892.—Attractive dress for the mature figure can be made with long or short sleeves. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires (long sleeves) 3½yds. 54in. material, (short sleeves) 4yds. 36in. material, plus—for both—½yd. 36in. contrast material. Price 4/.

F4907

## PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F4907.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make, Mexican - design apron. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6. The iron-on, color transfer is 2/6 extra.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 768—SET OF TEA-TOWELS  
The set of tea-towels is obtainable clearly traced to embroider on Irish linen tea-towelling, striped in red, blue, lemon, and green. Size: 20in. x 32in., 5/11 each; postage 6d. extra. Set of seven 38/11; postage and registration 3/3 extra.

No. 769—BABY'S COAT AND DRESS  
The coat and matching dress are obtainable cut out ready to make in Angolashene, tulle, and flannelette. Color choice includes white, blue, and pink. The lace yoke and trimming is supplied. Size: Infants. In flannelette, the dress is 17/3, postage 1/3 extra; the coat is 18/11, postage 1/3 extra. In tulle or Angolashene, the dress is 24/3, postage and registration 1/3 extra; the coat is 26/9, postage and registration 3/3 extra.

No. 770—DUCHESS SET  
Flower-design duchesse set is obtainable clearly traced to embroider on white and cream Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size: Centre mat 11in. x 17in.; small mats 8in. x 8in. For the complete set 8/11. Postage 1/3 extra.

No. 771—TAILORED DRESS  
Designed to be worn chemise-style or with a belt, the dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in white-flecked wool and printed poplinette. Color choice includes mocha-brown, new moss-green, cherry-rose, and lilac in the wool, and avocado-green, white, coffee/white, and grey/white in the printed poplinette. In wool, sizes 32 and 34in. bust 73/3; 36 and 38in. bust 75/9. Postage and registration 4/3 extra. In poplinette, sizes 32 and 34in. bust 37/9; 36 and 38in. bust 39/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

\* Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

768

769

770

771

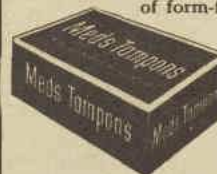
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Let safe, certain Lactogen  
provide a proven,  
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PREPARED IN JUST  
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#### HERE'S HOW — SIMPLE AS ABC



1. Pour required quantity of warm (previously boiled) water into clean jug.
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## Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is out riding with PRINCESS NARDA. When Mandrake stops to adjust the girth strap on his horse, Narda goes on alone, but halts on finding a dog standing as though turned to stone. The animal has been paralysed by scouts of an alien race who hope to capture the earth. They are weird little men from a distant planet who have a highly advanced technology. This enables them to throw "thought-blocks" that paralyse animals and humans. The aliens' fleet of rocket ships circles 500 miles above the earth, waiting on the scouts' report. NOW READ ON.



#### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





## HERE'S HOW TO END A COLD



At the first sign of a sneeze or a sniffle, get busy with Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine (L.B.Q.) Tablets. Feel colds break up quickly, easily, thanks to L.B.Q.'s effective 4-way action:

1. Reduce nasal stuffiness.
2. Bring fever down.
3. Relieve headache.
4. Fight muscular aches and pains due to colds.

Be ready when cold strikes. Keep a supply of (L.B.Q.) Tablets always handy. 3/6 at all chemists.



GROVE'S G.7.5A

# LBQ

Laxative Bromo Quinine  
Petter & Birka Pty. Ltd., Sydney

## UNWANTED HAIR



WIPE OFF  
IN  
3  
MINUTES

Simply smooth on fast-working Veet. Let it remain three minutes — then wipe hair off!

No scraping with razors. Hair is melted away just below the surface, skin is left smooth and white. Veet is so easy, safe and quick. Success is guaranteed with Veet or money refunded.

**VEET** At your Chemists,  
Double Size 5/3; Regular Size 3/3.

VE 23 - 412

## To Soften the Elbows

To keep your elbows smooth and lovely, start with a simple routine to soften away roughness and wrinkles. When elbows are covered over with winter clothes is the ideal time to coax them to permanent beauty. Immediately after the warmth of your bath, rub the elbows with oil of ulan. If you have lemon oil, dab this on to bleach, cleanse and tone, then smooth in the oil of ulan to soften and nourish. This is also a good routine for winter-dry legs and arms. . . . Margaret Merril

## Rheumatism

Don't suffer a moment longer. Iodised Balmosa cream brings blessed relief—quickly, easily. Just s-m-o-o-t-h it in. Iodised Balmosa cream is non-staining, non-irritating.

Ask your doctor about

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AVAILABLE FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

## TEENA<sup>®</sup> by Libba Teng

GUESS WHAT!!! TEENA'S HAVING A SODA WITH ONE OF THE BOYS ON THE TEAM!!



GOSH! SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK...

HERE THEY COME NOW!



S'LONG, MELVIN THANKS FOR THE SODA.



HE'S A BASEBALL PLAYER?!!



WHY, HE DOESN'T EVEN LOOK LIKE A SUB!

I DIDN'T SAY HE PLAYED... HE'S A SUB-SUB...



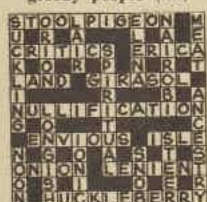
WHEN ONE OF THE SUBSTITUTES GOES OUT ON THE FIELD, HE'S THE ONE WHO SITS ON THE BENCH FOR HIM....



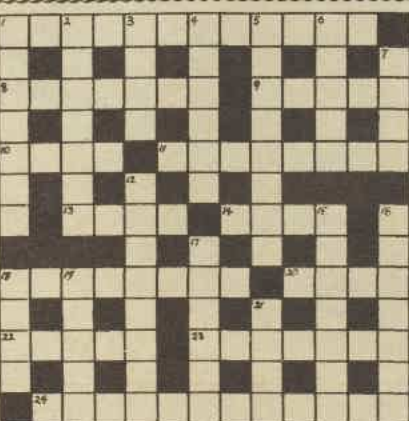
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Meat in Berlin can be endless (12).
8. They conduct newspapers (7).
9. Gem seemingly of Semitic origin (5).
10. Neat stake (4).
11. Qualifies a current affair? (8).
13. Language a musketeer sergeant may use (4).
14. Sheltered weapons when turned (4).
18. Innate proclivity but Coriolanus never will be such a gosling to obey it (8).
20. You abide by your lot if you do it with your weird (4).
22. End of everything as well as of the Greek alphabet (5).
23. Tin seat (Anagr., 7).
24. But, for all that, this is the choice of greedy people (12).



Solution of last week's crossword.

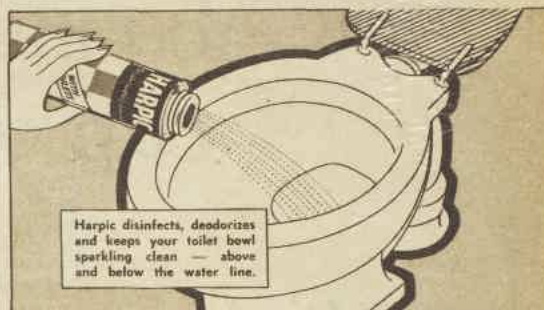


Solution will be published next week.

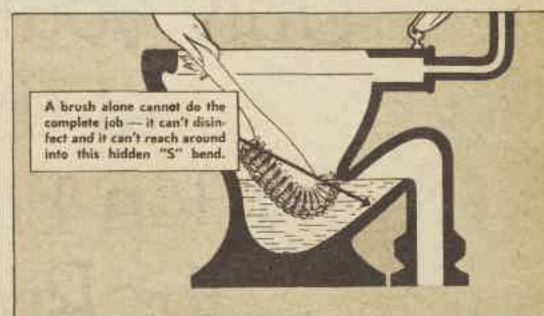
DOWN

1. The Emerald Isle (7).
2. Prickly order of knighthood (7).
3. In this place Othello turned (4).
4. Treat with indignity (6).
5. Neighboring mostly to a cent (8).
6. Let down (5).
7. The smart one is a know-all (4).
12. Appraise tea times (8).
15. Dress on maturity in refuse (7).
16. Long pins containing a ewer (7).
17. Rip the inside of this piece of writing (6).
18. Hard metal (4).
19. Fast electricity produces an upright slab (5).
21. Mistletoe? Yes, but no motet if you want dry land (4).

Now  
Keep your toilet  
fresh and bright  
— THIS EASY PLEASANT WAY!



Harpic disinfects, deodorizes and keeps your toilet bowl sparkling clean — above and below the water line.



A brush alone cannot do the complete job — it can't disinfect and it can't reach around into this hidden "S" bend.



Harpic leaves bowl hygienically clean

Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night, and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and destroys bacteria in the lavatory bowl, leaving it sparkling and hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Ask for Harpic at your store.

# HARPIC

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HP152R



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like new with **KIWI**"

—the polish that preserves the leather



They're well worn  
but they've  
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All the family's shoes will have a perfect shine — and will look new longer — when polished with Kiwi. Kiwi not only gives a brilliant shine — it protects and preserves the leather from wear and weather.

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FOR AN EASIER SHINE

N152





You make a better  
cup of tea with  
**Bushells**  
Only young juicy leaves  
at the top of  
the tea bush are picked  
for Bushells Tea

Not these large  
coarse leaves

But these young  
tender bud leaves



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quality when they buy tea.  
They know you make a better, more  
enjoyable cup of tea when you use  
Bushells . . . the Tea of Flavor.